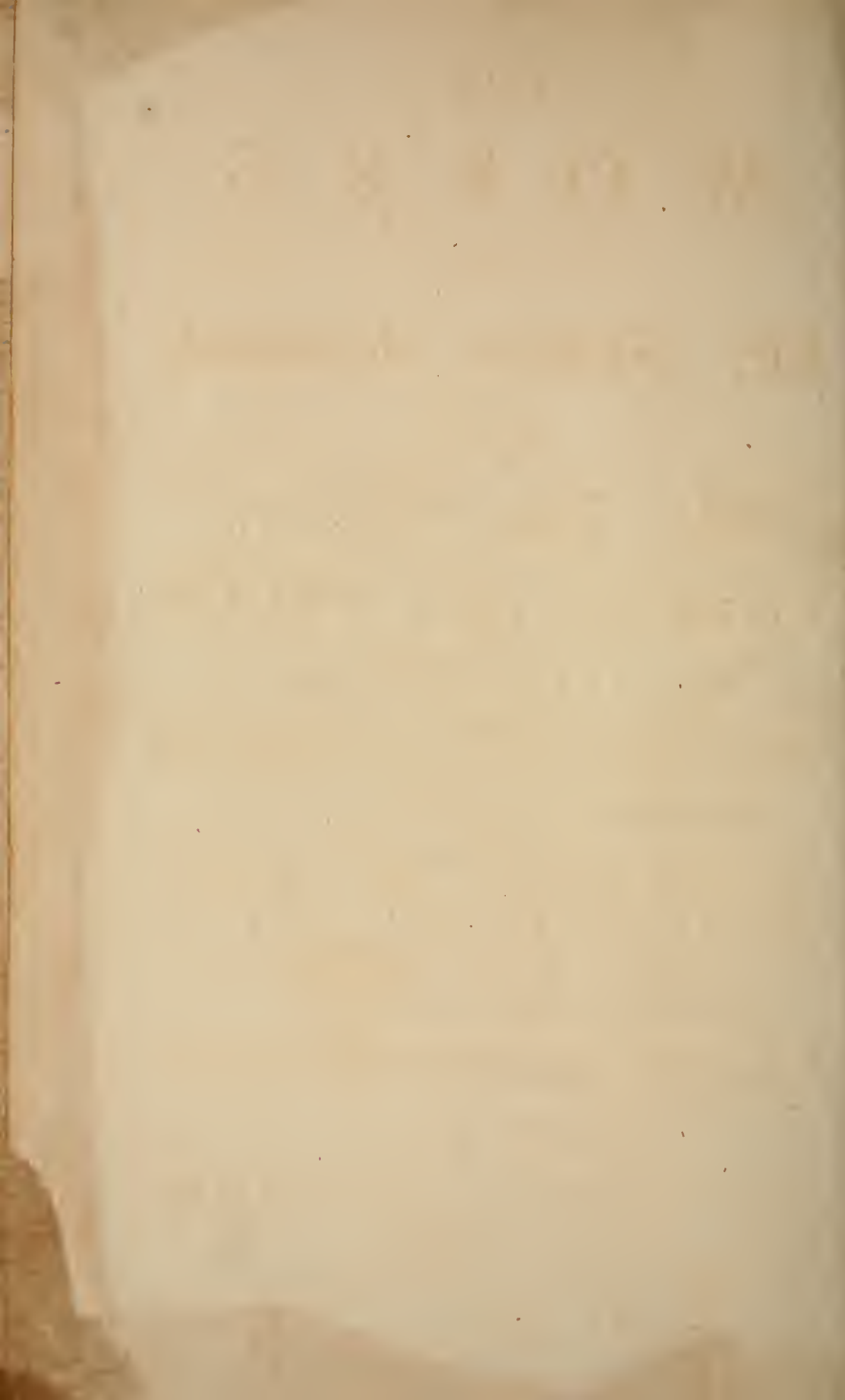


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THE
W O R K S

OF

Mr. *Francis Beaumont,*

AND

Mr. *John Fletcher.*

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CONTAINING

*The HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT to Page 69, printed
Under the Inspection of the late Mr. Theobald.*

The Remainder of that PLAY, and

The FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS,

The MAD LOVER,

The LOYAL SUBJECT, and

RULE a WIFE and HAVE a WIFE,

Printed under the Inspection of Mr. Seward.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. T O N S O N and S. D R A P E R
in the *Strand.*

M D C C L.

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THE

HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.



Vol. III.

A

378154

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

III

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

IV

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



P R O L O G U E.

WOU'D, some Man wou'd instruct me what to say:
For this same Prologue, usual to a Play,
Is tied to such an old Form of Petition;
Men must say nothing now beyond Commission:
The Cloaks we wear, the Legs we make, the Place
We stand in, must be one; and one the Face.
Nor alter'd, nor exceeded; if it be,
A general His hangs on our Levity.
We have a Play, a new Play to play now,
And thus low in our Play's Behalf we bow;
We bow to beg your Suffrage, and kind Ear;
If it were naught, or that it might appear
A Thing buoy'd up by Prayer, Gentlemen,
Believe my Faith, you shou'd not see me then.
Let them speak then who've Power to stop a Storm:
I never lov'd to feel a House so warm:
But for the Play, if you dare credit me,
I think it well: All new Things you shall see,
And these dispos'd to all the Mirth that may;
And short enough, we hope: And such a Play
You were wont to like: Sit nobly then, and see:
If it miscarry, pray look not for me.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

King Antigonus, an old Man with young Desires.
Demetrius, Son to Antigonus, in Love with Celia.
Seleucus, } Three Kings, equal Sharers with Antigonus
Lysimachus, } of what Alexander the Great had, with
Ptolomey, } united Powers opposing Antigonus.
Leontius, a brave old merry Soldier, Assistant to Demetrius.
Timon.
Charinthus, } Servants to Antigonus, and his Vices.
Menippus, }
The Humorous Lieutenant.
Gentlemen, Friends and Followers of Demetrius.
Three Embassadors from the three Kings.
Gentlemen-Ushers.
Grooms.
Citizens.
Physicians.
Herald.
Magician.
Soldiers.
Host.

W O M E N.

Celia, (alias, Evanthè,) Daughter to Seleucus, Mistress
to Demetrius.
Leucippe, a Bawd, Agent for the King's Vices.
Ladies.
Citizens Wives.
Governess to Celia.
A Country-Woman.
Phebe, her Daughter.
Two Servants of the Game.

S C E N E, G R E E C E.

T H E



THE
HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter two Ushers, and Grooms with Perfumes.

I USHER.

ROUND, round, perfume it round, quick,
look ye diligently
The State be right; are these the richest
Cushions?
Fie, fie, who waits i' th' Wardrobe?

2 *Ush.* But, pray, tell me,
Do you think for certain these Embassadors
Shall have this Morning Audience.

1 *Ush.* They shall have it:
Lord, that you live at Court and understand not!
I tell you, they must have it.

2 *Ush.* Upon what Necessity? [Place,

1 *Ush.* Still you are out o'th' Trick of Court, sell your

Enter Ladies and Gentlemen.

And sow your Grounds, you are not for this Tillage.
Madams, the best Way is the upper Lodgings,
There you may see at Ease.

Ladies. We thank you, Sir. [Ex. Ladies and Gent.

1 *Ush.* Wou'd you have all these slighted? Who should
report then,

6 *The Humorous Lieutenant.*

The Embassadors were handsome Men? His Beard
A neat one? The Fire of his Eyes quicker than Lightning,
And, when it breaks, as blasting? His Legs though
little ones,

Yet Movers of a Mass of Understanding?
Who shall commend their Cloaths? Who shall take No-
Of the most wise Behaviour of their Feathers? [tice
Ye live a raw Man here. 2 *Ush.* I think, I do so.

Enter two Citizens, and Wives.

1 *Ush.* Why, whither wou'd ye all pres?

1 *Cit.* Good Master Usher,——

2 *Cit.* My Wife, and some few of my honest Neigh-
bours here,——

1 *Ush.* Prithee, be gone, thou and thy honest Neigh-
bours;

Thou look'st like an Ass; why, whither wou'd you,
Fish-face!

2 *Cit.* If I might have

But the Honour to see you at my poor House, Sir,
A Capon bridled and saddled, I'll assure your Worship,
A Shoulder of Mutton and a Pottle of Wine, Sir,
I knew your Brother once, he was as like ye,
And shot the best at Butts——

1 *Ush.* A Plague upon thee!

2 *Cit.* Some Musick I'll assure you too, my Toy, Sir,
Can play o'th' Virginals. 1 *Ush.* Prithee, good Toy,
Take away thy Shoulder of Mutton, it is Fly-blown;
And, Shoulder, take thy Flap along, here's no Place for
Nay, then, you had best be knock'd. [ye;

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Enter Celia.

Cel. I wou'd fain see him;
The Glory of this Place makes me remember,——
(But die those Thoughts, die all but my Desires!
Even those to Death are sick too;) he's not here,
Nor how my Eyes may guide me——

1 *Ush.* What's your Business?

Who keeps the outward door there? Here's fine shuffling,
You

You Wastcoateer, you must go back.

Cel. There is not,
There cannot be, (six Days, and never see me?)
There must not be Desire: Sir, do you think
That if you had a Mistress——

1 Ush. 'Death! she is mad.

Cel. And were yourself an honest Man? It cannot—

1 Ush. What a Devil hast thou to do with me or
My Honesty? Will you be Jogging, good nimble Tongue,
My Fellow Door-keeper.

2 Ush. Prithee, let her alone.

1 Ush. The King is coming,
And shall we have an Agent from the Suburbs
Come to crave Audience too?

Cel. Before I thought ye
To have a little Breeding, some Tang of Gentry;
But now I take ye plainly, without the Help
Of any Perspective, for that ye cannot alter.

1 Ush. What's that?

Cel. An Afs, Sir, you do bray as like one,
And, by my Troth, methinks, as ye stand now,
Considering who to kick next, you appear to me
Just with that kind of Gravity, and Wisdom;
Your Place may bear the Name of Gentleman,
But if ever any of that Butter stick to your Bread——

2 Ush. You must be modester.

Cel. Let him use me nobler,
And wear good Cloaths to do good Offices;
They hang upon a Fellow of his Virtue,
As though they hung on Gibbets.

2 Ush. A perillous Wench.

1 Ush. Thrust her into a Corner, I'll no more on her.

2 Ush. You have enough; go, pretty Maid, stand close,
And use that little Tongue, with a little more Temper.

Cle. I thank ye, Sir.

2 Ush. When the Show's past,
I'll have ye into the Cellar, there we'll dine.
A very pretty Wench, a witty Rogue,
And there we'll be as merry; can ye be merry?

Cel. O, very merry.

2 Ufb. Only ourfelves; this churlifh Fellow fhall not
Cel. By no Means. [know.]

2 Ufb. And can you love a little ?

Cel. Love exceedingly :

I have Caufe to love you, dear Sir.

2 Ufb. Then I'll carry ye,
 And fhew you all the Pictures, and the Hangings,
 The Lodgings, Gardens, and the Walks: And then,
 Sweet,

You fhall tell me where you lie.

Cel. Yes, marry, will I. [Pafty,

2 Ufb. And't fhall go hard but I'll fend ye a Venifon
 And bring a Bottle of Wine along.

1 Ufb. Make Room there !

2 Ufb. Room there, afore! Stand close, the Train is
 coming.

Enter King Antigonus, Timon, Charinthus, Menippus.

Cel. Have I yet left a Beauty to catch Fools?
 Yet, yet, I fee him not. O what a Mifery
 Is Love, expected long, deluded longer!

Ant. Conduct in the Embaffadors.

1 Ufb. Make Room there !

Ant. They fhall not wait long Answer— [Flourifh.]

Cel. Yet he comes not.

Enter three Embaffadors.

Why are Eyes fet on thefe, and Multitudes
 Follow to make thefe Wonders? O good Gods!
 What would thefe look like, if my Love were here?
 But I am fond, forgetful.

Ant. Now your Grievance,
 Speak, fhort, and have as fhort Difpatch.

1 Emb. Then thus, Sir :

In all our Royal Mafters' Names, We tell you,
 Ye have done Injuftice, broke the Bonds of Concord;
 And from their equal Shares, from *Alexander*
 Parted, and fo poffefs'd, not like a Brother,
 But as an open Enemy, ye have hedged in
 Whole Provinces; man'd and maintain'd thefe Injuries;
 And

And daily with your Sword, though they still honour ye,
(1) Make bloody Roads, take Towns, and ruin Castles,
And still their Sufferance feels the Weight.

2 *Emb.* Think of that Love, great Sir, that honour'd
Friendship

Yourself held with our Masters; think of that Strength
When you were all one Body, all one Mind;
When all your Swords struck one way; when your Angers,
Like so many Brother Billows rose together,
And, curling up your foaming Crests, defied
Even mighty Kings, and in their Falls entomb'd 'em;
O think of these; and you, that have been Conqu'rors,
That ever led your Fortunes open-ey'd,
Chain'd fast by Confidence; you that Fame courted,
Now ye want Enemies and Men to match ye,
Let not your own Swords seek your Ends to shame ye.

Enter Demetrius with a Javelin, and Gentlemen.

3 *Emb.* Chuse which you will, or Peace or War,
We come
Prepar'd for either.

1 *Ush.* Room for the Prince there!

Cel. Was it the Prince, they said? How my Heart
trembled!

'Tis he, indeed; what a sweet noble Fierceness
Dwells in his Eyes! Young *Meleager*-like,
When he return'd from Slaughter of the Boar,
Crown'd with the Loves and Honours of the People,
With all the gallant Youth of *Greece*, he looks now.
Who could deny him Love?

Dem. Hail, Royal Father!

Ant. Ye are welcome from your Sport, Sir; do you
see this Gentleman,
You that bring Thunders in your Mouths, and Earthquakes

(1) *Make bloody Inroads, take Towns, and ruin Castles,*] The Metre and Emphasis of this Verse have been corrupted from the *Folio* Edition in 1679, downwards. The first *Folio* in 1647, has it rightly *Roads*; a Word equivalent with *Inroads*, and which corresponds with the Metre.

To shake and totter my Designs? Can you imagine,
 You Men of poor and common Apprehensions,
 While I admit this Man my Son, this Nature,
 That in one Look carries more Fire, and Fierceneſs,
 Than all your Maſters in their Lives; dare I admit him,
 Admit him thus, even to my Side, my Boſom,
 When he is fit to rule, when all Men cry him,
 And all Hopes hang about his Head; thus place him,
 His Weapon hatch'd in Blood, all theſe attending
 When he ſhall make their Fortunes, all as ſudden
 In any Expedition he ſhall point 'em,
 As Arrows from a *Tartar's* Bow, and ſpeeding,
 Dare I do this, and fear an Enemy?
 Fear your great Maſter? yours? or yours?

Dem. O *Hercules!*

Who ſays, you do, Sir? Is there any thing
 In theſe Mens Faces, or their Maſters' Actions,
 Able to work ſuch Wonders?

Cel. Now he ſpeaks:

O, I could dwell upon that Tongue for ever! [ties,

Dem. You call 'em Kings, they never wore thoſe Royal-
 Nor in the Progreſs of their Lives arriv'd yet
 At any Thought of King: Imperial Dignities,
 And powerful Godlike Actions, fit for Princes,
 They can no more put on, and make 'em fit right,
 Than I can with this mortal Hand hold Heav'n:
 Poor petty Men, nor have I yet forgot
 The chiefſt Honours Time and Merit gave 'em:
Lyſimachus your Maſter, at the beſt,
 His higheſt and his hopefull'ſt Dignities,
 Was but Grand-maſter of the Elephants;
Seleucus of the Treafure; and for *Ptolomey*,
 A Thing not thought on then, ſcarce heard of yet,

(2) Some Maſter of Munition: And muſt theſe Men —

Cel. What a brave Confidence flows from his Spirit!
 O ſweet young Man!

(2) *Some Maſter of Ammunition:*] Here again the Verſe labours under a ſuperfluous Syllable. *Munition* was undoubtedly the original Word, and which bears the Senſe of *Ammunition*.

(3) *Dem.* Must these hold Place with us,
 And on the same File hang their Memories?
 Must these examine what the Wills of Kings are?
 Prescribe to their Designs, and chain their Actions
 To their Restraints? be Friends and Foes when they please?
 Send out their Thunders, and their Menaces,
 As if the Fate of mortal Things were theirs?
 Go home, good Men, and tell your Masters from us,
 We do 'em too much Honour to force from 'em
 Their barren Countries, ruin their waste Cities;
 And tell 'em out of Love, we mean to leave 'em,
 Since they will needs be Kings, no more to tread on,
 Than they have able Wits and Pow'rs to manage;
 And so we shall befriend 'em. Ha! what does she there?

Emb. This is your Answer, King?

Ant. 'Tis like to prove so.

Dem. Fy, Sweet, what makes you here?

Cel. Pray ye, do not chide me.

Dem. You do yourself much Wrong, and me.

Cel. Pray you, pardon me,

I feel my Fault, which only was committed
 Through my dear Love to you: I have not seen ye,
 And how can I live then? I have not spoke to ye —

Dem. I know, this Week ye have not; I will redeem all.
 You are so tender now; think, where you are, Sweet.

Cel. What other Light have I left?

Dem. Prithee, *Celia*,

Indeed, I'll see you presently.

Cel. I have done, Sir:

You will not miss?

Dem. By this, and this, I will not.

Cel. 'Tis in your Will, and I must be obedient.

Dem. No more of these Assemblies.

Cel. I am commanded.

1 *Ush.* Room for the Lady there! Madam, my Service—

1 *Gent.* My Coach, an't please you, Lady.

(3) ———— *Must these hold Pace with us,*] To preserve an Uniformity in the Metaphor, as *File* is in the subsequent Line, I have ventur'd to alter *Pace* into *Place*.

2 *Ush.* Room before there!

2 *Gent.* The Honour, Madam, but to wait upon you—
My Servants and my State.

Cel. Lord, how they flock now?

Before, I was afraid, they wou'd have beat me;
How these Flies play i'th' Sun-shine? pray ye, no Ser-
Or if ye needs must play the Hobby-horses, [vices;
Seek out some Beauty that affects 'em: Farewel,
Nay, pray ye, spare, Gentlemen, I am old enough
To go alone at these Years, without Crutches. [*Exit.*

2 *Ush.* Well, I could curse now: But that will not
help me.

I made as sure Account of this Wench now, immediately,
Do but consider how the Devil has crost me,
Meat for my Master, she cries; well——

3 *Emb.* Once more, Sir,

We ask your Resolutions: Peace, or War, yet?

Dem. War, War, my noble Father.

1 *Emb.* Thus I sling it:

And fair-ey'd Peace, farewell!

Ant. You have your Answer;

Conduct out the Ambassadors, and give 'em Convoys.

Dem. Tell your high-hearted Masters, they shall not
seek us,

Nor cool i'th' Field in Expectation of us,

We'll ease your Men those Marches: In their Strengths,
And full Abilities of Mind and Courage

We'll find 'em out, and at their best Trim buckle with 'em.

3 *Emb.* You will find so hot a Soldier's Welcome, Sir,
Your Favour shall not freeze.

2 *Emb.* A forward Gentleman,
Pity, the War should bruise such Hopes——

Ant. Conduct 'em—— [*Exeunt Emb.*

Now, for this Preparation: Where's *Leontius*?

Call him in presently: For I mean in Person,
Gentlemen, myself, with my old Fortune——

Dem. Royal Sir,

Thus low I beg this Honour: Fame already
Hath every where rais'd Trophies to your Glory,
And Conquest now grown old, and weak with following
The

The weary Marches and the bloody Shocks
You daily set her in; 'Tis now scarce Honour
For You, that never knew to fight, but conquer,
(4) To sparkle such poor People: The Royal Eagle,
When she hath try'd her young ones 'gainst the Sun,
And found 'em right; next teacheth 'em to prey;
How to command on Wing, and check below her
Ev'n Birds of noble Plume; I am your own, Sir,
You have found my Spirit, (5) try it now, and teach it
To stoop whole Kingdoms: Leave a little for me:
Let not your Glory be so greedy, Sir,
To eat up all my Hopes; you gave me Life,
If to that Life you add not what's more lasting,
A noble Name, for Man, you have made a Shadow.
Bless me this Day: Bid me go on, and lead,
Bid me go on, no less fear'd than *Antigonus*;
And to my maiden Sword tie fast your Fortune:
I know, 'twill fight itself then. Dear Sir, honour me:
Never fair Virgin long'd so.

Ant. Rise, and command then,
And be as fortunate, as I expect ye:
I love that noble Will; your young Companions,
Bred up and foster'd with ye, I hope, *Demetrius*,
You will make Soldiers too; they must not leave ye.

Enter Leontius.

2 *Gent.* Never till Life leave us, Sir.

Ant. O *Leontius*,
Here's Work for you in Hand.

Leon. I am ev'n right-glad, Sir.
For, by my Troth, I am now grown old with Idleness;
I hear, we shall abroad, Sir.

Ant. Yes, and presently:
But who, think you, commands now?

(4) *To sparkle such poor People:*] This Word is several times used by our Authors, to signify, *scatter, disperse*; from the Allusion to a red-hot Coal, that disperses its sulphureous Quality in *Sparkles*.

(5) ————— *try it now, and teach it*
To stoop whole Kingdoms:] i. e. to subdue; to make whole Kingdoms *sloop*.

Leon.

Leon. Who commands, Sir?

Methinks, mine Eye should guide me: Can there be,
If you yourself will spare him so much Honour,
Any found out to lead before your Armies,
So full of Faith, and Fire, as brave *Demetrius*?
King *Philip*'s Son, at his Years, was an old Soldier,
'Tis time his Fortune be o'th' Wing, high Time, Sir;
So many idle Hours, as here he loiters,
So many ever-living Names he loses:
I hope, 'tis he.

Ant. 'Tis he, indeed, and nobly
He shall set forward: Draw you all those Garrisons
Upon the Frontiers as you pass: To those
Join these in Pay at home, our ancient Soldiers;
And, as you go, press all the Provinces.

Leon. We shall not need;
Believe, this hopeful Gentleman
Can want no Swords, nor honest Hearts to follow him,
We shall be full, no Fear, Sir. *Ant.* You, *Leontius*,
Because you are an old and faithful Servant,
And know the Wars, with all his Vantages,
Be near to his Instructions; lest his Youth
Lose Valour's best Companion, staid Discretion;
Shew where to lead, to lodge, to charge with Safety;
In Execution not to break, nor scatter,
But, with a provident Anger, follow nobly:
Not covetous of Blood, and Death, but Honour.
Be ever near his Watches; cheer his Labours,
And, where his Hope stands fair, provoke his Valour;
Love him, and think it no Dishonour, my *Demetrius*,
To wear this Jewel near thee; he is a try'd one,
And one, that ev'n in spite of Time, that sunk him,
And frosted up his Strength, will yet stand by thee,
And with the proudest of thine Enemies
Exchange for Blood, and bravely: Take his Counsel.

Leon. Your Grace hath made me young again, and

Ant. She must be known, and suddenly: [wanton.
Do ye know her? [To Menippus.

Gent. Char. No, believe, Sir.

Ant. Did you observe her, *Timon*?

Tim.

Tim. I look'd on her,

But what she is, Sir ———

Ant. I must have that found.

Come in, and take your Leave.

Tim. And some few Prayers along.

Dem. I know my Duty,

[Exit Ant.]

You shall be half my Father.

Leon. All your Servant :

Come, Gentlemen, you are resolv'd, I am sure,
To see these Wars.

Gent. We dare not leave his Fortunes,
Though most assured Death hung round about us.

Leon. That Bargain's yet to make ;

Be not too hasty, when ye face the Enemy,

Nor too ambitious to get Honour instantly ;

But charge within your Bounds, and keep close Bodies,

And you shall see what Sport we'll make these Mad-caps ;

You shall have Game enough, I warrant ye,

Every Man's Cock shall fight.

(6) *Dem.* I must go see her : ———

Brave Sir, as soon as I have taken Leave,

I'll meet you in the Park ; Draw the Men thither,

Wait you upon *Leontius*.

Gent. We'll attend, Sir.

Leon. But I beseech your Grace, with Speed ; the sooner
We are i'th' Field ———

Dem. You cou'd not please me better.

[Exit.]

Leon. You never saw the Wars yet ?

Gent. Not yet, Colonel.

Leon. These foolish Mistresses do so hang about ye,

So whimper, and so hug, I know it, Gentlemen,

And so intice ye, now ye are i'th' Bud ;

And that sweet tilting War, with Eyes and Kiffes,

Th' Alarms of soft Vows, Sighs, and Fiddle-faddles,

Spoils all our Trade : You must forget these Knick-knacks,

(6) *I must go see, Sir.*] What must he go see ? Or, to whom is he here addressing himself ? In short, *Demetrius* is speaking to himself ; that he must go see, and take Leave of *Celia*, before he sets out on his Expedition.

A Woman, at some time of Year, I grant ye,
Is necessary, but make no Business of her.
How now, Lieutenant?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. Oh, Sir, as ill as ever;
We shall have Wars, they say; they are Mustring yonder:
'Wou'd, we were at it once: Fie, how it plagues me!

Leon. Here's one has serv'd now under Captain *Cupid*,
And crack'd a Pike in's Youth: You see, what's come on't.

Lieu. No, my Disease will never prove so honourable.

Leon. Why, sure, thou hast the best Pox.

Lieu. If I have 'em,
I am sure, I got 'em in the best Company;
They are Pox of thirty Coats.

Leon. Thou hast mew'd 'em finely:
Here's a strange Fellow now, and a brave Fellow,
If we may say so of a pocky Fellow,
Which I believe we may, this poor Lieutenant;
Whether he have the Scratches, or the Scabs,
Or what a Devil it be, I'll say this for him,
There fights no braver Soldier under Sun, Gentlemen;
Show him an Enemy, his Pain's forgot straight;
And where other Men by Beds and Bathes have Ease,
And easy Rules of Physick; set him in a Danger,
A Danger, that's a fearful one indeed,
Ye rock him, and he will so play about ye,
Let it be ten to one he ne'er comes off again,
Ye have his Heart: And then he works it bravely,
And throughly bravely: Not a Pang remembered:
I have seen him do such things, Belief would shrink at.

Gent. 'Tis strange, he shou'd do all this, and diseas'd so.

Leon. I am sure, 'tis true: Lieutenant, canst thou drink
well?

Lieu. Wou'd I were drunk, Dog-drunk, I might not
feel this.

Gent. I wou'd take Physick.

Lieu. But I wou'd know my Disease first.

Leon. Why? it may be the Cholick: Canst thou
blow backward?

Lieu.

Lieu. There's never a Bag-pipe in the Kingdom better.

Gent. Is't not a Pleurisy?

Lieu. 'Tis any thing.

That has the Devil, and Death in't: Will ye march,
The Prince has taken Leave. [Gentlemen?

Leon. How know ye that?

Lieu. I saw him leave the Court, dispatch his Followers,
And met him after in a By-street: I think,
He has some Wench, or such a Toy, to lick over
Before he go: 'Wou'd, I had such another
To draw this foolish Pain down.

Leon. Let's away, Gentlemen,
For, sure, the Prince will stay on us.

Gent. We'll attend, Sir. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Demetrius and Celia.

Cel. Must ye needs go?

Dem. Or stay with all Dishonour.

Cel. Are there not Men enough to fight?

Dem. Fie, *Celia.*

This ill becomes the noble Love you bear me;
Would you have your Love a Coward?

Cel. No; believe, Sir,

I wou'd have him fight, but not so far off from me.

Dem. Wou'dst have it thus? or thus?

Cel. If that be Fighting ———

Dem. Ye wanton Fool; When I come home again,
I'll fight with thee, at thine own Weapon, *Celia*;
And conquer thee too.

Cel. That you've done already,
You need no other Arms to me, but these, Sir;
But will you fight yourself, Sir?

Dem. Thus deep in Blood, Wench,
And through the thickest Ranks of Pikes.

Cel. Spur bravely
Your fiery Courser, beat the Troops before ye,
And cram the Mouth of Death with Executions.

Dem. I wou'd do more than these. But, prithee, tell me,
Tell me, my Fair, where got'st thou this Male Spirit?
I wonder at thy Mind.

Cel. Were I a Man then,
You would wonder more.

Dem. Sure, thou wou'd'st prove a Soldier,
And some great Leader.

Cel. Sure, I should do somewhat ;
And the first Thing I did, I shou'd grow envious,
Extreamly envious of your Youth, and Honour.

Dem. And fight against me?

Cel. Ten to one, I should do it.

Dem. Thou wou'd'st not hurt me?

Cel. In this Mind I am in,
I think, I should be hardly brought to strike ye,
Unless 'twere thus ; but in my Man's Mind —

Dem. What?

Cel. I shou'd be Friends with you too, now I think better.

Dem. Ye are a tall Soldier: Here, take these, and these;
This Gold to furnish ye, and keep this Bracelet;
Why do you weep now? You a masculine Spirit?

Cel. No, I confess, I am a Fool, a Woman:
And ever when I part with you — *Dem.* You shall not,
These Tears are like prodigious Signs, my Sweet one;
I shall come back, loaden with Fame, to honour thee.

Cel. I hope, you shall: But then, my dear *Demetrius*,
When you stand Conqueror, and at your Mercy
All People bow, and all Things wait your Sentence;
Say then, your Eye, surveying all your Conquest,
Find out a Beauty, even in Sorrow excellent,
A constant Face, that in the midst of Ruin
With a forc'd Smile, both scorns at Fate, and Fortune:
Say, you find such a one, so nobly fortified,
And in her Figure all the Sweets of Nature, —

Dem. Prithee, no more of this, I cannot find her.

Cel. That shews as far beyond my wither'd Beauty;
And will run mad to love ye too —

Dem. Do you fear me,
And do you think, besides this Face, this Beauty,
This Heart, where all my Hopes are lock'd —

Cel. I dare not:

No, sure, I think ye honest; wondrous honest.

Pray, do not frown, I'll swear ye are.

Dem. Ye may chuse.

Cel. But how long will ye be away?

Dem. I know not.

Cel. I know, you are angry now: pray, look upon me: I'll ask no more such Questions.

Dem. The Drums beat,

I can no longer stay.

Cel. They do but call yet:

How fain you wou'd leave my Company?

Dem. I wou'd not,

Unless a greater Pow'r than Love commanded,
Commands my Life, mine Honour.

Cel. But a little.

Dem. Prithee, farewell, and be not doubtful of me.

Cel. I wou'd not have ye hurt: And ye are so ventrous—
But, good sweet Prince, preserve yourself, fight nobly,
But do not thrust this Body, ('tis not yours now,
'Tis mine, 'tis only mine:) Do not seek Wounds, Sir,
For every Drop of Blood you bleed —

Dem. I will, *Celia*,

I will be carefull.

Cel. My Heart, that loves ye dearly —

Dem. Prithee, no more, we must part:

[*Drums beat a March.*

Hark, they march now!

Cel. Pox on these bawling Drums! I am sure, you'll
kiss me;

But one Kiss? what a Parting's this?

Dem. Here take me,

And do what thou wilt with me, smother me;

But still remember, if your Fooling with me

Make me forget the Trust —

Cel. I have done: Farewel, Sir,

Never look back, you shall not stay, not a Minute.

Dem. I must have one Farewel more;

Cel. No, the Drums beat;

I dare not slack your Honour; not a Hand more;
 Only this Look — the Gods preserve, and save ye!
 [*Exeunt severally.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Antigonus, Charinthus, and Timon.

Ant. **W**HAT, have ye found her out?
Char. We have hearkned after her.

Ant. What's that to my Desire?

Char. Your Grace must give us Time,
 And a little Means.

Tim. She is, sure, a Stranger,
 If she were bred or known here —

Ant. Your dull Endeavours

Enter Menippus.

Should never be employ'd. Welcome, *Menippus.*

Men. I have found her, Sir,
 I mean, the Place she is lodg'd in; her Name is *Celia*,
 And much Ado I had to purchase that too.

Ant. Dost think, *Demetrius* loves her?

Men. Much I fear it,
 But nothing that Way yet can win for certain.
 I'll tell your Grace within this Hour.

Ant. A Stranger?

Men. Without all Doubt.

Ant. But how shou'd he come to her?

Men. There lies the Marrow of the Matter hid yet.

Ant. Hast thou been with thy Wife?

Men. No, Sir, I am going to her.

Ant. Go and dispatch, and meet me in the Garden,
 And get all out ye can. [*Exit.*]

Men. I'll do my best, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Tim. Blest be thy Wife, thou wert an arrant Ass else!

Char. Ay, she is a stirring Woman, indeed:
 There's a Brain, Brother.

Tim.

Tim. There's not a handsome Wench of any Mettle
Within a hundred Miles, but her Intelligence
Reaches her, and out-reaches her, and brings her
As confidently to Court, as to a Sanctuary.
What had his mouldy Brains ever arriv'd at,
Had not she beaten it out o'th' Flint to fasten him?
They say, she keeps an Office of Concealments:
There is no young Wench, let her be a Saint,
Unless she live i'th' Center, but she finds her,
And every Way prepares Addressees to her:
If my Wife wou'd have followed her Course, *Charinthus*,
Her lucky Course, I'd had the Day before him:
O what might I have been by this Time, Brother?
But she, forsooth, when I put these Things to her,
These Things of honest Thrift, groans, *O my Conscience,*
The Load upon my Conscience, when to make us Cuckolds,
They have no more Burden than a Brood-goose, Brother;
But let's do what we can, though this Wench fail us,
Another of a new Way will be look'd at:
Come, let's abroad, and beat our Brains; Time may,
For all his Wisdom, yet give us a Day. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Drum within, Alarm, Enter Demetrius and Leontius.

Dem. I will not see 'em fall thus, give me Way, Sir,
I shall forget you love me else.

Leon. Will ye lose all?

For me to be forgotten, to be hated,
Nay, never to have been a Man, is nothing;
So you, and those we have preserv'd from Slaughter
Come safely off. *Dem.* I have lost myself.

Leon. You are cozen'd.

Dem. And am most miserable.

Leon. There's no Man so,
But he that makes himself so.

Dem. I will go on.

Leon. You must not: I shall tell you then,
And tell you true, that Man's unfit to govern,

That cannot guide himself: You lead an Army?
That have not so much manly Suff'rance left ye,
To bear a Loss?

Dem. Charge but once more, *Leontius*,
My Friends and my Companions are engag'd all.

Leon. Nay, give 'em lost, I saw 'em off their Horses,
And the Enemy Master of their Arms; nor cou'd then
The Policy, nor Strength, of Man redeem 'em.

Dem. And shall I know this, and stand Fooling?

Leon. By my dear Father's Soul, you stir not, Sir;
Or, if you do, you make your Way through me first.

Dem. Thou art a Coward.

Leon. To prevent a Madman.

None but your Father's Son durst call me so,
'Death, if he did—— Must I be scandal'd by ye,
That hedg'd in all the Helps I had to save ye?
That, where there was a valiant Weapon stirring,
Both search'd it out, and singled it, unedg'd it,
For fear it should bite you; am I a Coward?
Go, get ye up, and tell 'em ye are the King's Son;
Hang all your Lady's Favours on your Crest,
And let them fight their Shares; spur to Destruction,
You cannot miss the Way: Be bravely desperate,
And your young Friends before ye, that lost this Battel,
Your honourable Friends, that knew no Order,
Cry out, *Antigonus*, the old *Antigonus*,
The wise and fortunate *Antigonus*,
The great, the valiant, and the fear'd *Antigonus*,
Has sent a desperate Son, without Discretion,
To bury in an Hour his Age of Honour.

Dem. I am asham'd.

Leon. 'Tis ten to one, I die with ye:
The Coward will not long be after ye;
I scorn to say I saw you fall, sigh for ye,
And tell a whining Tale, some ten Years after,
To Boys and Girls in an old Chimney-Corner,
Of what a Prince we had, how bravely spirited;
How young and fair he fell: We'll all go with ye,
And ye shall see us all, like Sacrifices
In our best Trim, fill up the Mouth of Ruin,

Will this Faith satisfy your Folly? Can this show ye,
'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly,
To fall forgotten, in a Multitude?
If you will needs tempt Fortune now she has held ye,
Held ye from sinking up——

Dem. Pray, do not kill me,
These Words pierce deeper than the Wounds I suffer,
The smarting Wounds of Loss.

Leon. Ye are too tender;
Fortune has Hours of Loss, and Hours of Honour,
And the most Valiant feel them both; Take Comfort,
The next is ours, I have a Soul descries it:
The angry Bull never goes back for Breath,
But when he means to arm his Fury double.
Let this Day set, but not the Memory,
And we shall find a Time. How now, Lieutenant?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. I know not: I am maul'd: We are bravely
All our young Gallants lost. [beaten,

Leon. Thou'rt hurt. *Lieu.* I am pepper'd,
I was i' th' midst of all: And bang'd of all Hands:
They made an Anvile of my Head, it rings yet; [it;
Never so thresh'd: Do you call this Fame? I have fam'd
I have got immortal Fame, but I'll no more on't;
I'll no such scratching Saint to serve hereafter;
O' my Conscience, I was kill'd above twenty times,
And yet I know not what a Devil's in't,
I crawl'd away, and liv'd again still; I am hurt plaguily,
But now I have nothing near so much Pain, Colonel,
They have sliced me for that Malady.

Dem. All the young Men lost?

Lieu. I am glad, you are here: But they are all i' th'
Pound, Sir,

They'll never ride o'er other Mens Corn again, I take it;
Such frisking, and such flaunting with their Feathers,
And such careering with their Mistrefs's Favours;
And here must he be pricking out for Honour,
And there got he a Knock, and down goes Pilgarlick,
Commends his Soul to his She-faint, and *exit.*

Another spurs in there, cries, *Make Room, Villains,*
I am a Lord; scarce spoken, but with Reverence
 A Rascal takes him o'er the Face, and fells him;
 There lies the Lord, the Lord be with him!

Leon. Now, Sir,
 Do you find this Truth?

Dem. I wou'd not. *Lieu.* Pox upon it!
 They have such tender Bodies too; such Cullisses,
 That one good handsome Blow breaks 'em in Pieces.

Leon. How stands the Enemy?

Lieu. Ev'n cool enough too:
 For, to say Truth, he has been shrewdly heated,
 The Gentleman, no doubt, will fall to his Julips.

Leon. He marches not i'th' Tail on's.

Lieu. No; Plague take him!
 He'll kiss our Tails as soon; he looks upon us,
 As if he would say, if ye will turn again, Friends,
 We will belabour you a little better,
 And beat a little more Care into your Coxcombs.
 Now shall we have damnable Ballads out against us,
 Most wicked Madrigals: And ten to one, Colonel,
 Sung to such lousy, lamentable Tunes.——

Leon. Thou art merry,
 Howe'er the Game goes: Good Sir, be not troubled,
 A better Day will draw this back again.
 Pray go, and cheer those left, and lead 'em off,
 They are hot, and weary.

Dem. I'll do any thing.

Leon. Lieutenant, send one presently away
 To th' King, and let him know our State: And hark ye,
 Be sure, the Messenger advise his Majesty
 To comfort up the Prince: He's full of Sadness.

Lieu. When shall I get a Surgeon? This hot Weather,
 Unless I be well pepper'd, I shall stink, Colonel.

Leon. Go, I'll prepare thee one.

Lieu. If ye catch me then,
 Fighting again, I'll eat Hay with a Horse. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Leucippe, reading; and two Maids at a Table writing.

Leu. Have ye written to *Merione*?

1 Maid. Yes, Madam.

Leu. And let her understand the Hopes she has,

If she come speedily —

1 Maid. All these are specified.

Leu. And of the Chain is sent her,

And the rich Stuff to make her shew more handsome here?

1 Maid. All this is done, Madam.

Leu. What have you dispatch'd there? [ye.

2 Maid. A Letter to the Country Maid, and't please

Leu. A pretty Girl, but peevish, plaguy peevish.

Have ye bought the embroidered Gloves, and that Purse
for her,

And the new Curl?

2 Maid. They are ready pack'd up, Madam.

Leu. Her Maiden-head will yield me, let me see now,

She is not fifteen, they say: For her Complexion —

Cloe, Cloe, Cloe, here, I have her, *Cloe,*

The Daughter of a Country Gentleman;

Her Age upon fifteen; Now her Complexion,

A lovely brown; here 'tis; Eyes black and rolling,

The Body neatly built; she strikes a Lute well,

Sings most inticingly; these Helps consider'd,

Her Maiden-head will amount to some three hundred,

Or three hundred and fifty Crowns; 'twill bear it hand-

Her Father poor, some little Share deducted, [singly.

To buy him a hunting Nag; Ay, 'twill be pretty.

Who takes care of the Merchant's Wife?

1 Maid. I have wrought her.

Leu. You know for whom she is?

1 Maid. Very well, Madam;

Though very much Ado I had to make her

Apprehend that Happiness.

Leu. These Kind are subtle;

Did she not cry, and blubber, when you urg'd her ?

1 *Maid*, O most extremly, and swore she wou'd rather perish.

Leu, Good Signs, very good Signs,
Symptoms of easy Nature.

Had she the Plate ?

1 *Maid*. She look'd upon't, and left it,
And turn'd again, and view'd it.

Leu. Very well still.

1 *Maid*. At length she was content to let it lie there,
Till I call'd for't, or so.

Leu. She will come ?

1 *Maid*. Do you take me
For such a Fool, I wou'd part without that Promise?

Leu. The Chamber's next the Park.

1 *Maid*. The Widow, Madam,
You bad me look upon.

Leu. Hang her, she is musty :
She is no Man's Meat ; besides, she's poor and fluttish :
Where lies old *Thisbe* now ? you are so long now——

2 *Maid*. *Thisbe*, *Thisbe*, *Thisbe*, Agent *Thisbe*, O, I
She lies now in *Nicopolis*. [have her,

Leu. Dispatch a Packet,
And tell her, her Superior here commands her
The next Month not to fail, but see deliver'd
Here to our Use, some twenty young and handsome,
As also able Maids, for the Court-Service,
As she will answer it : We are out of Beauty,
Utterly out, and rub the Time away here
With such blown Stuff, I am asham'd to send it.

[*Knock within.*

Who's that ? Look out, to your Business, Maid,
There's nothing got by Idleness : There is a Lady,
Which if I can but buckle with, *Altea*,
A, A, A, A, Altea, young, and married,
And a great Lover of her Husband ; well,
Not to be brought to Court ! Say ye so ? I am sorry,
The Court shall be brought to you then ; how now, who
is't ?

1 *Maid*. An ancient Woman, with a Maid attending,

A pretty Girl, but out of Cloaths; for a little Money,
It seems, she would put her to your bringing up, Madam.

Enter Woman and Phebe.

Leu. Let her come in. Wou'd you aught with us,
good Woman?

I pray, be short, we are full of Business. [*nour.*

Wom. I have a tender Girl here, an't please your Ho-

Leu. Very well.

Wom. That hath a great Desire to serve your Worship.

Leu. It may be so; I am full of Maids.

Wom. She is young, forsooth——

And, for her Truth, and, as they say, her Bearing——

Leu. Ye say well; come ye hither, Maid, let me feel
your Pulse,

'Tis somewhat weak, but Nature will grow stronger,
Let me see your Leg, she treads but low i'th' Pasters.

Wom. A cork Heel, Madam.——

Leu. We know what will do it,

Without your Aim, good Woman; what do you pitch
her at?

She's but a slight Toy—— cannot hold out long.

Wom. Ev'n what you think is meet.

Leu. Give her ten Crowns, we are full of Business,
She is a poor Woman, let her take a Cheese home.

Enter the Wench i'th' Office. [*Exe. Wom. and 1 Maid.*

2 Maid. What's your Name, Sister?

Phe. *Phebe*, forsooth.

Leu. A pretty Name; 'twill do well:

Go in, and let the other Maid instruct you, *Phebe*.

[*Exit Phebe.*

Let my old Velvet Skirt be made fit for her.

I'll put her into Action for a Waistcoat;

And when I have rigg'd her up once, this small Pinnace

[*Knock within.*

Shall fail for Gold, and good store too; who's there?

Lord, shall we never have any Ease in this World?

Still troubled! Still molested! What wou'd you have?

Enter

Enter Menippus.

I cannot furnish you faster than I am able,
An' ye were my Husband a thousand times, I cannot do it.
At least a dozen Posts are gone this Morning
For several Parts of the Kingdom: I can do no more
But pay 'em, and instruct 'em.

Men. Prithee, good Sweet-heart,
I come not to disturb thee, nor discourage thee;
I know, thou labour'st truly: Hark in thine Ear.

Leu. Ha!

What do you make so dainty on't? Look there,
I am an Afs, I can do nothing.

Men. *Celia?*

Ay, this is she; a Stranger born.

Leu. What would you give for more now?

Men. Prithee, my best *Leucippe*, there's much hangs on't,
Lodg'd at the End of *Mars's* Street? That's true too;
At the Sack of such a Town, by such a Soldier
Preserv'd a Prisoner; and by Prince *Demetrius*
Bought from that Man again, maintain'd and favour'd;
How came you by this Knowledge?

Leu. Poor, weak Man,
I have a thousand Eyes, when thou art sleeping,
Abroad, and full of Business.

Men. You never try'd her?

Leu. No, she is beyond my Level; so hedg'd in
By the Prince's infinite Love and Favour to her——

Men. She is a handfom Wench.

Leu. A delicate, and knows it;
And out of that Proof arins herself.

Men. Come in then;

I have a great Design from the King to you,
And you must work like Wax now.

Leu. On this Lady?

Men. On this, and all your Wits call home.

Leu. I have done

Toys in my Time of some Note; old as I am,
I think, my Brains will work yet without Barm;

Take

Take up the Books.

Men. As we go in, I'll tell ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Antigonus, Timon, Lords and a Soldier.

Ant. No Face of Sorrow for this Loss, 'twill choak him,
Nor no Man miss a Friend; I know his Nature
So deep imprest with Grief, for what he has suffer'd,
That the least adding to it adds to his Ruin;
His Loss is not so infinite, I hope, Soldier.

Sol. Faith, neither great, nor out of Indiscretion.
The young Men out of Heat, ——

Enter Demetrius, Leontius, and Lieutenant.

Ant. I guess the manner.

Lord. The Prince, and't like your Grace, ——

Ant. You are welcome home, Sir:

Come, no more Sorrow, I have heard your Fortune,
And I myself have try'd the like: Clear up, Man,
I will not have ye take it thus; if I doubted,
Your Fear had lost, and that you had turn'd your Back to 'em,
Basely besought their Mercies ——

Leon. No, no, by this Hand, Sir,
We fought like honest and tall Men.

Ant. I know't, *Leontius*: Or if I thought
Neglect of Rule, having his Counsel with ye,
Or too vain-glorious Appetite of Fame,
Your Men forgot and scatter'd ——

Leon. None of these, Sir,
He shew'd himself a noble Gentleman,
Every way apt to rule.

Ant. These being granted;
Why should you think you have done an Act so hainous,
That nought but Discontent dwells round about ye?
I have lost a Battel.

Leon. Ay, and fought it hard too.

Ant. With as much Means as Man ——

Leon. Or Devil cou'd urge it.

Ant.

Ant. Twenty to one on our Side now.

Leon. Turn Tables,
 Beaten like Dogs again, like Owls, you take it
 To Heart for flying but a Mile before 'em;
 And to say the Truth, 'twas no Flight neither, Sir,
 'Twas but a Walk, a handsome Walk; I've tumbled
 With this old Body, beaten like a Stock-fish,
 And stuck with Arrows, like an arming Quiver,
 Blooded and bang'd almost a Day before 'em,
 And glad I had got off then. Here's a mad Shaver,
 He fights his Share, I am sure, when e'er he comes to't;
 Yet I have seen him trip it tightly too,
 And cry (7) *The Devil take the hindmost ever!*

Lieu. I learnt it of my Betters.

Leon. Boudge at this?

Ant. Has Fortune but one Face?

Lieu. In her best Vizard,
 Methinks, she looks but lousily.

Ant. Chance, though she faint now,
 And sink below our Expectations,
 Is there no Hope left strong enough to buoy her?

Dem. 'Tis not, this Day I fled before the Enemy,
 And lost my People, left mine Honour murder'd,
 My Maiden Honour, never to be ransom'd;
 Which to a noble Soul is too too sensible,
 Afflicts me with this Sadness; most of these,
 Time may turn straight again, Experience perfect,
 And new Swords cut new Ways to nobler Fortunes.
 O, I have lost ———

Ant. As you are mine, forget it:
 I do not think it Loss.

Dem. O Sir, forgive me,
 I have lost my Friend, those worthy Souls bred with me,
 I have lost myself, they were the Pieces of me:
 I have lost all Arts, my Schools are taken from me,
 Honour and Arms, no Emulation left me:
 I liv'd to see these Men lost, look'd upon it;

(7) *the Devil take the hindmost ever!*]

Occupet extremum Scabies, says HORACE.

These Men that twinn'd their Loves to mine, their Virtues;
O Shame of Shames! I saw, and cou'd not save 'em:
'This carries Sulphur in't, this burns, and boils me,
And, like a fatal Tomb, bestrides my Memory.

Ant. This was hard Fortune; but if alive, and taken,
They shall be ransom'd, let it be at Millions.

Dem. They are dead, they are dead.

Lieu. When wou'd he weep for me thus?
I may be dead and powder'd.

Leon. Good Prince, grieve not:
We are not certain of their Deaths: The Enemy,
Though he be hot, and keen, yet holds good Quarter.
What Noise is this?

Great Shout within. Enter Gentlemen.

Lieu. He does not follow us?
Give me a Steeple-top.

Leon. They live, they live, Sir.

Ant. Hold up your manly Face.
They live, they are here, Son.

Dem. These are the Men.

1 Gent. They are, and live to honour ye.

Dem. How 'scap'd ye, noble Friends? Methought, I saw ye
Even in the Jaws of Death.

2 Gent. Thanks to our Folly,
That spur'd us on; we were indeed hedg'd round in't;
And ev'n beyond the Hand of Succour, beaten,
Unhors'd, disarm'd: And what we look'd for then, Sir,
Let such poor weary Souls that hear the Bell knoll,
And see the Grave a digging, tell.

Dem. For Heav'ns sake
Delude mine Eyes no longer! How came ye off?

1 Gent. Against all Expectation; the brave *Seleucus*,
I think, this Day enamour'd on your Virtue,
When, through the Troops, he saw ye shoot like Light-
And at your manly Courage all took Fire; [ning;
And after that, the Misery we fell to,
The never-certain Fate of War, confid'ring,
As we stood all before him, Fortune's Ruins,
Nothing but Death expecting, a short Time

He

He made a Stand upon our Youths and Fortunes.
 Then with an Eye of Mercy inform'd his Judgment,
 How yet unripe we were, unblown, unharden'd,
 Unfitted for such fatal Ends; he cry'd out to us,
 Go, Gentlemen, commend me to your Master,
 To the most high, and hopeful Prince, *Demetrius*;
 Tell him, the Valour that he show'd against me
 This Day, the Virgin Valour, and true Fire,
 Deserves ev'n from an Enemy this Courtesy;
 Your Lives, and Arms freely I'll give 'em: Thank him.
 And thus we are return'd, Sir.

Leon. Faith, 'twas well done;

'Twas bravely done; was't not a noble Part, Sir?

Lieu. Had I been there, up had I gone, I am sure on't;
 These noble Tricks I never durst trust 'em yet.

Leon. Let me not live, and 'twere not a fam'd Honesty;
 It takes me such a tickling Way: Now wou'd I wish,
 Heaven,

But ev'n the Happiness, ev'n that poor Blessing
 For all the sharp Afflictions thou hast sent me,
 But ev'n i'th' Head o'th' Field, to take *Seleucus*.
 I should do something memorable: Fie, sad still?

1 Gent. Do you grieve, we are come off?

Dem. Unransom'd, was it?

2 Gent. It was, Sir.

Dem. And with such a Fame to me?
 Said ye not so?

Leon. Ye have heard it.

Dem. O *Leontius*!

Better I had lost 'em all: Myself had perish'd,
 And all my Father's Hopes.

Leon. Mercy upon you;
 What ails you, Sir? Death, do not make Fools on's,
 Neither go to Church, nor tarry at home?
 That's a fine Horn-pipe.

Ant. What's now your Grief, *Demetrius*?

Dem. Did he not beat us twice?

Leon. He beat, a Pudding; beat us but once.

Dem. H'as beat me twice, and beat me to a Coward.
 Beat me to nothing.

Lieu. Is not the Devil in him?

Leon. I pray, it be no worfe.

Dem. Twice conquer'd me.

Leon. Bear Witness, all the World, I am a Dunce here.

Dem. With Valour first he struck me, then with Honour;
That Stroke, *Leontius*, that Stroke, dost thou not feel it?

Leon. Whereabouts was it? For I remember nothing
yet.

Dem. All these Gentlemen that were his Prisoners.—

Leon. Yes, he set 'em free, Sir, with Arms and Honour.

Dem. There, there, now thou hast it;

At mine own Weapon, Courtesy, h'as beaten me.

At that I was held a Master in, he has cow'd me;

Hotter than all the Dint o'th' Fight he has charg'd me:

Am I not now a wretched Fellow? Think on't;

And when thou hast examin'd all Ways honourable,

And find'st no Door left open to requite this,

Conclude, I am a Wretch, and was twice beaten.

Ant. I have observ'd your Way, and understand it,

And equal love it as *Demetrius*;

My noble Child, thou shalt not fall in Virtue,

I and my Pow'r will sink first: You, *Leontius*,

Wait for a new Commission, ye shall out again,

And instantly: You shall not lodge this Night here,

Not see a Friend, nor take a Blessing with ye,

Before ye be i'th' Field: The Enemy is up still,

And still in full Design: Charge him again, Son,

And either bring home that again thou hast lost there,

Or leave thy Body by him.

Dem. Sir, ye raise me,

And now I dare look up again, *Leontius*.

Leon. Ay, ay, Sir, I am thinking, who we shall take of 'em

To make all straight; and who we shall give to th' Devil.

What say'st thou now, Lieutenant?

Lieu. I say nothing.

Lord what ail I, that I have no mind to fight now?

I find my Constitution mightily alter'd,

Since I came home: I hate all Noises too,

Especially the Noise of Drums; I am now as well

As any living Man; why not as valiant?

To fight now, is a kind of Vomit to me,
It goes against my Stomach.

Dem. Good Sir, presently;

You cannot do your Son so fair a Favour.

Ant. 'Tis my Intent: I'll see ye march away too.

Come, get your Men together presently, *Leontius*,
And press where please you, as you march.

Leon. We go, Sir.

Ant. Wait you on me: I'll bring ye to your Command,
And then to Fortune give ye up.

Dem. Ye love me.

[*Exit.*

Leon. Go, get the Drums, beat round, Lieutenant.

Lieu. Hark ye, Sir,

I have a foolish Business they call Marriage,—

Leon. After the Wars are done.

Lieu. The Party stays, Sir,

I have giv'n the Priest his Money too: All my Friends, Sir,
My Father, and my Mother,—

Leon. Will you go forward?

Lieu. She brings a pretty Matter with her.

Leon. Half a dozen Bastards.

Lieu. Some forty, Sir.

Leon. A goodly Competency.

Lieu. I mean, Sir, Pounds a Year; I'll dispatch the
Matter,

'Tis but a Night or two; I'll overtake ye, Sir.

Leon. The two old Legions, yes: Where lies the
Horse-quarter?

Lieu. And if it be a Boy, I'll ev'n make bold, Sir,—

Leon. Away with your Whore,

A plague o' your Whore, you damn'd Rogue,
Now ye are cur'd and well; must ye be clicketing?

Lieu. I have broke my Mind to my Ancient, in my
He's a sufficient Gentleman. [Absence;

Leon. Get forward.

Lieu. Only receive her Portion.

Leon. Get ye forward.

Else I'll bang ye forward.

Lieu. Strange, Sir,

A Gentleman and an Officer cannot have the Liberty

To

To do the Office of a Man.

Leon. Shame light on thee!

How came this Whore into thy Head?

Lieu. This Whore, Sir?

'Tis strange, a poor Whore——

Leon. Do not answer me,

Troop, troop away; do not name this Whore again,

Or think there is a Whore.

Lieu. That's very hard, Sir.

Leon. For if thou dost, look to't, I'll have thee gelded,
I'll walk ye out before me: Not a Word more. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Leucippe, and Governess.

Leu. Ye are the Mistrefs of the House, ye say,
Where this young Lady lies.

Gov. For Want of a better.

Leu. You may be good enough for such a Purpose.
When was the Prince with her? Answer me directly.

Gov. Not since he went a Warring.

Leu. Very well then:

What carnal Copulation are you privy to
Between these two? Be not afraid, we are Women;
And may talk thus amongst ourselves, no Harm in't.

Gov. No sure, there's no Harm in't, I conceive that;
But truly, that I ever knew the Gentlewoman
Otherwise giv'n, than a hopeful Gentlewoman——

Leu. You'll grant me, the Prince loves her?

Gov. There I am with ye.

And, the Gods bless her, promises her mightily.

Leu. Stay there a while: And gives her Gifts?

Gov. Extreemly;

And truly makes a very Saint of her.

Leu. I shou'd think now,
(Good Woman let me have your Judgment with me,
I see, 'tis none of the worst: Come sit down by me)
That these two cannot love so tenderly,——

Gov. Being so young as they are too.

Leu. You say well——
But that, methinks, some further Promises——

Gov. Yes, yes,
I have heard the Prince swear he wou'd marry her.

Leu. Very well still: They do not use to fall out?

Gov. The tenderest Chickens to one another,
They cannot live an Hour asunder.

Leu. I have done then;
And be you gone; you know your Charge, and do it.
You know, whose Will it is; if you transgress it——
That is if any have Access, or see her,
Before the King's Will be fulfill'd——

Gov. Not the Prince, Madam?

Leu. You'll be hang'd if you do it, that I'll assure ye.

Gov. But ne'ertheless, I'll make bold to obey ye.

Leu. Away, and to your Business then.

Gov. 'Tis done, Madam. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Antigonus, *and* Menippus.

Ant. **T**HOU hast taken wond'rous Pains; but yet,
Menippus,

You understand not of what Blood and Country.

Men. I labour'd that, but cannot come to know it.
A *Greek*, I am sure, she is; she speaks this Language.

Ant. Is she so excellent handsome?

Men. Most enticing.

Ant. Sold for a Prisoner?

Men. Yes, Sir, some poor Creature.

Ant. And he loves tenderly?

Men. They say, extreamly.

Ant. 'Tis well prevented then: Yes, I perceiv'd it:
When he took Leave now, he made a hundred Stops,
Desir'd an Hour, but half an Hour, a Minute,
Which I with Anger cross'd; I knew his Business,

I knew, 'twas she he hunted on; this Journey, Man,
I beat out suddenly for her Cause intended,
And wou'd not give him Time to breathe. When comes
Men. This Morning, Sir. [she?

Ant. Lodge her to all Delight then:
For I would have her try'd to th' Test: I know,
She must be some crack'd Coin, not fit his Traffick;
Which, when we have found, the Shame will make him
leave her,
Or we shall work a nearer Way: I'll bury him,
And with him all the Hopes I have cast upon him,
E'er he shall dig his own Grave in that Woman:
You know which Way to bring her: I'll stand close there,
To view her as she passes: And do you hear, *Menippus*,
Observe her with all Sweetness; humour her,
'Twill make her lie more careless to our Purposes.
Away, and take what Helps you please.

Men. I am gone, Sir. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Celia, and Governess.

(8) *Cel.* Governess, from whom was this Gown sent
me, prithee?

Be serious true: I will not wear it else:
'Tis a handsome one.

Gov. As though you know not?

Cel. No, Faith:

But I believe, for certain too, yet I wonder,
Because it was his Caution, this poor Way,
Still to preserve me from the curious Searchings
Of greedy Eyes.

Gov. You have it: Does it please you?

Cel. 'Tis very rich, methinks too; prithee, tell me?

(8) *Cel. Governess, from whom was this Gown sent me?*

The Honesty of *Celia's* Conduct, her inviolable Affection to the Prince, her Jealousy of being decoy'd by the base Court-Agents, and her absolute Defiance to all Addresses whatever, are admirably drawn throughout her whole Character.

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Gov. From one that likes you well, never look coy,
 Lady ;
 These are no Gifts, to be put off with Powtings.
Cel. Powtings, and Gifts? Is it from any Stranger?
Gov. You are so curious, that there is no Talk to ye.
 What if it be I, pray ye?
Cel. Unpin, good Governesse,
 Quick, quick.
Gov. Why, what's the matter?
Cel. Quick, good Governesse:
 Fie on't, how basely it becomes me? Poorly?
 A Trick put in upon me? Well said, Governesse:
 I vow, I wou'd not wear it—out! It smells musty.
 Are these your Tricks? Now I begin to smell it,
 Abominable musty; will you help me?
 The Prince will come again——
Gov. You are not mad, sure?
Cel. As I live, I'll cut it off: A Pox upon it!
 For, sure, it was made for that Use; do you bring me
 Liveries? [Woman?
 Stales to catch Kites? Dost thou laugh too, thou base
Gov. I cannot choose, if I should be hang'd.
Cel. Abuse me,
 And then laugh at me too?
Gov. I do not abuse ye:
 Is it Abuse, to give him Drink that's thirsty?
 You want Cloaths; is it such a hainous Sin, I beseech ye,
 To see you stor'd?
Cel. There is no greater Wickedness than this Way.
Gov. What Way?
Cel. I shall curse thee fearfully,
 If thou provok'st me further: And take heed, Woman;
 My Curses never miss.
Gov. Curse him, that sent it.
Cel. Tell but his Name——
Gov. You dare not curse him.
Cel. Dare not? By this fair Light——
Gov. You are so full of Passion——
Cel. Dare not be good? Be honest? Dare not curse him?
Gov. I think, you dare not: I believe so.

Cel.

Cel. Speak him.

Gov. Up with your Valour then, up with it bravely,
And take your full Charge.

Cel. If I do not, hang me; tell but his Name.

Gov. 'Twas Prince *Demetrius* sent it:

Now, now, give fire, kill him i'th' Eye now, Lady.

Cel. Is he come home?

Gov. It seems so; but your Curse now——

Cel. You do not lye, I hope.

Gov. You dare not curse him.

Cel. Prithee, do not abuse me: Is he come home, indeed?
For I wou'd now with all my Heart believe thee.

Gov. Nay, you may choose: Alas, I deal for Strangers,
That send ye scurvy, musty Gowns, stale Liveries:
I have my Tricks.

Cel. 'Tis a good Gown, a handsome one;
I did but jest; where is he?

Gov. He that sent it——

Cel. How? He that sent it? Is it come to that again?
Thou can't not be so foolish: Prithee, speak out,
I may mistake thee.

Gov. I said, he that sent it——

Cel. Curse o' my Life: Why dost thou vex me thus?
I know, thou meanest *Demetrius*, dost thou not?
I charge thee speak Truth: If it be any other,
Thou knowest the Charge he gave thee, and the Justice
His Anger will inflict, if e'er he know this;
As know he shall, he shall, thou spiteful Woman,
Thou beastly Woman; and thou shalt know too late too,
And feel too sensible, I am no Ward,
No Sale-stuff for your Money-Merchants that sent it:
Who dare send me, or how durst thou, thou——

Gov. What you please:
For this is ever the Reward of Service.
The Prince shall bring the next himself.

Cel. 'Tis strange,
That you should deal so peevishly: Beshrew ye,
You have put me in a Heat.

Gov. I am sure, ye have kill'd me:
I ne'er receiv'd such Language: I can but wait upon ye,

And be your Drudge; keep a poor Life to serve ye.

Cel. You know my Nature is too easy, Governess,
And you now know, I am sorry too: How does he?

Gov. O Gad, my Head!

Cel. Prithee, be well, and tell me;
Did he speak of me, since he came? Nay, see now,
If thou wilt leave this Tyranny? Good sweet Governess,
Did he but name his *Celia*? Look upon me,
Upon my Faith, I meant no Harm: Here take this,
And buy thyself some Trifles: Did he, good Wench?

Gov. He loves ye but too dearly.

Cel. That's my good Governess.

Gov. There's more Cloaths making for ye.

Cel. More Cloaths?

Gov. More:

Richer and braver; I can tell ye that News;
And twenty glorious Things.

Cel. To what Use, Sirrah? [Wretches

Gov. Ye are too good for our House now: We poor
Shall lose the Comfort of ye.

Cel. No, I hope not.

Gov. For ever lose ye, Lady.

Cel. Lose me? Wherefore? I hear of no such Thing.

Gov. 'Tis sure, it must be so:

You must shine now at Court: Such Preparation,
Such Hurry, and such hanging Rooms——

Cel. To th' Court, Wench? Was it to th' Court, thou

Gov. You'll find it so. [saidst?

Cel. Stay, stay, this cannot be.

Gov. I say, it must be:

I hope to find ye still the same good Lady. [Wench,

Cel. To th' Court? This stumbles me: Art sure, for me,
This Preparation is?

Gov. She is perilous crafty;

I fear, too honest for us all too. Am I sure, I live?

Cel. To th' Court? This cannot down: What should
I do there?

Why should he on a Sudden change his Mind thus,
And not make me acquainted? Sure, he loves me?
His Vow was made against it, and mine with him:

At least, while this King liv'd. He will come hither,
And see me, ere I go?

Gov. 'Wou'd, some wife Woman
Had her in Working. That I think he will not,
Because he means with all Joy there to meet ye.
Ye shall hear more within this Hour.

Cel. A Courtier?
What may that Meaning be? Sure, he will see me
If he be come, he must: Hark ye, good Governess,
What Age is the King of?

Gov. He's an old Man, and full of Business.

Cel. I fear, too full, indeed: What Ladies are there?
I wou'd be loth to want good Company.

Gov. Delicate young Ladies, as you wou'd desire;
And when you are acquainted, the best Company.

Cel. 'Tis very well: Prithce, go in, let's talk more.
For though I fear a Trick, I'll bravely try it.

Gov. I see he must be cunning, knocks this Doe down.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Lieutenant, and Leontius: Drums within.

Leon. You shall not have your Will, Sirrah, are ye
running?
Have ye gotten a Toy in your Holes? Is this a Season,
When Honour pricks ye on, to prick your Ears up,
After your Whore, your Hobby-horse?

Lieu. Why, look ye now: [fight
(9) What a strange Man are you? Would you have a Man
At all Hours all alike?

Leon. Do but fight something;

(9) ——— *Would you have a Man fight
At all Hours all alike?*] The Character of the Lieutenant re-
fusing to fight after he was cured of his bodily Malady, (as Mr. LANG-
BAINÉ tells us in his Account of the *English Dramatick Poets*) re-
sembles the Story of the Soldier belonging to *Lucullus* described in
the Epistles of HORACE, *Lib. 2. Ep. 2.* But the very Story is rela-
ted in FORD'S *Apothegms.*

But

But half a Blow, and put thy Stomach to't :
Turn but thy Face, and do make Mouths at 'em.

Lieu. And have my Teeth knock'd out ; I thank ye
Ye are my dear Friend. [heartily,

Leon. What a Devil ails thee ?
Dost long to be hang'd ?

Lieu. Faith, Sir, I make no Suit for't :
But rather than I would live thus out of Charity,
Continually in brawling ———

Leon. Art thou not he ?
I may be cozen'd ———

Lieu. I shall be discover'd.

Leon. That in the midst of thy most hellish Pains,
When thou wert crawling-sick, didst aim at Wonders,
When thou wert mad with Pain ?

Lieu. Ye have found the Cause out ;
I had ne'er been mad to fight else : I confess, Sir,
The daily Torture of my Side, that vex'd me,
Made me as daily careless what became of me,
Till a kind Sword there wounded me, and eas'd me ;
'Twas nothing in my Valour fought ; I am well now,
And take some Pleasure in my Life ; methinks, now,
It shews as mad a Thing to me to see you scuffle,
And kill one another foolishly for Honour,
As 'twas to you, to see me play the Coxcomb.

Leon. And wilt thou ne'er fight more ?

Lieu. I'th' Mind I am in.

Leon. Nor never be sick again ?

Lieu. I hope, I shall not.

Leon. Prithee, be sick again ; prithee, I beseech thee,
Be just so sick again.

Lieu. I'll just be hang'd first.

Leon. If all the Arts that are can make a Cholick,
(Therefore look to't :) Or if Imposthumes, mark me,
As big as Foot-balls ———

Lieu. Deliver me.

Leon. Or Stones of ten Pound weight i'th' Kidneys,
Through Ease and ugly Diets may be gather'd ;
I'll feed ye up myself, Sir, I'll prepare ye ;
You cannot fight, unless the Devil tear ye,

You shall not want Provocations, I'll scratch ye,
I'll have thee have the Tooth-ach, and the Head-ach.

Lieu. Good Colonel, I'll do any thing.

Leon. No, no, nothing ———

Then will I have thee blown with a pair of Smiths' Bellows,
Because ye shall be sure to have a round Gale with ye,
Fill'd full with Oil o' Devil, and *Aqua-fortis*,
And let these work, these may provoke.

Lieu. Good Colonel ———

Leon. A Coward in full Blood; prithee, be plain with me,
Will Roasting do thee any Good?

Lieu. Nor basting neither, Sir.

Leon. Marry, that goes hard.

Enter one Gentleman.

1 Gent. Where are you, Colonel?

The Prince expects ye, Sir: h'as hedg'd the Enemy
Within a Straight, where all the Hopes and Valours
Of all Men living cannot force a Passage,
He has 'em now.

Leon. I knew all this before, Sir,

I chalk'd him out his Way: But do you see that Thing there?

Lieu. Nay, good sweet Colonel, I'll fight a little.

Leon. That Thing?

1 Gent. What Thing? I see the brave Lieutenant.

Leon. Rogue, what a Name hast thou lost?

Lieu. You may help it,

Yet you may help't: I'll do ye any Courtesy:
I know, you love a Wench well.

Enter second Gentleman.

Leon. Look upon him;

Do you look too.

2 Gent. What shou'd I look on?

I come to tell ye, the Prince stays your Direction,
We have 'em now i'th' Coop, Sir.

Leon. Let 'em rest there,

And chew upon their Miseries: But look first ———

Lieu. I cannot fight for all this.

Leon. Look on this Fellow.

2 Gent.

2 *Gent.* I know him; 'tis the valiant brave Lieutenant.

Leon. Canst thou hear this, and play the Rogue? Steal
Quickly, behind me quickly, neatly do it; [off
And rush into the thickest of the Enemy,
And if thou kill'st but two, ——

Lieu. You may excuse me,

'Tis not my Fault: I dare not fight.

Leon. Be rul'd yet,

I'll beat thee on; go wink and fight: A Plague upon your
Sheep's Heart!

2 *Gent.* What's all this Matter?

1 *Gent.* Nay, I cannot shew ye.

Leon. Here's twenty Pound, go but smell to 'em.

Lieu. Alas, Sir,

I have taken such a Cold, I can smell nothing.

Leon. I can smell a Rascal, a rank Rascal:

Fie, how he stinks, like a tired Jade.

2 *Gent.* What, Sir?

Leon. Why, that Sir, do not you smell him?

2 *Gent.* Smell him?

Lieu. I must endure.

Leon. Stinks like a dead Dog, Carrion ——

There's no such damnable Smell under Heav'n,

As the faint Sweat of a Coward. Will ye fight yet?

Lieu. Nay, now I defy ye; ye have spoke the worst
Of me, and if every Man should take what ye say, [ye can
To the Heart ——

Leon. God ha' Mercy,

God ha' Mercy, with all my Heart: here I forgive thee;

And fight, or fight not, but go along with us,

And keep my Dog.

Lieu. I love a good Dog naturally.

1 *Gent.* What's all this Stir, Lieutenant?

Lieu. Nothing, Sir,

But a slight Matter of Argument.

Leon. Pox take thee!

Sure, I shall love this Rogue, he's so pretty a Coward.

Come, Gentlemen, let's up now, and if Fortune

Dare play the Slut again, I'll never more faint her.

Come, Play-fellow, come, prithee, come up; come, Chicken,

I have

I have a Way shall fit yet: A tame Knave,
Come, look upon us.

Lieu. I'll tell ye who does best, Boys. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Antigonus, and Menippus, above.

Men. I saw her coming out.

Ant. Who waits upon her?

(10) *Men.* Timon, Charinthus, and some other Gentle-
By me appointed. [men,

Ant. Where's your Wife?

Men. She's ready

To entertain her here, Sir; and some Ladies
Fit for her Lodgings.

Ant. How shews she in her Trim now?

Men. O, most divinely sweet.

Ant. Prithee, speak softly.

How does she take her Coming?

Men. She bears it bravely;

But what she thinks ——— For Heav'n sake, Sir, pre-
serve me ———

If the Prince chance to find this.

Ant. Peace, ye old Fool;

She thinks to meet him here.

Men. That's all the Project.

Ant. Was she hard to bring?

Men. No, she believ'd it quickly,

And quickly made herself fit. The Gown a little,
And those new Things she has not been acquainted with,
At least in this Place, where she liv'd a Prisoner,
Troubled and stirr'd her Mind. But, believe me, Sir,
She has worn as good, they fit so apted to her;

(10) Timon, Charinthus, and some other Gentlemen,] How the
Characters of Courtiers being made Male-Bawds, (so frequently in-
troduced in the Plays of our Authors,) might go down with the Au-
diences of those Times. I cannot answer: But, I am sure, they would
be exploded by that Nicety of Taste to which we are now arrived.

And

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And she is so great a Mistress of Disposure.
Here they come now: But take a full View of her.

Enter Celia, Timon, Charinthus, and Gentlemen.

Ant. How cheerfully she looks? How she salutes all?
And how she views the Place? She is very young, sure:
That was an admirable Smile, a catching one,
The very Twang of *Cupid's* Bow sung in it:
She has two-edg'd Eyes, they kill o' both Sides.

Men. She makes a Stand, as though she wou'd speak.

Ant. Be still then.

Cel. Good Gentlemen, trouble yourselves no further,
I had thought, sure, to have met a noble Friend here.

Tim. You may meet many, Lady.

Cel. Such as you are
I covet few or none, Sir.

Char. Will you walk this way,
And take the Sweets o'th' Garden? Cool and close, Lady.

Cel. Methinks, this open Air's far better; tend ye that
Pray, where's the Woman came along? [way.

Char. What Woman?

Cel. The Woman of the House I lay at,

Tim. Woman?

Here was none came along, sure.

Cel. Sure, I am catch'd then:
Pray, where's the Prince?

Char. He will not be long from ye,
We are his humble Servants.

Cel. I cou'd laugh now,
To see how finely I am cozen'd: Yet I fear not,
For, sure, I know a Way to 'scape all Dangers.

Tim. Madam, your Lodgings lie this way.

Cel. My Lodgings?
For Heav'n sake, Sir, what Office do I bear here?

Tim. The great Commander of all Hearts.

Enter Leucippe, and Ladies.

Cel. You have hit it.
I thank your sweet Heart for it. Who are these now?

Char. Ladies, that come to serve ye.

Cel.

Cel. Well consider'd;

Are you my Servants?

Lady. Servants to your Pleasures.

Cel. I dare believe ye, but I dare not trust ye:

Catch'd with a Trick? Well, I must bear it patiently:

Methinks, this Court's a neat Place: All the People

Of so refin'd a Size —

Tim. This is no poor Rogue.

Leu. Were it a Paradise to please your Fancy,

And entertain the Sweetness you bring with ye —

Cel. Take Breath;

You are fat, and many Words may melt ye;

This is three Bawds beaten into one; bless me, Heav'n,

What shall become of me? I am i'th' Pitfall: [ones

O' my Conscience, this is the old Viper, and all these little

Creep every Night into her Belly; do your hear, plump

Servant,

And you, my little sucking Ladies, you must teach me,

For, I know, you are excellent at Carriage,

How to behave myself, for I am rude yet:

But you say, the Prince will come?

Lady. Will fly to see you.

Cel. For look you, if a great Man, say the King now,

Shou'd come and visit me?

Men. She names ye.

Ant. Peace, Fool.

Cel. And offer me a Kindness, such a Kindness —

Leu. Ay, such a Kindness.

Cel. True, Lady, such a Kindness,

What shall that Kindness be now?

Leu. A witty Lady;

Learn, little Ones, learn.

Cel. Say, it be all his Favour, —

Leu. And a sweet Saying 'tis.

Cel. And I grow peevish?

Leu. You must not be neglectfull.

Cel. There's the Matter,

There's the main Doctrine now, and I may miss it:

Or a kind handsome Gentleman?

Leu. You say well.

Cel.

Cel. They'll count us basely bred.

Leu. Not freely nurtur'd.

Cel. I'll take thy Counsell.

Leu. 'Tis an excellent Woman.

Cel. I find a notable Volume here, a learn'd one ;
Which Way? For I wou'd fain be in my Chamber ;
In truth, sweet Ladies, I grow weary ; fy,
How hot the Air beats on me ?

Lady. This Way, Madam.

Cel. Now, by mine Honour, I grow wondrous faint too.

Leu. Your Fans, sweet Gentlewomen, your Fans.

Cel. Since I am fool'd,
I'll make myself some Sport, though I pay dear for't.

[*Exit.*

Men. You see now what a manner of Woman she is, Sir.

Ant. Thou art an Ass.

Men. Is this a fit Love for the Prince ?

Ant. A Coxcomb ! ———

(11) Now, by my Crown, a dainty Wench, a sharp Wench,
And of a matchless Spirit : How she jeer'd 'em?
How carelessly she scoff'd 'em? Use her nobly ;
I wou'd, I had not seen her : Wait anon,
And then you shall have more to trade upon. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Leontius, and the two Gentlemen.

Leoni. We must keep a Round, and a strong Watch to
Night,
The Prince will not charge the Enemy 'till the Morning :

(11) Now, by my Crown, a dainty Wench,] The King is described, in the *Dramatis Personæ*, an old Man with young Desires : and so, indeed, he appears to be, as our Poets have thought fit to represent him. But it is greatly derogatory to the Gravity, Wisdom, and illustrious Character of that Prince to make him lewdly hunting after a young Girl, at a Time when he was engaged in War against three Kings, and his Son and Heir at the Head of this dangerous Expedition. I would not be thought to make this Remark in Derogation to our excellent Poets ; but, barely, to point out a Misconduct, that might very easily have been avoided.

But

But for the Trick I told ye for this Rascal,
This Rogue, that Health and strong Heart makes a
Coward ———

1 Gent. Ay, if it take.

Leon. Ne'er fear it, the Prince has it,
And if he let it fall, I must not know it;
He will suspect me presently: But you two
May help the Plough.

2 Gent. That he is sick again.

Leon. Extremely sick; his Disease grown incurable;
Never yet found, nor touch'd at.

Enter Lieutenant.

2 Gent. Well, we have it,
And here he comes.

Leon. The Prince has been upon him,
What a flatten Face he has now? It takes, believe it;
How like an Ass he looks?

Lieu. I feel no great Pain,
At least, I think, I do not; yet I feel sensibly,
I grow extremely faint: How cold I sweat now?

Leon. So, so, so.

Lieu. And now 'tis ev'n too true, I feel a Pricking,
A Pricking, a strange Pricking: How it tingles?
And as it were a Stitch too: The Prince told me,
And every one cry'd out, I was a dead Man;
I had thought, I had been as well ———

Leon. Upon him now, Boys,
And do it most demurely.

1 Gent. How now, Lieutenant?

Lieu. I thank ye, Gentlemen.

1 Gent. 'Life, how looks this Man?
How dost thou, good Lieutenant?

2 Gent. I ever told ye
This Man was never cur'd, I see it too plain now;
How do you feel yourself? you look not perfect;
How dull his Eye hangs?

1 Gent. That may be Discontent.

2 Gent. Believe me, Friend, I wou'd not suffer now
The Tith of those Pains this Man feels; mark his Forehead,
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What a Cloud of cold Dew hangs upon't?

Lieu. I have it,

Again I have it; how it grows upon me?

A miserable Man I am.

Leon. Ha, ha, ha!

A miserable Man thou shalt be.

This is the tameſt Trout I ever tickl'd.

Enter two Phyſicians.

1 Phy. This Way he went.

2 Phy. Pray Heav'n, we find him living;
He's a brave Fellow, 'tis pity he ſhould periſh thus.

1 Phy. A ſtrong-hearted Man, and of a notable Suf-

Lieu. Oh, oh. [ferance.

1 Gent. How now? How is it, Man?

Lieu. Oh, Gentlemen,
Never ſo full of Pain.

2 Gent. Did I not tell ye?

Lieu. Never ſo full of Pain, Gentlemen.

1 Phy. He is here;
How do you, Sir?

2 Phy. Be of good Comfort, Soldier,
The Prince has ſent us to you.

Lieu. Do you think, I may live?

2 Phy. He alters hourly, ſtrangely.

1 Phy. Yes, you may live: But ——

Leon. Finely butted, Doctor.

1 Gent. Do not diſcourage him.

1 Phy. He muſt be told Truth,
'Tis now too late to triſtle.

Enter Demetrius, and Gentlemen.

2 Gent. Here the Prince comes.

Dem. How now, Gentlemen?

2 Gent. Bewailing, Sir, a Soldier,
And one, I think, your Grace will grieve to part with;
But every living Thing ——

Dem. 'Tis true, muſt periſh;
Our Lives are but our Marches to our Graves,
How doſt thou now, Lieutenant?

Lieu.

Lieu. Faith, 'tis true, Sir ;
We are but Spans, and Candles' Ends.

Leon. He's finely mortified.

Dem. Thou art Heart-whole yet, I see ; he alters strangely,
And that apace too ; I saw it this Morning in him,
When he, poor Man, I dare swear ———

Lieu. No believ't, Sir,
I never felt it.

Dem. Here lies the Pain now : How he is swell'd ?

1 Phy. The Imposthume,
Fed with a new malignant Humour now,
Will grow to such a Bigness, 'tis incredible ;
The Compass of a Bushel will not hold it.
And with such a Hell of Torture it will rise too —

Dem. Can you endure me touch it ?

Lieu. Oh, I beseech you, Sir :
I feel you sensibly e'er you come near me.

Dem. He's finely wrought, he must be cut, no Cure else,
And suddenly, you see how fast he blows out.

Lieu. Good Master-Doctors, let me be beholding to
you,
I feel, I cannot last.

2 Phy. For what, Lieutenant ?

Lieu. But ev'n for half a Dozen Cans of good Wine,
That I may drink my Will out : I faint hideously.

Dem. Fetch him some Wine ; and since he must go,
Gentlemen,
Why, let him take his Journey merrily.

Enter Servant with Wine.

Lieu. That's ev'n the nearest Way.

Leon. I cou'd laugh dead now.

Dem. Here, off with that.

Lieu. These two I give your Grace,
A poor Remembrance of a dying Man, Sir ;
And, I beseech you, wear 'em out.

Dem. I will, Soldier,
These are fine Legacies.

Lieu. Among the Gentlemen,
Ev'n all I have left ; I am a poor Man, naked,

Yet something for Remembrance; (12) four a piece,
Gentlemen,

And so my Body where you please.

Leon. It will work.

Lieu. I make your Grace my Executor, and, I beseech ye,
See my poor Wil fulfill'd: Sure, I shall walk else.

Dem. As full as they can be fill'd, here's my Hand,
Soldier.

1 *Gent.* The Wine will tickle him.

Lieu. I would hear a Drum beat,
But to see how I cou'd endure it.

Dem. Beat a Drum there.

[*Drum within.*

Lieu. Oh heav'nly Musick, I wou'd hear one sing to't;
I am very full of Pain.

Dem. Sing? 'tis impossible.

(13) *Lieu.* Why, then I would drink a Drum-full:
Where lies the Enemy?

2 *Gent.* Why, here close by.

Leon. Now he begins to muster.

Lieu. And dare he fight?

Dare he fight, Gentlemen?

1 *Phy.* You must not cut him:

He's gone then in a Moment; all the Hope left, is,

To work his Weakness into sudden Anger,

And make him raise his Passion above his Pain,

And so dispose him on the Enemy;

His Body then, being stir'd with Violence,

Will purge itself, and break the Sore.

Dem. 'Tis true, Sir.

1 *Phy.* And then my Life for his.

Lieu. I will not die thus.

(12) ——— four a piece, Gentlemen,] What it is here, that the *Lieutenant* gives to these Gentlemen, is not ascertain'd by any marginal Direction; and consequently we are in the Dark as to that Point. He had little Money, to boast of, as we find by his own Confession: And he makes the Prince his Executor; but that he had ever made a Will, we have as little Notice of.

(13) *Why, then I would drink a Drum-full:*] This Reply of the *Lieutenant* is surprizingly humorous; that, because the Prince tells him, No body could sing to the Beating of a Drum, he would therefore drink off a Drum-full of Liquor.

Dem.

Dem. But he is too weak to do —

Lieu. Die like a Dog?

2 Pby. Ay, he's weak, but yet he's Heart-whole.

Lieu. Hem! —

Dem. An excellent Sign.

Lieu. Hem! —

Dem. Stronger still, and better.

Lieu. Hem, hem! Ran, tan, tan, tan, tan. [Exit.

1 Pby. Now he's i'th' way on't.

Dem. Well, go thy ways; thou wilt do something, certain.

Leon. And some brave Thing, or let mine Ears be cut
He's finely wrought. [off.

Dem. Let's after him.

Leon. I pray, Sir;

But how this Rogue, when this Cloud's melted in him,
And all discover'd —

Dem. That's for an After-Mirth; away, away, away.
[Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Seleucus, Lyfimachus, Ptolomey, and Soldiers.

Sel. Let no Man fear to die: We love to sleep all,
And Death is but the founder Sleep; all Ages,
And all Hours call us; 'tis so common, easy,
That little Children tread those Paths before us;
We are not sick, nor our Souls prest with Sorrows,
Nor go we out with tedious Tales, forgotten;
High, high we come, and hearty to our Funerals,
And, as the Sun that sets, in Blood let's fall.

Lyfim. 'Tis true, they have us fast, we cannot 'scape 'em,
Nor keeps the Brow of Fortune one Smile for us;
Dishonourable Ends we can 'scape though,
And, worse than those Captivities, we can die,
And dying nobly, though we leave behind us
These Clods of Flesh, that are too massy Burthens,
Our living Souls fly crown'd with living Conquests.

Ptol. They have begun, fight bravely, and fall bravely;
And may that Man that seeks to save his Life now

By Price, or Promise, or by Fear falls from us,
Never again be blest wi' th' Name of Soldier!

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. How now? Who charged first! I seek a brave
To set me off in Death. [Hand

Sol. We are not charg'd, Sir,
The Prince lies still.

Sol. How comes this Larum up then? [him,

Sol. There is one desperate Fellow, with the Devil in
He never durst do this else, has broke into us,
And here he bangs ye two or three before him,
There five or six; ventures upon whole Companies.

Ptol. And is not seconded?

Sol. Not a Man follows.

Sol. Not cut i' Pieces?

Sol. Their Wonder yet has staid 'em.

Sol. Let's in, and see this Miracle.

Ptol. I admire it.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Leontius, and Gentlemen.

Leon. Fetch him off, fetch him off; I am sure, he's
clouted;

Did I not tell you how 'twould take?

Gent. 'Tis admirable.

*Enter Lieutenant, with Colours in his Hand, pursuing
three or four Soldiers.*

Lieu. Follow that Blow, my Friend, there's at your
Coxcombs;

I fight to save me from the Surgeons' Miseries.

Leon. How the Knave curries 'em?

Lieu. You cannot, Rogues,

Till you have my Diseases, fly my Fury;

Ye Bread-and-Butter Rogues, do ye run from me?

And my Side would give me Leave, I would so hunt ye,

Ye Porridge-gutted Slaves, ye Veal-broth Boobies.

Enter

Enter Demetrius, Physicians, and Gentlemen.

Leon. Enough, enough, Lieutenant, thou hast done

Dem. Mirrour of Man! [bravely.

Lieu. 'There's a Flag for ye, Sir;

I took it out o'th' Shop, and never paid for't;
I'll to 'em again, I am not come to th' Text yet.

Dem. No more, my Soldier: Beshrew my Heart, he is
hurt fore.

Leon. Hang him, he'll lick all those whole.

1 Phy. Now will we take him,
And cure him in a trice.

Dem. Be careful of him.

Lieu. Let me live but two Years,
And do what ye will with me;
I never had but two Hours yet of Happiness;
Pray ye, give me Nothing to provoke my Valour,
For I am ev'n as weary of this Fighting—— [Tent;

2 Phy. Ye shall have nothing; come to the Prince's
And there the Surgeons presently shall search ye,
Then to your Rest.

Lieu. A little handsome Litter
To lay me in, and I shall sleep.

Leon. Look to him.

Dem. I do believe, a Horse begot this Fellow,
He never knew his Strength yet; they are our own.

Leon. I think so, I am cozen'd else; I would but see now
A Way to fetch these off, and save their Honours.

Dem. Only their Lives.

Leon. Pray ye, take no Way of Peace now,
Unless it be with infinite Advantage.

Dem. I shall be rul'd;
Let the Battels now move forward,
Our self will give the Signal:

Enter Trumpet and Herald.

Now, Herald, what's your Message?

Her. From my Masters,
This honourable Courtesy, a Parley
For half an Hour, no more, Sir.

Dem. Let 'em come on,
They have my Princely Word.

Enter Seleucus, Lyfimachus, Ptolomey, *Attendants,*
and Soldiers.

Her. They are here to attend ye.

Dem. Now, Princes, your Demands?

Sel. Peace, if it may be
Without the too much Tainture of our Honour :
Peace, and we'll buy it too.

Dem. At what Price?

Lyfim. Tribute.

Ptol. At all the Charge of this War.

Leon. That will not do.

Sel. *Leontius*, you and I have serv'd together,
And run through many a Fortune with our Swords,
Brothers in Wounds and Health ; one Meat has fed us ;
One Tent a thousand Times from cold Night cover'd us ;
Our Loves have been but one ; and had we died then,
One Monument had held our Names and Actions :
Why do you set upon your Friends such Prices ?
And sacrifice to giddy Chance such Trophies ?
Have we forgot to die ? or are our Virtues
Less in Afflictions constant, than our Fortunes ?
Ye are deceiv'd, old Soldier.

Leon. I know your Worths,
And thus low bow in Reverence to your Virtues :
Were these my Wars, or led my Pow'r in chief here,
(14) I knew then how to meet your Memories :
They are my King's Employments ; this Man fights now,
To whom I owe all Duty, Faith, and Service ;
This Man, that fled before ye ; call back that,
That bloody Day again, call that Disgrace home,
And then an easy Peace may sheath our Swords up.
I am not greedy of your Lives and Fortunes,

(14) *I knew then how to meet your Memories :*] I have observ'd, that our Poets frequently employ the Word *Memory* in an uncommon and abstracted Sense. I think, *Leontius* means here, that then he could meet the *Remembrance* of those Occurrences which are summ'd up by *Seleucus* in his preceding Speech.

Nor do I gape ungratefully to swallow ye.
Honour, the Spur of all illustrious Natures,
That made you famous Soldiers, and next Kings,
And not ambitious Envy, strikes me forward.
Will ye unarm, and yield yourselves his Prisoners?

Sel. We never knew what that Sound meant: No Gyves
Shall ever bind this Body, but Embraces;
Nor Weight of Sorrow here, till Earth fall on me.

Leon. Expect our Charge then.

Lysim. 'Tis the nobler Courtesy:
And so we leave the Hand of Heav'n to bless us.

Dem. Stay, have you any Hope?

Sel. We have none left us,
But that one Comfort of our Deaths together;
Give us but Room to fight.

Leon. Win it, and wear it.

Ptol. Call from the Hills those Companies hang o'er us,
Like bursting Clouds; and then break in, and take us,

Dem. Find such a Soldier will forsake Advantage,
And we'll draw off. To shew I dare be noble,
And hang a Light out to ye in this Darknes,
The Light of Peace; give up those Cities, Forts,
And all those Frontier Countries to our Uses.

Sel. Is this the Peace? Traitors to those that feed us,
Our Gods and People? Give our Countries from us?

Lysim. Begin the Knell, it sounds a great deal sweeter:

Ptol. Let loose your Servant, Death.

Sel. Fall Fate upon us,
Our Memories shall never stink behind us.

Dem. Seleucus, great Seleucus.

Sel. The Prince calls, Sir.

Dem. Thou Stock of Nobleness, and Courtesy,
Thou Father of the War——

Leon. What means the Prince now?

Dem. Give me my Standard here.

Lysim. His Anger's melted.

Dem. You Gentlemen, that were his Prisoners,
And felt the Bounty of that noble Nature,
Lay all your Hands, and bear these Colours to him,
The Standard of the Kingdom; take it, Soldier.

Ptol.

Ptol. What will this mean?

Dem. Thou hast won it, bear it off;
And draw thy Men home whilst we wait upon thee.

Sel. You shall have all our Countries.

Lysim. Ptol. All, by Heav'n, Sir.

Dem. I will not have a Stone, a Bush, a Bramble,
No, in the Way of Courtesy, I'll start ye;
Draw off, and make a Lane through all the Army,
That these, that have subdu'd us, may march through us.

Sel. Sir, do not make me surfeit with such Goodness,
I'll bear your Standard for ye; follow ye.

Dem. I swear, it shall be so, march through me fairly,
And thine be this Day's Honour, great *Seleucus*.

Ptol. Mirrour of noble Minds!

Dem. Nay, then ye hate me.

[*Exeunt with Drums, and Shouts.*]

Leon. I cannot speak now:
Well, go thy way; at a sure Piece o' Bravery
Thou art the best; these Men are won by th' Necks now:
I'll send a Post away. [Exit.]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Antigonus, and Menippus.

Ant. NO Aptness in her?

Men. Not an immodest Motion,
And yet when she is courted,
Makes as wild witty Answers.

Ant. This more fires me,
I must not have her thus.

Men. We cannot alter her.

Ant. Have ye put the Youths upon her?

Men. All that know any thing,
And have been studied how to catch a Beauty,
But like so many Whelps about an Elephant—
The Prince is coming home, Sir.

Ant. I hear that too,

But

But that's no matter; am I alter'd well?

Man. Not to be known, I think, Sir.

Ant. I must see her.

Enter two Gentlemen, or Lords.

1 Gent. I offer'd all I had, all I cou'd think of,
I try'd her through all Points o' th' Compass, I think.

2 Gent. She studies to undo the Court, to plant here
The Enemy to our Age, cold Chastity;
She is the first, that e'er bauk'd a close Arbour,
And the sweet Contents within: She hates curl'd Heads
And setting up of Beards, she swears, is Idolatry. [too;

1 Gent. I never knew so fair a Face so froze:
Yet she would make one think——

2 Gent. True, by her Carriage,
For she's as wanton as a Kid to th' outside,
As full of Mocks and Taunts: I kiss'd her Hand too,
Walk'd with her half an Hour.

1 Gent. She heard me sing,
And sung herself too; she sings admirably;
But still when any Hope was, as 'tis her Trick
To minister enough of those, then presently
With some new Flan or other, nothing to th' matter,
And such a Frown, as would sink all before her,
She takes her Chamber; come, we shall not be the last
Fools. [Wench.

2 Gent. Not by a Hundred, I hope; 'tis a strange

Ant. This screws me up still higher.

Enter Celia, and Ladies behind her.

Men. Here she comes, Sir.

Ant. Then, be you gone; and take the Women with
And lay those Jewels in her Way. [ye,

Cel. If I stay longer,
(15) I shall number as many Lovers, as *Lais* did;

How

(15) *I shall number as many Lovers as Lais did;*] *Lais* was a most exceeding handsome Courtezan residing at *Corinth*, in the Times of *Nicias* and *Demosthenes*; but she held up her Favours at so exorbitant a Rate, that it became a proverbial Saying:

How they flock after me? Upon my Conscience,
 I have had a dozen Horses giv'n me this Morning;
 I'll ev'n set up a Troop, and turn She-soldier.
 A good discreet Wench now, that were not Hide-bound,
 Might raise a fine Estate here, and suddenly:
 For these warm Things will give their Souls——I can go
 no where

Without a World of Offerings to my Excellence:
 I am a Queen, a Goddess, I know not what——
 No Constellation in all Heav'n, but I out-shine it;
 And they have found out now, I have no Eyes
 Of mortal Lights; but certain Influences,
 Strange virtuous Lightnings, human Nature starts at;
 And I can kill my twenty in a Morning,
 With as much Ease now——

Ha! What are these? New Projects?

Where are my honourable Ladies? Are you out too?

(16) Nay, then, I must buy the Stock; send me good
 Carding!

I hope the Prince's Hands be not in this Sport;
 I have not seen him yet, cannot hear from him,
 That troubles me: All these were Recreations,
 Had I but his sweet Company to laugh with me:
 What Fellow's that? Another Apparition?

This is the loving'st Age: I should know that Face,
 Sure, I have seen't before, not long since neither, [ture!

Ant. She sees me now: O Heav'n, a most rare Crea-

Cel. Yes, 'tis the same: I will take no Notice of ye,
 But if I do not fit ye, let me fry for't;

Is all this Cackling for your Egg? They are fair ones,
 Excellent rich, no Doubt, too; and may stumble
 A good staid Mind, but I can go thus by 'em;
 My honest Friend; do you set off these Jewels?

Ant. Set 'em off, Lady?

Non cuius Hominum contingit adire Corinthum.

i. e. It is not every Man, who can afford to go to *Corinth*; at least, to have an Amour there.

(16) *Nay, then, I must buy the Stock; send me good Carding!*

i. e. I must play out the *Game*; I must take in the *Cards*: *Buying the Stock* is a Term used at an old-fashion'd Game call'd *Gleek*.

Cel.

Cel. I mean, fell 'em here, Sir?

Ant. She's very quick; for Sale they are not meant, sure.

Cel. For Sanctity, I think, much less: Good Ev'n, Sir.

Ant. Nay, noble Lady, stay: 'Tis you must wear 'em: Never look strange, they are worthy your best Beauty.

Cel. Did you speak to me?

Ant. To you, or to none living:

To you they are sent, to you they're sacrific'd.

Cel. I'll never look a Horse i'th' Mouth, that's giv'n: I thank ye, Sir: I'll send one to reward ye.

Ant. Do you never ask who sent 'em?

Cel. Never I:

Nor never care; if it be an honest End,
That End's the full Reward; and Thanks but slubber it;
If it be ill, I will not urge the Acquaintance.

Ant. This has a Soul, indeed: Pray let me tell ye —

Cel. I care not if ye do, so you do it handsomly,
And not stand picking of your Words.

Ant. The King sent 'em.

Cel. Away! away! thou art some foolish Fellow;
And now, I think, thou hast stole 'em too; the King sent 'em?
Alas, good Man, wou'dst thou make me believe
He has nothing to do with Things of these Worths,
But wantonly to fling 'em? He's an old Man,
A good old Man, they say too: I dare swear,
Full many a Year ago he left these Gambols:
Here, take your Trinkets.

Ant. Sure, I do not lye, Lady.

Cel. I know, thou lyest extremely, damnably:
Thou hast a lying Face.

Ant. I was never thus rattled.

Cel. But, say, I shou'd believe: Why are these sent me?
And why art thou the Messenger? Who art thou?

Ant. Lady, look on 'em wisely, and then consider
Who can send such as these, but a King only?
And, to what Beauty can they be Oblations,
But only yours? For me that am the Carrier,
'Tis only fit you know, I am his Servant,
And have fulfill'd his Will.

Cel. You are short and pithy;

What

What must my Beauty do for these?

Ant. Sweet Lady,

You cannot be so hard of Understanding,
When a King's Favour shines upon ye gloriously,
And speaks his Love in these ———

Cel. O then, Love's the Matter;
Sir-reverence Love: Now I begin to feel ye:
And I shou'd be the King's Whore, a brave Title;
And go as glorious as the Sun, O brave still:
The chief Commandress of his Concubines,
Hurried from Place to Place to meet his Pleasures.

Ant. A devilish subtil Wench, but a rare Spirit.

Cel. And when the good old Spunge had suck'd my
Youth dry,

And left some of his Royal Aches in my Bones:
When Time shall tell me, I have plough'd my Life up,
And cast long Furrows in my Face to sink me, ———

Ant. You must not think so, Lady.

Cel. Then can these, Sir,
These precious Things, the Price of Youth and Beauty,
This Shop here of Sin-offering, set me off again?
Can it restore me chaste, young, innocent?
Purge me to what I was? Add to my Memory
An honest and a noble Fame? (17) The King's Vice!
The Sin's as universal as the Sun is,
And lights an everlasting Torch to shame me.

(17) ———— *The King's Device;*

The Sin's as universal as the Sun is,

And lights an everlasting Torch to shame me] Nothing is so dangerous to the genuine Reading, as when the corrupted one carries something like Sense with it. That it was the King's *Device* to debauch her, is certain; but this is scarcely an Aggravation of her Guilt. The Redundancy of two Syllables in the Verse made me hesitate upon it; when the following Reading immediately occur'd, which I doubt not to be the true one, as the Expression is extremely poetical; and the Sentiment becomes every way worthy of our Authors.

————— *The King's Vice!*

viz. That if she becomes the Vice, or the Occasion of it in the King; her Example will have an universal bad Influence, and her Memory be branded to all Ages.

Mr. Seward.

Ant.

Ant. Do you hold so slight Account of a great King's Favour,

That all Knees bow to purchase?

Cel. Prithee, Peace:

If thou knew'st how ill-favour'dly thy Tale becomes thee,
And what ill Root it takes ———

Ant. You will be wiser.

Cel. Cou'd the King find no Shape to shift his Pander into,

But reverend Age? And one so like himself too?

Ant. She has found me out.

Cel. Cozen the World with Gravity?

Prithee, resolve me one thing, do's the King love thee?

Ant. I think, he does.

Cel. It seems so by thy Office:

He loves thy Use, and when that's ended, hates thee.
Thou seemest to me a Soldier.

Ant. Yes, I am one.

Cel. And hast fought for thy Country?

Ant. Many a time.

Cel. May be, commanded too?

Ant. I have done, Lady.

Cel. O wretched Man, below the State of Pity!

Canst thou forget, thou wert begot in Honour?

A free Companion for a King! A Soldier?

Whose Nobleness dare feel no Want, but Enemies?

Canst thou forget this, and decline so wretchedly,

To eat the Bread of Bawdry, of base Bawdry?

Feed on the Scum of Sin? Fling thy Sword from thee;

Dishonour to the noble Name that nurs'd thee;

Go, beg Diseases: Let them be thy Armours;

Thy Fights, the Flames of Lust, and their foul Issues

Ant. Why then I am a King, and mine own Speaker.

Cel. And I as free as you, mine own Disposer:

There, take your Jewels; let them give them Lustres

That have dark Lives and Souls; wear 'em yourself, Sir,

You'll seem a Devil else.

Ant. I command ye, stay.

Cel. Be just, I am commanded.

Ant. I will not wrong ye.

Cel.

Cel. Then thus low falls my Duty.

Ant. Can ye love me?

Say, ay, and all I have ———

Cel. I cannot love ye;

Without the Breach of Faith, I cannot hear ye;

Ye hang upon my Love, like Frosts on Lillies:

I can die, but I cannot love: You are answer'd. [*Exit.*]

Ant. I must find apter Means, I love her truly. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Demetrius, Leontius, Lieutenant, Gentlemen,
Soldiers, and Host.*

Dem. Hither, do you say, she is come?

Host. Yes, Sir, I am sure on't:

For whilst I waited upon ye, putting my Wife in Trust,
I know not by what Means, but the King found her,
And hither she was brought; how, or to what End ———

Dem. My Father found her?

Host. So my Wife informs me.

Dem. *Leontius*, pray draw off the Soldiers,
I wou'd a while be private.

Leon. Fall off, Gentlemen, the Prince would be alone.
[*Ex. Leon. and Sol.*]

Dem. Is he so cunning?

There is some Trick in this, and you must know it,
And be an Agent too: Which, if it prove so ———

Host. Pull me to Pieces, Sir.

Dem. My Father found her?

My Father brought her hither? Went she willingly?

Host. My Wife says, full of Doubts.

Dem. I cannot blame her,
No more: There is no Trust, no Faith in Mankind.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, Leontius, and Soldiers.

Ant. Keep her up close, he must not come to see her:
You are welcome nobly now, welcome home, Gentlemen;
You have done a courteous Service on the Enemy,
Has tied his Faith for ever; you shall find it;

Ye are not now in's debt, Son. Still your sad Looks?

Leontius, what's the matter?

Leon. Truth, Sir, I know not.

We have been merry since we went.

Lieu. I feel it.

Ant. Come, what's the matter now? Do you want Money?

Sure, he has heard o'th' Wench.

[*Grace*.

Dem. Is that a Want, Sir? I wou'd fain speak t' your

Ant. You may do freely.

Dem. And not deserve your Anger?

Ant. That ye may too.

Dem. There was a Gentlewoman, and sometimes my
Prisoner,

Which I thought well of, Sir? Your Grace conceives me —

Ant. I do indeed, and with much Grief conceive ye;

With full as much Grief as your Mother bare you.

There was such a Woman: 'Wou'd I might as well say,

There was no such, *Demetrius*.

Dem. She was virtuous,

And therefore not unfit my Youth to love her:

She was as fair ———

Ant. Her Beauty I'll proclaim too,

To be as rich as ever reign'd in Woman;

But how she made that good, the Devil knows.

Dem. She was — O Heav'n!

Ant. The Hell to all thy Glories,

Swallow'd thy Youth, made Shipwrack of thine Honour:

She was a Devil.

Dem. Ye are my Father, Sir.

Ant. And since ye take a Pride to shew your Follies,

I'll muster 'em, and all the World shall view 'em.

Leon. What Heat is this? The King's Eyes speak
his Anger.

Ant. Thou hast abus'd thy Youth, drawn to thy Fel-
lowship

Instead of Arts and Arms, a Woman's Kisses,

The Subtilties, and soft Heats of a Harlot.

Dem. Good Sir, mistake her not.

Ant. A Witch, a Sorceress:

I tell thee but the Truth; (and hear, *Demetrius*.)

Which has so dealt upon thy Blood with Charms,
Dev'lish and dark; so lockt up all thy Virtues;
So pluckt thee back from what thou sprung'st from,
Glorious.

Dem. O Heav'n, that any Tongue but his durst say this!
That any Heart durst harbour it! Dread Father,
If for the Innocent the Gods allow us
To bend our Knees ———

Ant. Away, thou art bewitch'd still;
Though she be dead, her Pow'r still lives upon thee.

Dem. Dead? O sacred Sir: Dead, did you say?

Ant. She is dead, Fool.

Dem. It is not possible: Be not so angry;
Say, she is faln under your sad Displeasure,
Or any thing but dead; say, she is banish'd;
Invent a Crime, and I'll believe it, Sir.

Ant. Dead by the Law: We found her Hell, and her;
I mean her Charms and Spells, for which she perish'd;
And she confest, she drew thee to thy Ruin;
And purpos'd it, purpos'd my Empire's Overthrow.

Dem. But is she dead? Was there no Pity, Sir?
If her Youth err'd, was there no Mercy shown her?
Did ye look on her Face, when ye condemn'd her?

Ant. I look'd into her Heart, and there she was hideous.

Dem. Can she be dead? Can Virtue fall untimely?

Ant. She's dead, deservingly she died.

Dem. I've done then.

O matchless Sweetness, whither art thou vanish'd!
O thou fair Soul of all thy Sex, what Paradise
Hast thou enrich'd and blest? I am your Son, Sir,
And t' all you shall command stand most Obedient,
Only a little time I must intreat you
To study to forget her; 'twill not be long, Sir,
Nor I long after it. Art thou dead, *Celia*,
Dead, my poor Wench? My Joy, pluckt green with
Violence!

O fair sweet Flower, farewell: Come, thou Destroyer
Sorrow, thou Melter of the Soul, dwell with me;
Dwell with me, solitary Thoughts, Tears, Cryings,
Nothing, that loves the Day, love me, or seek me;
Nothing,

Nothing, that loves his own Life, haunt about me:
And Love, I charge thee, never charm mine Eyes more,
Nor e'er betray a Beauty to my Curfes:
For I shall curfe all now, hate all, forswear all,
And all the Brood of fruitful Nature vex at,
For ſhe is gone that was all, and I nothing——

[*Exeunt Dem. and Gent.*]

Ant. This Opinion muſt be maintain'd.

Men. It ſhall be, Sir.

Ant. Let him go; I can at mine own Pleaſure
Draw him to th' right again. Wait your Inſtructions,
And ſee the Soldier paid, *Leontius*:
Once more ye 're welcome home all.

All. Health to your Majeſty! [Exit *Antig.* &c.]

Leon. Thou went'ſt along the Journey; how can'ſt
thou tell?

Hoſt. I did, but, I am ſure, 'tis ſo: Had I ſtaid behind,
I think, this had not prov'd.

Leon. A Wench the Reaſon?

Lieu. Who's that talks of a Wench there?

Leon. What, all this Diſcontent about a Wench?

Lieu. Where is this Wench, good Colonel?

Leon. Prithee, hold thy Peace: Who calls thee to
Council?

Lieu. Why, if there be a Wench——

Leon. 'Tis fit thou know her:

That I'll ſay for thee, and as fit thou 'rt for her,
Let her be mew'd or ſtopt. How is it, Gentlemen?

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* He's wondrous diſcontent, he'll ſpeak to no
Man. [trance;

2 *Gent.* H'as taken his Chamber cloſe, admits no En-
Tears in his Eyes, and Cryings out.

Hoſt. 'Tis ſo, Sir; [ney.
And now I wiſh myſelf half hang'd ere I went this Jour-

Leon. What is this Woman?

Lieu. Ay.

Hoſt. I cannot tell ye, but handſome as Heav'n.

Lieu. She's not ſo high, I hope, Sir.

Leon. Where is she?

Lieu. Ay, that would be known.

Leon. Why, Sirrah——

Host. I cannot show ye neither;
The King has now dispos'd of her.

Leon. There lies the matter:

Will he admit none to come comfort him? [out,

1 Gent. Not any near, nor, let 'em knock their Hearts
Will ever speak.

Lieu. 'Tis the best way if he have her; [Pastime;
For look you, a Man would be loth to be disturb'd in's
'Tis every good Man's Case.

Leon. 'Tis all thy Living,
We must not suffer this, we dare not suffer it:
For when these tender Souls meet deep Afflictions,
They are not strong enough to struggle with 'em,
But drop away as Snow does, from a Mountain;
And in the Torrent of their own Sighs sink themselves:
I will and must speak to him.

Lieu. So must I too:
He promised me a Charge.

Leon. Of what? of Children,
Upon my Conscience, thou 'ast a double Company;
And all of thine own begetting already.

Lieu. That's all one,
I'll raise 'em to a Regiment; and then command 'em:
When they turn disobedient, unbeget 'em:
Knock 'em o'th' Head, and put in new.

Leon. A rare Way;
But for all this, thou art not valiant enough
To dare to see the Prince now?

Lieu. Do you think he's angry?

1 Gent. Extreemly vext.

2 Gent. To the endang'ring any Man comes near him.

1 Gent. Yet if thou couldst but win him out,
What e'er

Thy Suit may be, believe it granted presently.

Leon. Yet thou must think though,
That in the doing he may break upon ye,
And——

Lieu. If he do not kill me.

Leon.

Leon. There's the Question.

Lieu. For half a dozen Hurts, —

Leon. Art thou so valiant?

Lieu. Not absolutely so neither: No, it cannot be,
I want m' Imposts, (18) and my things about me,
Yet I'll make Danger, Colonel.

Leon. 'Twill be rare Sport,
Howe'er it take; give me thy Hand; if thou dost this,
I'll raise thee up a Horse-Troop, take my Word for't.

Lieu. What may be done by human Man.

Leon., Let's go then.

1 Gent. Away, before he cool: He will relapse else.

[*Exeunt:*

S C E N E III.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, and Leucippe.

Ant. Will she not yield?

Leu. For all we can urge to her;
I swore, you'd marry her; she laugh'd extremely,
And then she rail'd like Thunder.

Ant. Call in the Magician,
I must, and will obtain her, I am Ashes else:

Enter Magician with a Bowl.

Are all the Philters in? Charms, Powder, Roots?

Mag. They are all in; and now I only stay
The Invocation of some helping Spirits.

Ant. T' your Work then, and dispatch.

Mag. Sit still, and fear not.

Leu. I shall ne'er endure these Sights.

Ant. Away with th' Woman: Go and wait without.

Leu. When the Devil's gone, pray call me. [*Exit.*

Ant. Be sure you make it pow'rful enough.

Mag. Pray, doubt not — [*He conjures.*

(18) — [*And my things about me*] By *things* I understand Plaisters, Bandages. &c. but Mr. *Sympson* thinks the Word corrupt, and would read *Stings*, which expresse, he says, the hellish Pains before spoke of. I will not deprive the Reader of the Conjecture, tho' I do not myself admit it.

This is the first Sheet which, with the rest of this Volume, fell to my Share after the Death of Mr. *Theobald*. From hence, therefore, the anonymous Notes belong to Me. *T. Seward.*

S O N G.

*Rise from the Shades below,
 All you that prove
 The Helps of looser Love ;
 Rise, and bestow
 Upon this Cup, whatever may compel,
 By powerful Charm, and unresisted Spell,
 A Heart un-warm'd to melt in Loves desires ;
 Distil into this Liquor all your Fires,
 Heats, Longings, Tears ;
 But keep back frozen Fears ;
 That she may know, that has all Pow'r defied,
 Art is a Pow'r that will not be denied.*

The A N S W E R.

*I Obey, I Obey,
 And am come to view the Day ;
 Brought along, all may compel,
 All the Earth has, and our Hell :
 Here's a little, little Flower,
 This will make her sweat an Hour,
 Then unto such Flames arise,
 A thousand Joys will not suffice.
 Here's the Powder of the Moon,
 With which she caught Endymion ;
 The powerful Tears that Venus cry'd,
 When the Boy Adonis dy'd.
 Here's Medea's Charm, with which
 Jason's Heart she did bewitch ;
 Omphale this Spell put in,
 When she made the (19) Libyan spin.
 This dull Root pluckt from Lethe Flood,
 Purges all pure Thoughts, and good.
 These I stir thus, round, round, round,
 Whilst our light Feet beat the Ground.*

(19) ——— Libyan spin,] Mr. Symphon would read *Theban*, the Story of *Omphale* being, as he thinks, only applicable to him : But as there were many *Hercules's*, and among the rest a *Libyan*, the Son of *Jupiter Ammon* ; if it is inaccurate, it seems the Inaccuracy of a Scholar, and not an Error of the Press.

Mag. Now Sir, 'tis full, and whosoever drinks this
Shall violently doat upon your Person,
And never sleep nor eat unsatisfied :
For many hours 'twill work, and work with Violence ;
And those expir'd, 'tis done. You have my Art, Sir.

Enter Leucippe.

Ant. See him rewarded liberally——*Leucippe,*
Here, take this Bowl, and when she calls for Wine next,
Be sure you give her this, and see her drink it ;
Delay no time ; when she calls next.

Leu. I shall, Sir.

Ant. Let none else touch it on your Life.

Leu. I'm charg'd, Sir.

Ant. Now if she have an antidote Art let her 'scape me.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Leontius, Lieutenant and Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* There is the Door, Lieutenant, if you dare
do any thing.

Leon. Here's no Man waits.

1 *Gent.* H'as giv'n a charge that none shall,
Nor none shall come within the hearing of him :
Dare ye go forward ?

Lieu. Let me put on my Skull first.
My Head's almost beaten into the pap of an Apple.
Are there no Guns i'th' Door ?

Leon. The Rogue will do it.
And yet I know he has no Stomach to't. [Stones,

Lieu. What Loop-holes are there when I knock for
For those may pepper me ; I can perceive none.

Leon. How he views the Fortification.

Lieu. Farewel, Gentlemen,
If I be kill'd——

Leon. We'll see thee buried bravely. [softly.

Lieu. Away, how should I know that then? I'll knock
Pray Heav'n he speak in a low Voice now to comfort me :
I feel I have no Heart to't :——Is't well, Gentlemen ?
Colonel, my Troop——

Leon. A little louder.

Lieu. Stay, stay ;
Here is a Window, I will see, stand wide.
By—— he's charging of a Gun.

Leon. There's no such matter.
There's no Body in this Room.

Lieu. O 'twas a Fire-shovel :
Now I'll knock louder ; if he say who's there ?
As sure he has so much manners, then will I answer him
So finely and demurely. My Troop, Colonel——

[Knocks louder.]

i Gent. Knock louder, Fool, he hears not.

Lieu. You Fool, do you.
Do and you dare now.

i Gent. I do not undertake it. [matters,

Lieu. Then hold your Peace, and meddle with your own

Leon. Now he will knock. [Knocks louder.]

Lieu. Sir, Sir, will't please you hear, Sir ?
Your Grace, I'll look again, what's that ?

Leon. He's there now.

Lord ! How he stares ! I ne'er yet saw him thus alter'd :
Stand now, and take the Troop.

Lieu. Wou'd I were in't,
And a good Horse under me. I must knock again,
The Devil's at my Fingers ends : He comes now.
Now, Colonel, if I live——

Leon. The Troop's thine own, Boy.

(20) *Enter Demetrius with a Pistol.*

Dem. What desperate Fool, ambitious of his Ruin ?

Lieu. Your Father wou'd desire ye, Sir, to come to

Dem. Thou art no more. [Dinner.]

Lieu. Now, now, now, now.

Dem. Poor Coxcomb :

Why do I aim at thee? [Exit.]

Leon. His Fear has kill'd him.

(20) *Demetrius with a Pistol.*] One cannot suppose our Authors ignorant of the Anachronism in this Place ; but they design'd it, like the Dutch Painter, who made *Abraham* going to shoot his Son with a Pistol. The odd absurdity makes it more droll and laughable.

Enter

Enter Leucippe with a Bowl.

2 *Gent.* I protest he's almost stiff: Bend him and rub
Hold his Nose close, you, if you be a Woman, [him,
Help us a little: Here's a Man near perish'd.

Leu. Alas, alas, I have nothing here about me.
Look to my Bowl; I'll run in presently
And fetch some Water: Bend him, and set him upwards.
(21) A goodly Man—— [Exit. [shall not

Leon. Here's a brave Heart: He's warm again: You
Leave us i'th' lurch so, Sirrah.

2 *Gent.* Now he breathes too.

Leon. If we'd but any Drink to raise his Spirits.
What's that i'th' Bowl? upon my life, good Liquor,
She would not own it else.

1 *Gent.* He sees.

Leon. Look up, Boy.
And take this Cup, and drink it off; I'll pledge thee.
Guide it to his Mouth, he swallows heartily.

2 *Gent.* Oh! Fear and Sorrow's dry; 'tis off-----

Leon. Stand up, Man.

Lieu. Am I not shot?

Leon. Away with him, and cheer him:
Thou'ft won thy Troop.

Lieu. I think I won it bravely.

Leon. Go, I must see the Prince, he must not live thus;
And let me hear an hour hence from ye.

Well, Sir----- [Exeunt *Gent. and Lieu.*

Enter Leucippe with Water.

Leu. Here, here: Where's the sick Gentleman?

Leon. He's up, and gone, Lady.

Leu. 'Las, that I came so late.

(21) *Leon.* *A goodly Man——*] The Printers have given the old General a part of the Bawd's Speech here. It is very natural to make her assiduity for him arise from her thinking him a good handsome Fellow. This seem'd evident at first sight; and upon turning to the old Folio I found a Proof of it, where it is wrote: *Leon.* A goodly Man——*Exit.* But the late Edition remov'd the *Exit* instead of the Speaker.

Leon.

Leon. He must still thank ye ;
Ye left that in a Cup here did him Comfort.

Leu. That in the Bowl ?

Leon. Yes truly, very much Comfort,
He drank it off, and after it spoke lustily.

Leu. Did he drink it all ?

Leon. All off.

Leu. The Devil choak him ;
I am undone : H'as twenty Devils in him ;
Undone for ever, left he none ?

Leon. I think not.

Leu. No, not a drop : What shall become of me now ?
Had he no where else to swoon ? a vengeance swoon him :
Undone, undone, undone : Stay, I can lye yet,
And swear too at a pinch, that's all my Comfort.
Look to him ; I say look to him, and but mark what fol-
lows. [Exit.

Enter Demetrius. [Prince again,

Leon. What a Devil ails the Woman ? here comes the
With such a sadness on his Face, as Sorrow,
Sorrow herself but poorly imitates.
Sorrow of Sorrows on that Heart that caus'd it.

Dem. Why might she not be false and treach'rous to me ?
And found so by my Father ? She was a Woman,
And many a one of that Sex, young and fair,
As full of Faith as she, have fall'n, and foully.

Leon. It is a Wench ! O that I knew the circumstance.

Dem. Why might not, to preserve me from this Ruin,
She having lost her Honour, and abus'd me, [cute
My Father (22) change the Forms o'th' Crimes, and exe-
His Anger on a Fault she ne'er committed,
Only to keep me safe ? Why shou'd I think so ?
She never was to me, but all Obedience,
Sweetness, and Love.

(22) *Change the Forms o'th' Coins*] I can affix no meaning to this, unless Coins by Metaphor is put for Laws. As it is not a natural One, I should think it a Mistake, and that the true Word was *Canons*, did it not give a redundant Syllable to the Verse. As I was writing this, an ingenious young Gentleman came in, and taking up the Book suggested another Reading, which makes equally good Sense, and does not hurt the Measure ; I therefore believe it the true Word.

Leon.

Leon. How heartily he weeps now ?
I have not wept this thirty Years, and upward ;
But now, if I should b' hang'd, I cannot hold from't :
It grieves me to the Heart.

Dem. Who's that that mocks me ?

Leon. A plague of him that mocks ye :---I grieve truly,
Truly, and heartily to see you thus, Sir :
And if it lay i'my Pow'r, Gods are my Witnefs,
Whoe'er he be that took your sweet Peace from you ;
I am not so old yet, nor want I Spirit —

Dem. No more of that, no more, *Leontius*,
Revenge is the Gods : Our part is Suff'rance :
Farewel, I shall not see thee long. *Leon.* Good Sir,
Tell me the Cause, I know there is a Woman in't ;
D'you hold me faithful ? Dare you trust your Soldier ?
Sweet Prince, the Cause ?

Dem. I must not, dare not tell it,
And as thou art an honest Man, enquire not.

Leon. Will ye be merry then ?

Dem. I'm wondrous merry. [ye.

Leon. 'Tis wondrous well : You think now this becomes
Shame on't, it does not, Sir, it shews not handsomely ;
If I were thus ; you'd swear I were an Afs straight ;
A wooden Afs ; whine for a Wench !

Dem. Prithee leave me.

Leon. I will not leave ye for a Tit.

Dem. *Leontius* ?

Leon. For that you may have any where for six Pence,
And a dear pennyworth too.

Dem. Nay, then you're troublesome. *Leon.* Not half
So troublesome as you are to your self, Sir ;
Was that brave Heart made to pant for a Placket :
And now i'th' Dog-days too, when nothing dare love !
That noble Mind to melt away and moulder
For a hey nonny, nonny ! Wou'd I had a Glafs here,
To shew ye what a pretty Toy ye're turn'd to.

Dem. My wretched Fortune.

Leon. Will ye but let me know her ?
I'll once turn Bawd : Go to, they're good Mens Offices,
Not so contemptible as we take 'em for :

And

And if she be above Ground, and a Woman ;
 I ask no more ; I'll bring her o'my Back, Sir,
 By this Hand I will, and I had as lief bring the Devil,
 I care not who she be, nor where I have her ;
 And in your Arms, or the next Bed deliver her,
 Which you think fittest, and when you have danc'd
 your Galliard.

Dem. Away, and fool to them are so affected.
 O thou art gone, and all my Comfort with thee !
 Wilt thou do one thing for me ?

Leon. All things i'th' World, Sir,
 And of all Dangers.

Dem. Swear. *Leon.* I will.

Dem. Come near me
 No more then.

Leon. How ?

Dem. Come no more near me :
 Thou art a Plague-fore to me. [*Exit.*

Leon. Give you good Ev'n, Sir ;
 If you be suffer'd thus, we shall have fine sport.
 (23) I will be sorry yet.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. How now, how does he ?

Leon. Nay, if I tell ye, hang me, or any Man else
 That hath his nineteen Wits ; he 'as the Bots, I think,
 He groans, and roars, and kicks.

2 Gent. Will he speak yet ?

Leon. Not willingly :
 Shortly he will not see a Man ; if ever
 I look'd upon a Prince so metamorphos'd,
 So juggl'd int' I know not what, shame take me ;
 This 'tis to be in love.

1 Gent. Is that the Cause on't ?

Leon. What is it not the Cause of but Bear-baitings ?

(23) *I will be sorry yet.*] I should be so too, if our Poets ever
 wrote thus. Surely, at first sight, one would say they wrote,
I will bestir me yet. *Mr. Sympson.*

As the Conjecture seems ingenious, I insert it, but see no Reason to
 condemn the former reading. I understand it thus. " Notwithstanding
 " his ill usage of Me, I will yet pity him.

And

And yet it stinks much like it : Out upon't ;
 What Giants, and what Dwarfs, what Owls and Apes,
 What Dogs, and Cats it makes us ? Men that are pos-
 sessed with it,

Live as if they had a Legion of Devils in 'em,
 And every Devil of a several Nature ;
 Nothing but Hey-pafs, re-pafs : Where's the Lieutenant ?
 Has he gather'd up the end on's Wits again ?

1 *Gent.* He is alive : But you that talk of Wonders,
 Shew me but such a Wonder as he is now.

Leon. Why ? He was ever at the worst a Wonder.

2 *Gent.* He's now most wonderful ; a Blazer now, Sir.

Leon. What ails the Fool ? And what Star reigns now,
 We have such Prodigies ? [Gentlemen,

2 *Gent.* 'Twill pose your Heav'n-hunters ;
 He talks now of the King, no other Language,
 And with the King, as he imagines, hourly.
 He courts the King, drinks to th' King, dies for the King,
 Buys all the Pictures of the King, wears the King's Colours.

Leon. Does he not lie i'th' *King-street* too ?

1 *Gent.* He's going thither.

Makes Prayers for the King, in sundry Languages,
 Turns all his Proclamations into Metre ;
 Is really in love with th' King, most dotingly,
 And swears *Adonis* was a Devil to him :

A sweet King, a most comely King, and such a King----

2 *Gent.* Then down on's Marrow-bones ; O excellent
 King——

Thus he begins, Thou Light, and Life of Creatures,
 Angel-ey'd King, vouchsafe at length thy favour ;

(24) And so proceeds to Incision : What think ye of
 this Sorrow ?

1 *Gent.* Will as familiarly kiss the King's Horses
 As they pass by him : Ready to ravish his Footmen.

Leon. Why, this is above *Ela* ?

But how comes this ?

1 *Gent.* Nay, that's to understand yet,

(24) *And so proceeds to Incision :*] Mr. *Sympson* and I have enleav-
 our'd in vain to discover the Meaning here : The Word *Incision*
 occurs in another Play, but is full as dark there as here.

But

But thus it is, and this part but the poorest,
'Twould make a Man leap over the Moon to see him
Act these.

2 *Gent.* With Sighs as though his Heart would break :
Cry like (25) an unbreech'd Boy, not eat a bit.

Leon. I must go see him presently,
For this is such a Gig, for certain, Gentlemen,
The Fiend rides on a Fiddle-stick.

2 *Gent.* I think so.

[I'm his

Leon. (26) Can you guide me to him? For half an hour
To see the Miracle.

1 *Gent.* We sure shall start him.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Antigonus *and* Leucippe.

Ant. Are you sure she drank it?

Leu. Now must I lye most confidently.
Yes Sir, she 'as drunk it off.

Ant. How works it with her?

Leu. I see no Alteration yet. *Ant.* There will be,
For he's the greatest Artist living made it.
Where is she now?

Leu. She is ready to walk out, Sir.

Ant. Stark mad, I know she will be.

Leu. So I hope, Sir.

Ant. She knows not of the Prince?

Leu. Of no Man living——

Ant. How do I look? How do my Cloaths become me?
I am not very grey.

Leu. A very Youth, Sir,
Upon my Maiden-head as smug as *April*:
Heav'n blest that sweet Face, 'twill undo a thousand;
Many a soft Heart must sob yet, ere that wither,
Your Grace can give Content enough.

(25) —— *a breech'd Boy.*] The Sense requires that it should be either *new-breech'd* or *un-breech'd*; and the want of a Syllable to the Verse is another Reason for the Change.

(26) *Can ye guide me to him for half an hour? I'm his To see the Miracle.*] The Pointings of former Editions.

Enter

Enter Celia with a Book.

Ant. I think so.

Leu. Here she comes, Sir.

Ant. How shall I keep her off me ?

Go, and perfume the Room : Make all things ready.

[*Ex. Leu.*

Cel. No hope yet of the Prince ! no Comfort of him !
They keep me mew'd up here, as they mew mad Folks,
No Company but my Afflictions.
This royal Devil again ! strange, how he haunts me !
How like a poyson'd Potion his Eyes fright me !
H'as made him handsome too.

Ant. Do you look now, Lady ?
You'll leap anon.

Cel. Curl'd and perfum'd ? I smell him ;
He looks on's Legs too, fure he'll cut a Caper ;
God-a-mercy, dear *December*.

Ant. O do you smile now ;
I know it would work with you ; come hither pretty one.

Cel. Sir.

Ant. I like those Court'fies well ; come hither and kifs me.

Cel. I'm reading, Sir, of a short Treatise here,
That's call'd the Vanity of Lust : Has your Grace seen it ?
He says here, that an old Man's loose desire
Is like the Glow-worms light, the Apes so wonder'd at :
Which when they gather'd Sticks, and laid upon't,
And blew, and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently.
And in another place he calls their Loves,
Faint smells of dying Flow'rs, carry no Comforts ;
They're doting, stinking Fogs, so thick and muddy,
Reason with all his Beams cannot beat through 'em.

Ant. How's this ? Is this the Potion ? You but fool still ?
I know you love me.

Cel. As you're just and honest ;
I know I love and honour you : Admire you.

Ant. This makes against me, fearfully against me.

Cel. But as you bring your Pow'r to persecute me,
Your Traps to catch mine Innocence, to rob me,
As you lay out your Lusts to overwhelm me,

Hell

Hell never hated Good, as I hate you, Sir ;
 And I dare tell it to your Face. What Glory,
 Now after all your Conquests got, your Titles,
 The ever-living Memories rais'd to you,
 Can my Defeat be ? My poor wrack, what Triumph ?
 And when you crown your swelling Cups to Fortune,
 What honourable Tongue can sing my Story ?
 Be as your Emblem is, a glorious Lamp
 Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly :
 Be as your Office is, a god-like Justice,
 Into all shedding equally your Virtues. [ness ;

Ant. She's as drencht me now ; now I admire her Good-
 So young, so nobly strong, I never tasted.

Can nothing in the pow'r of Kings perswade ye ?

Cel. No, nor that Pow'r command me.

Ant. Say I should force ye ?

I have it in my Will.

Cel. Your Will's a poor one ;
 And though it be a King's Will, a despis'd one.
 Weaker than Infant's Legs, your Will's in swadling
 Clouts,

A thousand ways my Will has found to check ye ;
 A thousand Doors to 'scape ye. I dare die, Sir ;
 As suddenly dare die, as you can offer :
 Nay, say you had your Will, say you had ravish'd me,
 Perform'd your Lust, what had you purchas'd by it ?
 What Honour won ? D'you know who dwells above, Sir,
 And what they have prepar'd for Men turn'd Devils ?
 Did you ne'er hear their Thunder ? Start and tremble,
 Death sitting on your Blood, when their Fires visit us.
 Will nothing wring you then do you think ? Sit hard here,
 (27) And like a Snake curl round about your Conscience,
 Biting and stinging : Will you not roar too late then ?
 Then when you shake in horror of this Villainy,
 Then will I rise a Star in Heav'n, and scorn ye. [ness !

Ant. Lust, how I hate thee now ! And love this Sweet-
 Will yo' be my Queen ? Can that price purchase ye ?

(27) — *Like a Snail*] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Symfson concurred
 in this just Emendation.

Cel. Not all the World, I am a Queen already,
Crown'd by his Love, I must not lose for Fortune ;
I can give none away, sell none away, Sir,
Can lend no Love, am not mine own Exchequer ;
For in another's Heart my Hope and Peace lies. [nough

Ant. Your fair Hands, Lady ? For yet I am not pure e-
To touch those Lips. In that sweet Peace ye spoke of
Live now for ever, and I to serve your Virtues—

Cel. Why now you show a God ! now I kneel to ye ;
This Sacrifice of Virgins Joy send to ye :
Thus I hold up my Hands to Heav'n that touch'd ye,
And pray eternal Blessings dwell about ye. [tue ;

Ant. Virtue commands the Stars : Rise more than Vir-
Your present Comfort shall be now my business.

Cel. All my obedient Service wait upon ye.

[*Ex. severally.*

S C E N E VI.

... *Enter Leontius, Gentlemen, and Lieutenant.*

Leon. Hast thou clean forgot the Wars ?

Lieu. Prithee hold thy Peace.

1 Gent. His Mind's much elevated now.

Leon. It seems so.

Sirrah.

Lieu. I am so troubled with this Fellow.

Leon. He will call me Rogue anon.

1 Gent. 'Tis ten to one else. [lov'd thee.

Lieu. King that thou knew'st I lov'd thee, how I
And where, O King, I barrel up thy Beauty.

Leon. He cannot leave his Sutler's Trade, he woos in't.

Lieu. O never, King.

Leon. By this Hand, when I consider—

Lieu. My honest Friend, you are a little sawcy.

1 Gent. I told you you wou'd have it.

Lieu. When mine own Worth—

Leon. Is flung into the Ballance, and found nothing.

Lieu. And yet a Soldier.

Leon. And yet a sawcy one.

Lieu. One that has follow'd thee.

V O L. III.

F

Leon.

Leon. Fair and far off.

Lieu. Fought for thy Grace.

Leon. 'Twas for some Grief, you lye, Sir. [satisfie ye?

Lieu. He's the Son of a Whore denies this: Will that

Leon. Yes, very well.

Lieu. Shall then that thing that honours thee?

How miserable a thing soever, yet a thing still;

And though a thing of nothing, thy thing ever.

Leon. Here's a new thing.

2 *Gent.* He's in a deep dump now. [day?

Leon. I'll fetch him out on't. When's the King's Birth-

Lieu. When e'er it be, that Day I'll die with Ringing.

And there's the Resolution of a Lover. [Exit.

Leon. A goodly Resolution. Sure, I take it,
He is bewitch'd, or mop'd, or his Brains melted;
Could he find no Body to fall in love with, but the King,
The good old King, to doat upon him too?

Stay, now I remember, what the fat Woman warn'd me,
Bad me remember, and look to him too?

I'll hang if she have not a hand in this: He's conjur'd,

Go after him, I pity the poor Rascal;

In the mean time I'll wait occasion

To work upon the Prince.

2 *Gent.* Pray do that seriously. [Exeunt severally.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, and Lords.

Lord. He's very ill.

Ant. I'm very sorry for't.

And much ashamed I've wrong'd her Innocence.

Menippus, guide her to the Prince's Lodgings,

'There leave her to his Love again.

Men. I'm glad, Sir.

Lord. He'll speak to none.

Ant. O I shall break that silence;

Be quick, take fair attendance.

Men. Yes, Sir, presently. [Exit.

Ant. He'll find his Tongue, I warrant ye; his Health too;
I send a Physick will not fail.

Lord. Fair work it.

Ant.

Ant. We hear the Princes mean to visit us
In way of Truce.

Lord. 'Tis thought so.

Ant. Come; let's in then,
And think upon the noblest ways to meet 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Leontius.

Leon. There's no way now to get in: All the Light stopt
Nor can I hear a sound of him, pray Heav'n [too;
He use no violence: I think he has more Soul,
Stronger, and I hope nobler: Wou'd I cou'd but see once
This Beauty he groans under, or come to know
But any circumstance. What noise is that there?
I think I heard him groan: Here are some coming;
A Woman too, I'll stand aloof, and view 'em.

Enter Menippus, Celia, and Lords.

Cel. Well, some of ye have been to blame in this point,
But I forgive ye: The King might have pickt out too
Some fitter Woman to have try'd his Valour.

Men. 'Twas all the best meant, Lady.

Cel. I must think so,
For how to mend it now—He's here, you tell me?

Men. He's, Madam, and the joy to see you only
Will draw him out.

Leon. I know that Woman's Tongue,
I think I've seen her Face too: I'll go nearer:
If this be she, he has some cause of Sorrow:
'Tis the same Face; the same most excellent Woman.

Cel. This shou'd be Lord *Leontius*: I remember him.

Leon. Lady, I think ye know me.

Cel. Speak soft, good Soldier:
I do, and know ye worthy, know ye noble;
Know me not yet openly, as you love me;
But let me see ye again, I'll fatisfy ye:
I'm wondrous glad to see those Eyes.

Leon. You've charg'd me.

Cel. You shall know where I am.

Leon. I will not off yet :

She goes to Knock at's Door : This must be she
The Fellow told me of ; right glad I'm on't.

He will bolt now for certain.

Cel. Are ye within, Sir ?

I'll trouble ye no more : I thank your courtesy,
Pray leave me now.

All Men. We rest your humble Servants. [*Ex. Men. &c.*]

Cel. So now my Gives are off : Pray Heav'n he be here !
Master, my Royal Sir : Do you hear who calls ye ?
Love, my *Demetrius*.

Leon. These are pretty Quail-pipes,
The Cock will crow anon.

Cel. Can ye be drowsy, when I call at your Window ?

Leon. I hear him stirring : Now he comes wondring out.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. 'Tis *Celia*'s Sound sure :
The sweetness of that Tongue draws all Hearts to it ;
There stands the Shape too.

Leon. How he stares upon her ?

Dem. Ha ? Do mine Eyes abuse me ?

'Tis she, the living *Celia* : Your Hand, Lady ?

Cel. What shou'd this mean ?

Dem. The very self-same *Celia*.

Cel. How do ye, Sir ?

Dem. Only turn'd brave.

I heard you were dead, my dear one ; compleat,
She is wondrous brave, a wondrous gallant Courtier.

Cel. How he surveys me round ? Here has been foul play.

Dem. How came she thus ?

Cel. It was a kind of Death, Sir,
I suffer'd in your Absence, mew'd up here,
And kept conceal'd I know not how.

Dem. 'Tis likely :

How came you hither, *Celia* ? Wondrous Gallant :
Did my Father send for ye ?

Cel. So they told me, Sir, and on command too.

Dem. I hope you were obedient ?

Cel.

Cel. I was so ever.

Dem. And ye were bravely us'd ?

Cel. I wanted nothing :

My Maiden-head to a mote i'th' Sun, he's Jealous :
I must now play the Knave with him, though I die for't,
'Tis in my Nature.

Dem. Her very Eyes are alter'd :
Jewels and rich ones too, I never saw yet——
And what were those came for ye ?

Cel. Monstrous Jealous :
Have I liv'd at the rate of these scorn'd Questions ?
They seem'd of good sort, Gentlemen.

Dem. Kind Men ? [to 'em ;

Cel. They were wondrous kind : I was much beholding
There was one *Menippus*, Sir.

Dem. Ha ?

Cel. One *Menippus*,
A notable merry Lord, and a good Companion.

Dem. And one *Charinthus* too ?

Cel. Yes, there was such a one.

Dem. And *Timon* ?

Cel. 'Tis most true.

Dem. And thou most treacherous :
My Father's Bawds by—— they never miss course ;
And were these daily with ye ?

Cel. Ev'ry hour, Sir.

Dem. And was there not a Lady, a fat Lady ?

Cel. O yes ; a notable good Wench.

Dem. Th' Devil fetch her.

Cel. 'Tis ev'n the merriest Wench——

Dem. Did she keep with ye too ?

Cel. Sh' was all in all ; my Bed-fellow, eat with me,
Brought me acquainted.

Dem. You are well known here then ?

Cel. There is no living here a Stranger, I think.

Dem. How came ye by this brave Gown ?

Cel. This a poor one :

Alas, I've twenty richer : Do you see these Jewels ?
Why, they're the poorest things, to those are sent me,
And sent me hourly too.

Dem. Is there no Modesty? No Faith in this fair Sex?

Leon. What will this prove to?

For, yet with all my Wits, I understand not.

Dem. Come hither; thou art dead indeed, lost, tainted;
All that I left thee fair, and innocent,
Sweet as thy Youth, and carrying Comfort in't;
All that I hop'd for Virtuous, (28) is fled from thee,
Turn'd black and Bankrupt.

Leon. By'r Lady, this cuts shrewdly. [thee;

Dem. Thou'rt dead, for ever dead; Sin's surfeit slew
Th' Ambition of those wanton Eyes betray'd thee;
Go from me, Grave of Honour; go, thou foul one,
Thou glory of thy Sin, go thou despis'd one;
And where there is no Virtue, nor no Virgin,
Where Chastity was never known, nor heard of: [ness;
(29) Where nothing reigns but impious Lust and Loose-
Go thither, Child of Blood, and sing my Doating.

Cel. You do not speak this seriously I hope, Sir;
I did but jest with you.

Dem. Look not upon me,
There is more Hell in those Eyes, than Hell harbours;
And when they flame, more Torments.

Cel. Dare ye trust me?

You durst once ev'n with all you had, your Love, Sir?
By this fair Light I'm honest.

Dem. Thou subtle *Circe*,

(28) ————— is fled from thee,

Turn'd back and Bankrupt.] I believe this Reading corrupt, because it has an Anticlimax in it. *To turn back and fly* is Sense, but *to fly and turn back* is ὑστερον πρότερον. I hope that I've retriev'd the true Word, for it stands in proper Antithesis to the Epithet *fair*, in the former part of the Sentence, and *Celia* seems afterwards to re-tort the very Word—

Then let a thousand black Thoughts muster in You.

In which Line the old Folio, (the first Impression of this Play) reads *back* as well as in the former: which is a further Proof of both being corrupt; for in the latter it's self-evident.

(29) —but impious Lust, and looser Faces] The old Folio reads *looser Faces*, which is scarce Sense; and the Change in the 2d Folio and Octavo is not much for the better. I hope I've retriev'd the Original, *Looseness* will signify all dissolute Manners, and so is more comprehensive than Lust; the Metre too is restor'd by it.

Cast not upon the maiden Light Eclipses :
Curse not the Day.

Cel. Come, come, you shall not do this :
How fain you wou'd seem angry now, to fright me ;
You are not in the Field among your Enemies ;
Come, I must cool this Courage.

Dem. Out, thou Impudence,
Thou Ulcer of thy Sex ; when I first saw thee,
I drew into mine Eyes mine own Destruction,
I pull'd into my Heart that sudden Poison,
That now consumes my dear Content to Cinders :
I am not now *Demetrius*, thou hast chang'd me ;
Thou Woman, with thy thousand Wiles hast chang'd me ;
Thou Serpent with thy Angel-Eyes hast slain me ;
And where, before I touch'd on this fair Ruin,
(30) I was a Man, and Reason staid, and mov'd me,
Now one great lump of Grief, I grow and wander.

Cel. And as you're noble, do you think I did this ?

Dem. Put all thy Devils Wings on, and fly from me.

Cel. I will go from ye, never more to see ye :
I will fly from ye, as a Plague hangs o'er me ;
And through the progress of my Life hereafter ;
Where-ever I shall find a Fool, a false Man,
One that ne'er knew the worth of polish'd Virtue,
A base suspector of a Virgin's Honour,
A Child that flings away the Wealth he cry'd for,
Him will I call *Demetrius* : That Fool *Demetrius*,
That Madman a *Demetrius* ; and that false Man,
The Prince of broken Faiths, even Prince *Demetrius*.
You think now, I should cry, and kneel down to ye,
Petition for my Peace ; let those that feel here

(30) — *Reason made, and mov'd me*] I can scarce affix any Idea to this Reading, and as the Word I have substituted is near the Trace of the Letters and the direct Contrast of the second Verb, I hope it will be thought the true One. I have Mr. *Sympton's* Approbation, but he thinks that the Expression [*I grow and wander*] in the next Line wants either Correction or Explanation. The Sense I affix to it will be a Confirmation of the Truth of my Conjecture. Whereas before Reason guided me, whether I stood or moved : Now when I stand still, I do but *grow* like a Vegetable ; when I move, I wander like a senseless Brute.

The weight of Evil, wait for such a Favour,
 I am above your Hate, as far above it,
 In all the Actions of an innocent Life,
 As the pure Stars are from the muddy Meteors.
 Cry when you know your Folly; howl and curse then,
 Beat that unmanly Breast, that holds a false Heart
 When ye shall come to know, whom y' have flung from ye.

Dem. Pray ye stay a little.

Cel. Not your Hopes can alter me;
 Then let a thousand black Thoughts muster in ye,
 And with those enter in a thousand Doatings;
 Those Eyes be never shut, but drop to nothing:
 My Innocence for ever haunt and fright ye:
 Those Arms together grow in Folds; that Tongue,
 That bold bad Tongue that barks out these Disgraces,
 When you shall come to know how nobly Virtuous
 I have preserv'd my Life, rot, rot within ye.

Dem. What shall I do?

Cel. Live a lost Man for ever.

Go ask your Father's Conscience what I suffer'd,
 And through what Seas of hazards I sail'd through:
 Mine Honour still advanc'd in spite of Tempests,
 Then take your leave of Love; and confess freely,
 You were ne'er worthy of this Heart that serv'd ye,
 And so farewell ungrateful—

[*Exit.*

Dem. Is she gone?

Leor. I'll follow her, and will find out this matter.--[*Exit.*

Enter Antigonus, and Lords.

Ant. Are ye pleas'd now? Ha' you got your Heart
 again?

Have I restor'd ye that?

Dem. Sir, ev'n for Heav'n sake,
 And sacred Truth sake, tell me how ye found her.

Ant. I will, and in few words. Before I try'd her,
 'Tis true, I thought her most unfit your Fellowship;
 And fear'd her too: Which Fear begot that Story
 I told ye first: But since, like Gold I touch'd her.

Dem. And how, dear Sir?

Ant. Heav'n's holy Light's not purer:

The Constancy, and Goodness of all Women
That ever liv'd, to win the Names of worthy,
This noble Maid has doubled in her Honour,
All promises of Wealth, all Art to win her,
And by all Tongues employ'd, wrought as much on her
As one may do upon the Sun at Noon-day
By lighting Candles up : Her Shape is Heav'nly,
And to that Heav'nly Shape her Thoughts are Angels.

Dem. Why did you tell me, Sir?

Ant. 'Tis true, I err'd in't:

But since I made a full proof of her Virtue,
I find a King too poor a Servant for her.
Love her, and honour her, in all observe her.
She must be something more than Time yet tells her :
And certain I believe him blest, enjoys her.
I would not lose the hope of such a Daughter,
To add another Empire to my Honour.—— [*Exit.*]

Dem. O wretched State! To what end shall I turn me?
And where begins my Penance? Now, what service
Will win her Love again? My Death must do it :
And if that Sacrifice can purge my Follies,
Be pleas'd, O mighty Love, I die thy Servant.— [*Exit.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Leontius, and Celia.

Leon. I Know he does not deserve ye; h'as us'd you
poorly:
And to redeem himself——

Cel. Redeem? *Leon.* I know it —
There's no way left. *Cel.* For Heav'n's sake do not
name him,

Do not think on him, Sir, he's so far from me
In all my Thoughts now, methinks I never knew him.

Leon. But yet I wou'd see him again.

Cel. No, never, never.

Leon. I do not mean to lend him any Comfort ;
But to afflict him, so to torture him, That

That ev'n his very Soul may shake within him :
 To make him know, though he be great and powerful,
 'Tis not within his Aim to deal dishonourably,
 And carry it off, and with a Maid of your sort.

Cel. I must confess, I cou'd most spitefully
 Afflict him; now, I cou'd whet m' Anger at him;
 Now, arm'd with bitterness, I cou'd shoot through him;
 I long to vex him.

Leon. And do it home, and bravely.

Cel. Were I a Man?

Leon. I'll help that weakness in ye :
 I honour ye, and serve ye.

Cel. Not only to disclaim me,
 When he had seal'd his Vows in Heav'n, sworn to me,
 And poor believing I became his Servant;
 But most maliciously to brand my Credit,
 Stain my pure Name.

Leon. I wou'd not suffer it :
 See him I wou'd again, and to his Teeth too.
 Od's precious, I wou'd ring him such a Lesson —

Cel. I have done that already.

Leon. Nothing, nothing:
 It was too poor a Purge; besides, by this time
 He has found his Fault, and feels the Hells that follow it.
 That, and your urg'd-on Anger to the highest,
 Why, 'twill be such a stroke —

Cel. Say he repent then,
 And seek with Tears to soften, I'm a Woman;
 A Woman that have lov'd him, Sir, have honour'd him :
 I am no more.

Leon. Why, you may deal thereafter.

Cel. If I forgive him, I am lost.

Leon. Hold there then,
 The sport will be to what a poor Submission —
 But keep you strong.

Cel. I would not see him.

Leon. Yes.

You shall ring his Knell.

Cel. How if I kill him?

Leon. Kill him? why, let him die.

Cel. I know 'tis fit so.

But why shou'd I, that lov'd him once, destroy him?
O had he scapt this Sin, what a brave Gentleman—

Leon. I must confess, had this not faln, a nobler,
A handsomer, the whole World had not show'd ye :
And to his making such a Mind—

Cel. 'Tis certain :

But all this I must now forget.

Leon. You shall not
If I have any Art : Go up, sweet Lady,
And trust my Truth.

Cel. But, good Sir, bring him not.

Leon. I wou'd not for the Honour ye are born to,
But you shall see him, and neglect him too, and scorn him.

Cel. You will be near me then.

Leon. I will be with ye.

Yet there's some hope to stop this gap, I'll work hard.
[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, *two Gentlemen, Lieutenant,*
and Lords.

Ant. But is it possible this Fellow took it ?

2 Gent. It seems so by the violence it wrought with,
Yet now the Fit's ev'n off.

Men. I beseech your Grace.

Ant. Nay, I forgive thy Wife with all my Heart,
And am right glad she drank it not herself,
And more glad that the Virtuous Maid escap'd it, [dier,
I wou'd not for the World 'thad hit : But that this Sol-
Lord how he looks, that he should take this Vomit ;
Can he make Rhimes too ?

2 Gent. H'as made a thousand, Sir,
And plays the Burden to 'em on a Jew's-trump.

Ant. He looks as though he were bepist : Do you love
me, Sir ?

Lieu. Yes surely, ev'n with all my Heart.

Ant. I thank ye ;

I am glad I have so good a Subject: But pray ye tell me,
How much did ye love me, before ye drank this Matter?

Lieu. Ev'n as much as a sober Man might; and a Soldier
That your Grace owes just half a Year's Pay to.

Ant. Well remembered;

And did I seem so young and amiable to ye?

Lieu. Methought you were the sweetest Youth——

Ant. That's excellent.

Lieu. Ay truly, Sir: And ever as I thought on ye,
I wish'd, and wish'd——

Ant. What didst thou wish, prithee?

Lieu. Ev'n, that I had been a Wench of fifteen for ye,
A handsome Wench, Sir.

Ant. Why? God a-mercy Soldier:
I seem not so now to thee.

Lieu. Not all out:

And yet I have a Grudging to your Grace still.

Ant. Thou wast ne'er in Love before?

Lieu. Not with a King,

And hope I shall ne'er be again: Truly, Sir,
I have had such Plunges, and such Bickrings,
And as it were such runnings atilt within me,
For whatsoever it was provok'd me tow'rd ye.

Ant. God a-mercy still.

Lieu. I had it with a vengeance,
It plaid his Prize.

Ant. I'd not have been a Wench then,
Though of this Age.

Lieu. No sure, I should have spoil'd ye.

Ant. Well, go thy ways, of all the lusty Lovers
That e'er I saw——wilt have another Potion?

Lieu. If you will be another thing, have at ye.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha: Give me thy Hand, from hence-
forth thou'rt my Soldier,
Do bravely, I'll love thee as much.

Lieu. I thank ye;

But if you were mine Enemy, I would not wish it ye:
I beseech your Grace, pay me my Charge.

2 *Gent.* That's certain, Sir;

H'as bought up all that e'er he found was like ye,

Or

Or any thing you've lov'd, that he could purchase ;
Old Horses, that your Grace had ridden blind, and foundr'd ;
Dogs, rotten Hawks, and which is more than all this,
Has worn your Grace's Gauntlet in his Bonnet.

Ant. Bring in your Bills: Mine own Love shall be
satisfy'd ;

And Sirrah, for this Potion you have taken,
I'll point ye out a Portion ye shall live on.

Men. 'Twas the best draught that e'er ye drunk.

Lieu. I hope so.

Ant. Are the Princes come to th' Court ?

Men. They are all, and lodg'd, Sir.

Ant. Come then, make ready for their Entertainment,
Which presently we'll give : Wait you on me, Sir.

Lieu. I shall love Drink the better whilst I live, Boys.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Demetrius, and Leontius.

Dem. Let me but see her, dear *Leontius* ?
Let me but die before her.

Leon. Wou'd that wou'd do it :
If I knew where she lay now, with what honesty,
You having flung so main a Mischief on her,
And on so innocent and sweet a Beauty,
Dare I present your Visit ?

Dem. I'll repent all :
And with the greatest Sacrifice of Sorrow,
That ever Lover made.

Leon. 'Twill be too late, Sir :
I know not what will become of you.

Dem. You can help me.

Leon. It may be to her sight : What are you nearer ?
Sh'as sworn she will not speak to ye, look upon ye ;
And to love ye again, O she cries out, and thunders,
She had rather Love——There is no hope——

Dem. Yes, *Leontius*,
There is a hope, which though it draw no Love to it,
At least will draw her to lament my Fortune,
And that hope shall relieve me.

Leon.

Leon. Hark ye, Sir, hark ye :
Say I should bring ye——

Dem. Do not trifle with me?

Leon. I will not trifle ; both together bring ye,
You know the wrongs ye've done.

Dem. I do confes 'em.

Leon. And if you shou'd then jump into your Fury,
And have another Querk in your Head.

Dem. I'll die first.

Leon. You must say nothing to her ; for 'tis certain,
The Nature of your Crime will admit no Excuse.

Dem. I will not speak, mine Eyes shall tell my Penance.

Leon. You must look wondrous sad too.

Dem. I need not look so,
I'm truly Sadness self.

Leon. That Look will do it :
Stay here, I'll bring her to you instantly :
But take heed how you bear yourself : Sit down there,
The more humble you are, the more she'll take Com-
passion.

Women are per'lous Thing to deal upon. [Exit.

Dem. What shall become of me? to curse my Fortune,
Were but to curse my Father ; that's too impious ;
But under whatsoever Fate I suffer,
Bless, I beseech thee Heav'n, her harmless Goodness.

Enter Leontius and Celia.

Leon. Now arm yourself.

Cel. You have not brought him?

Leon. Yes faith,
And there he is : You see in what poor plight too,
Now you may do your will, kill him, or save him.

Cel. I will go back.

Leon. I will be hang'd then, Lady :
Are you a Coward now?

Cel. I cannot speak to him.

Dem. O me.

Leon. There was a Sigh to blow a Church down ;
So, now their Eyes are fixt, the small Shot plays,
They will come to th' Battery anon.

Cel.

Cel. He weeps extreamly.

Leon. Rail at him now.

Cel. I dare not.

Leon. I am glad on't.

Cel. Nor dare believe his Tears.

Dem. You may, blest Beauty,

For those thick streams that troubled my Repentance,
(31) Are crept out long ago.

Leon. You see how he looks. [then,

Cel. What have I to do how he looks? how lookt he
When with a poison'd Tooth he bit mine Honour?
It was your Counsel too, to scorn and slight him.

Leon. Ay, if ye saw fit cause; and you confest too,
Except this Sin, he was the bravest Gentleman,
The sweetest, noblest: I take nothing from ye,
Nor from your Anger; use him as you please:
For to say truth, he has deserv'd your Justice;
But still consider what he has been to you.

Cel. Pray do not blind me thus.

Dem. O gentle Mistress,
If there were any way to expiate
A Sin so great as mine, by Intercession,
By Prayers, by daily Tears, by dying for ye;
O what a Joy would close these Eyes that love ye.

Leon. They say Women have tender Hearts, I know not,
I am sure mine melts.

Cel. Sir, I forgive ye heartily,
And all your Wrong to me I cast behind me,
And wish ye a fit Beauty to your Virtues:
Mine is too poor, in peace I part thus from you;
I must look back: Gods keep your Grace: He's here still.

Dem. She has forgiven me. [Exit.

Leon. She has directed ye:
Up, up, and follow like a Man: Away, Sir,
She lookt behind her twice, Her Heart dwells here, Sir;
Ye drew Tears from her too: She cannot freeze thus;

(31) *Are crept out*] Mr. Simpson thinks it should be *wept out*, and it probably might have been so, but where the Text is good Sense. I don't think it right to change it, tho' a better Reading should occur.

The Door's set open too, are ye a Man?
 Are ye alive? do ye understand her meaning?
 Have ye Blood and Spirit in ye?

Dem. I dare not trouble her.

Leon. Nay, an you will be nipt i' th' head with nothing,
 Walk whining up and down; I dare not, cannot:
 Strike now or never: Faint Heart, you know what,
 Sir——— .

Be govern'd by your Fear, and quench your Fire out!
 A Devil on't, stands this Door ope for nothing?
 So get ye together, and be naught: Now to secure all,
 Will I go fetch out a more sovereign Plaister. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Antigonus, Seleucus, Lyfimachus, Ptolomy,
Lieutenant, Gentlemen, and Lords.

Ant. This Peace is fairly made.

Sel. Wou'd your Grace wish us
 To put in more: Take what you please, we yield it;
 The Honour done us by your Son constrains it,
 Your noble Son.

Ant. It is sufficient, Princes;
 And now we're one again, one Mind, one Body,
 And one Sword shall strike for us.

Lyf. Let Prince *Demetrius*
 But lead us on: For we are his vow'd Servants;
 Against the Strength of all the World we'll buckle.

Ptol. And ev'n from all that Strength we'll catch at
 Victory.

Sel. O had I now recover'd but the Fortune
 I lost in *Antioch*, when mine Uncle perish'd;
 But that were but to surfeit me with Blessings.

Lyf. You lost a sweet Child there.

Sel. Name it no more, Sir;
 This is no time to entertain such Sorrows; [*Prince,*
 Will your Majesty do us the Honour, we may see the
 And wait upon him?

Enter

Enter Leontius.

Ant. I wonder he stays from us :
How now, *Leontius*, where's my Son ?

Sel. Brave Captain.

Lys. Old valiant Sir.

Leon. Your Graces all are welcome :
Your Son, and't please you, Sir, is new cashier'd yonder,
Cast from his Mistress Favour : And such a coil there is ;
Such fending, and such proving ; she stands off,
And will by no means yield to Composition :
He offers any Price ; his Body to her.

Sel. She's a hard Lady, that denies that caution.

Leon. And now they whine, and now they rave : Faith
Princes,

'Twere a good point of Charity to piece 'em ;
For less than such a Pow'r will do just nothing :
And if you mean to see him, there it must be,
For there will he grow, 'till he be transplanted.

Sel. Beseech your Grace, let's wait upon you thither,
That I may see that Beauty dares deny him,
That scornful Beauty.

Ptol. I should think it worse now ;
Ill brought up Beauty.

Ant. She has too much reason for't ;
Which with too great a Grief, I shame to think of.
But we'll go see this Game.

Lys. Rather this Wonder.

Ant. Be you our Guide, *Leontius*, here's a new Peace.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Demetrius and Celia.

Cel. Thus far you shall persuade me, still to honour ye,
Still to live with ye, Sir, or near about ye ;
For not to lye, you have my first and last Love :
But since you have conceiv'd an Evil against me,
An Evil that so much concerns your Honour,
That Honour aim'd by all at for a Pattern :
And though there be a false Thought, and confess'd too,
And much Repentance fall'n in show'rs to purge it ;

Yet, while that great Respect I ever bore ye,
Dwells in my Blood, and in my Heart that Duty ;
Had it but been a Dream, I must not touch ye.

Dem. O you will make some other happy ?

Cel. Never,

Upon this Hand I'll seal that Faith.

Dem. We may kifs,

Put not those out o' th' Peace too.

Cel. Those I'll give ye,

So there you will be pleas'd to pitch your *ne ultra*,
I will be merry with ye ; Sing, Discourse with ye,
Be your poor Mistress still : In Truth I love ye.

Enter Leontius, Antigonus, Seleucus, Lyfimachus,
Ptolomy, *Lieutenant, and Gentlemen.*

Dem. Stay, who are these ?

Lys. A very handsome Lady.

Leon. As e'er you saw.

Sel. Pity her Heart's so cruel. [hear us.

Lys. How does your Grace ? He stands still, will not

Ptol. We come to serve ye, Sir, in all our Fortunes.

Lys. He bows a little now ; he's strangely alter'd. [ye,

Sel. Ha ? Prayye a word, *Leontius*, pray ye a word with
Lyfimachus ? You both knew mine *Enantbe*,
I lost in *Antioch*, when the Town was taken,
Mine Uncle slain, *Antigenus* had the sack on't ?

Lys. Yes, I remember well the Girl.

Sel. Methinks now

That Face is wondrous like her : I have her Picture ;
The same, but more Years on her ; the very same.

Lys. A Cherry to a Cherry is not liker.

Sel. Look on her Eyes.

Leon. Most certain she is like her :

Many a time have I dandled her in these Arms, Sir,
And I hope who will more.

Ant. What's that ye look at, Princes ?

Sel. This Picture, and that Lady, Sir.

Ant. Ha ! they are near :

They only err in time.

Lys. Did you mark that Blush there ?

That came the nearest.

Sel.

Sel. I must speak to her.

Leon. You'll quickly be resolv'd.

Sel. Your Name, sweet Lady?

Cel. *Enantbe*, Sir: And this to beg your Blessing.

Sel. Do you know me?

Cel. If you be the King *Seleucus*,
I know you are my Father.

Sel. Peace a little,
Where did I lose ye?

Cel. At the Sack of *Antioch*,
Where my good Uncle dy'd, and I was taken,
By a mean Soldier taken: By this Prince,
This noble Prince, redeem'd from him again,
Where ever since I have remain'd his Servant.

Sel. My Joys are now too full: Welcome *Enantbe*,
Mine own, my dearest and my best *Enantbe*.

Dem. And mine too desperate.

Sel. You shall not think so,
This is a Peace indeed.

Ant. I hope it shall be,
And ask it first.

Cel. Most Royal, Sir, ye have it.

Dem. I once more beg it thus.

Sel. You must not be deny'd, Sir.

Cel. By me, I am sure he must not: Sure he shall not;
Kneeling I give it too; kneeling I take it;
And from this hour, no envious Spight e'er part us.

All. The Gods give happy Joys; all Comforts to ye.

Dem. My new *Enantbe*.

Ant. Come, beat all the Drums up,
And all the noble Instruments of War:
Let 'em fill all the Kingdom with their Sounds;
And those the brazen Arch of Heav'n break through,
While to the Temple we conduct these two.

Leon. May they be ever loving, ever young,
And ever worthy of those Lines they sprung;
May their fair Issues walk with Time along.

Lieu. And hang a Coward now; and there's my Song.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoke by the Lieutenant.

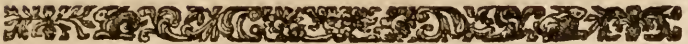
I *Am not cur'd yet throughly ; for believe
I feel another Passion that may grieve,
All over me I feel it too : And now
It takes me cold, cold, cold, I know not how :
As you are good Men help me, a Carowse
May make me love you all, all here i' th' House,
And all that come to see me, doatingly :
Now lend your Hands ; and for your Courtesie,
The next Imployment I am sent upon,
I'll swear you are Physicians, the War's none.*



T H E

F A I T H F U L

S H E P H E R D E S S .



G 3

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Perigot, *a Shepherd in Love with Amoret.*
Thenot, *a Shepherd in Love with Clorin.*
Daphnis, *a modest Shepherd.*
Alexis, *a wanton Shepherd.*
God of a River.
Satyr.
Priest.
Old Shepherd.
A sullen discontented Shepherd.

W O M E N.

Amoret, *the faithful Shepherdess, in Love with Perigot.*
Clorin, *a holy Shepherdess.*
Amarillis, *a Shepherdess in Love with Perigot.*
Cloe, *a wanton Shepherdess.*

SCENE *T H E S S A L Y.*

T H E



(1) T H E

Faithful SHEPHERDESS.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Enter Clorin a Shepherdes, having buried her
Love in an Arbour.*

C L O R I N.



HAIL, holy Earth, whose cold Arms do im-
brace

The truest Man that ever fed his Flocks
By the fat Plains of Fruitful *Theffaly*,

Thus I salute thy Grave, thus do I pay

My early Vows and Tribute of mine Eyes
To thy still loved Ashes ; thus I free

My

(1) The *Faithful Shepherdes* is, of all the Poems in our Language, one of the greatest *Honours* and the greatest *Scandals* of our Nation. It shews to what a height in every Species of Poetry the *British* Genius has soar'd ; it proves how dull the vulgar Eye is to pursue its flight ? How must each *Briton* of Taste rejoice to find all the Pastoral Beauties of *Italy* and *Arcadia* transplanted by *Fletcher*, and flourishing in our own Climate ? How must he grieve to think that they were at first blasted, and since suffer'd to wither in Oblivion by his *Gothic* Countrymen ? The *Faithful Shepherdes* was damned at its first Appearance, and not ev'n a potent Monarch's Patronage in the next Age, nor a much greater Monarch's in Poetry than King *Charles* the First in Power, *Milton's* great Admiration and close Imitation of it in *Comus*, could recommend it to the Publick. The noble Copy, 'till within these few Years, was as little known as its Original ; but

My self from all ensuing Heats and Fires
 Of Love: All Sports, Delights and jolly Games
 That Shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
 Now no more shall these smooth Brows be begirt
 With youthful Coronals, and lead the Dance;
 No more the Company of fresh fair Maids
 And wanton Shepherds be to me delightful,
 Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry Pipes
 Under some shady Dell, when the cool Wind
 Plays on the Leaves: All be far away,
 Since thou art far away; by whose dear Side
 How often have I sat crown'd with fresh Flow'rs
 For Summer's Queen, whilst ev'ry Shepherd's Boy
 Puts on his lusty Green, with gaudy Hook,
 And hanging Scrip of finest Cordevan.
 But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
 And all are dead but thy dear Memory;
 That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring
 While there are Pipes, or jolly Shepherds sing.
 And here will I, in honour of thy Love,
 Dwell by thy Grave, forgetting all those Joys,
 That former times made precious to mine Eyes,
 Only remembring what my Youth did gain
 In the dark, hidden virtuous use of Herbs:
 That will I practise, and as freely give
 All my Endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
 Of all green Wounds I know the Remedies
 In Men or Cattle, be they stung with Snakes,
 Or charm'd with pow'rful Words of wicked Art,
 Or be they Love-sick, or through too much Heat
 Grown wild or lunatick, their Eyes or Ears
 Thickned with misty Film of dulling Rheum;
 These I can cure, such secret Virtues lie
 In Herbs, applied by a Virgin's Hand,

since it is now become the Fashion to admire the former, some Deference will surely be paid to *Milton's* Judgment. I shall therefore, in my Notes on this Play, not confine myself to meer verbal Emendations, but endeavour to demonstrate *Fletcher's* Beauties from parallel Passages out of *Milton* and other authentick Poets. By which, I believe, it will appear, that *Milton* borrowed more from *Fletcher*, than *Fletcher* from all the antient Classics.

My Meat shall be what these wild Woods afford,
 Berries, and Chesnuts, Plantanes, on whose Cheeks
 The Sun sits smiling, and the lofty Fruit
 Pull'd from the fair head of the straight-grown Pine ;
 On these I'll feed with free Content, and rest,
 When Night shall blind the World, by thy Side blest.

Enter a Satyre.

Sat. (2) Thorough yon same bending Plain
 That flings his Arms down to the Main,
 And through these thick Woods have I run,
 Whose bottom never kist the Sun

Since the lusty Spring began,
 All to please my Master *Pan*,
 Have I trotted without rest
 To get him Fruit ; for at a Feast

He entertains, this coming Night,
 His Paramour, the *Syrinx* bright :
 But behold a fairer Sight !

} *He stands amaz'd.*

By that Heav'nly Form of thine,
 Brightest fair thou art Divine,
 Sprung from great Immortal Race
 Of the Gods : For in thy Face
 Shines more awful Majesty,
 Than dull weak Mortality,

(2) *Through yon same bending Plain*] That *Fletcher* had frequently in his Eye *Shakespear's* *Midsummer Night's Dream*, is certain. The Beginning and Ending of this Speech are an Imitation of the *Fairy's* speech, Act 2. Scene 1.

*Over Hill, over Dale,
 Through Bush, through Briar,
 Over Park, over Pale,
 Through Flood, through Fire ;
 I do wander every where
 Swifter than the Moon's Sphere.*

Both *Fletcher* and *Milton* follow *Shakespear* in his Liberties of frequently varying the Anacreontick Measures ; yet each Stanza, and each Couplet, should observe a just Measure, and would, I believe, have done so, had the Authors themselves overlooked the Press. I shall correct the Mistakes as well as I am able : Thus, for *through*, in the first Line, I read *thorough* ; and instead of *Moon's Sphere*, in *Shakespear*, which spoils the Measure, I would read *Moones Sphere*, which the learned Mrs. *Elstob* shews us to be the true Saxon Genitive Case. But I shall not trouble the Reader with many Notes upon such Trifles.

Dare

Dare with misty Eyes behold,
 And live : Therefore on this Mould,
 Lowly do I bend my Knee,
 In Worship of thy Deity ;
 Deign it, Goddess, from my Hand,
 To receive what e'er this Land
 From her fertile Womb doth send
 Of her choice Fruits ; and but lend
 Belief to that the Satyre tells,
 Fairer by the famous Wells,
 To this present Day ne'er grew,
 Never better nor more true.
 Here be Grapes whose lusty Blood
 Is the learned Poets good,
 Sweeter yet did never crown
 The Head of *Bacchus* ; (3) Nuts more brown
 Than the Squirril whose Teeth crack 'em ;
 Deign, O fairest Fair, to take 'em.
 For these Black-ey'd *Driope*
 Hath oftentimes commanded me,

(3) ——— Nuts more brown

Than the Squirrels Teeth that crack 'em ;] But the Teeth of the Squirril is the only visible Part that is not brown. I hope I have restor'd the Original. In these Presents, which are perfectly Pastoral, the Poet had, undoubtedly, both *Virgil* and *Theocritus* in his Eye.

*Quod potui, Puero sylvestri ex arbore lecta,
 Aurea mala decem misi ; cras altera mittam.*

Virg. Ecloga 3.

Η: ἰ δέ τοι δέκα μαλα φέρω· τὴνῶδε καθεῖλον
 Ω μ' ἐκέλευ καθελεῖν τὸ καὶ αὐριον ἀλλά τοι δισῶ.

Theocr. Εἰς Ἡλλίον γ.

The learned Reader will, I believe, agree with me, that *Virgil* has fall'n short of *Theocritus* : The Gesture of the Giver, and the pretty Circumstance of gathering the Apples from the Place where she appointed him, being both omitted, and the Poverty of the Shepherd only added. But how vastly has *Fletcher* improv'd upon these Hints ? *Theocritus* has a beautiful Simplicity of Sentiments, and Harmony of Numbers : *Fletcher* has added to these descriptive Elegance and poetick Extacy. But perhaps *Fletcher* had more particularly in his Eye, the Gifts in the second Eclogue of *Virgil*.

*Ipsè ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala,
 Castaneasque nuces, mea quas Amaryllis amabat. &c.*

With

With my clasped Knee to climb ;
 See how well the lusty Time
 Hath deckt their rising Cheeks in red,
 Such as on your Lips is spread ;
 Here be Berries for a Queen,
 Some be red, and some be green,
 These are of that luscious Meat,
 The great God *Pan* himself doth eat :
 All these, and what the Woods can yield,
 The hanging Mountain, or the Field,
 I freely offer, and e'er long
 Will bring you more, more sweet and strong,
 Till when humbly leave I take,
 (4) Lest the great *Pan* do awake,
 That sleeping lies in a deep Glade,
 Under a broad Beech's Shade :
 I must go, and I must run
 Swifter than the fiery Sun.

[Exit.

(4) *Lest the great Pan do awake,*] Thus *Theocritus*, *Eid. d.*

Οὐ θέμις, ὃ ποιμᾶν, τὸ μεσαμβρινόν, ἢ θέμις ἄμμιν
 Συρίσδεν τὸν Πᾶνα δεδοίκαμες. ἢ γὰρ ἀπ' ἄγρας
 Τανίκα κεκμηκὸς ἀμπαύεται ἐντὶ γε πικρὸς,
 Καὶ οἱ ἀέδριμῶα χολὰ ποτὶ ῥινὶ κἀθηται.

“ Shepherd, forbear ; no Song at Noon's dread Hour ;
 “ Tir'd with the Chace *Pan* sleeps in yonder Bow'r ;
 “ Churlish he is, and stir'd in his Repose,
 “ The snappish Choler quivers on his Nose.

That *Fletcher* had this in his Eye is evident, but he has varied from *Theocritus's* Theology. As he intended to make his Shepherds chaste and virtuous, he knew that Virtue would ill consist with the Adoration of such a choleric and lustful God as the *Arcadian Pan*. But does he not in this transgress the Rules of Propriety, giving his *Arcadians* rather Christian than Pagan Sentiments? I think not. The *Arcadians* first worshipp'd the Creator of all things under the Name of *Pan*, which signifies the *Universe*, and the Image they formed of him emblematically represented *Universal Nature*, as *Macrobius* informs us. But the Vulgar soon lost the *Archetype*, and imagin'd his sharp Nose, long Beard, and goatish Legs, to be the Symptoms of Anger, Rusticity, and Lust. *Fletcher* has with great Judgment placed his Scene among the Primitive *Arcadians*, who had not such gross Ideas. In this he deviates from the *Italian Dramatick Pastorals*, but is followed by *Milton*, who introduces Pagan Deities in *Comus*, but makes the superior Gods favour and protect Chastity and Virtue.

Clo.

Cl. And all my Fears go with thee.
 What Greatness or what private hidden Pow'r
 Is there in me, to draw Submission
 From this rude Man and Beast? Sure I am Mortal:
 The Daughter of a Shepherd, he was Mortal:
 And she that bore me Mortal: Prick my Hand
 And it will bleed; a Fever shakes me, and
 The self same Wind that makes the young Lambs shrink,
 Makes me a-cold: My Fear says I am Mortal:
 Yet I have heard, my Mother told it me,
 And now I do believe it, if I keep
 My virgin Flow'r uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
 (5) No Goblin, Wood-god, Fairy, Elfe, or Fiend,
 Satyre, or other Pow'r that haunts the Groves,
 Shall hurt my Body, or by vain Illusion
 Draw me to wander after idle Fires;
 Or Voices calling me in dead of Night,
 To make me follow, and so tole me on
 Through Mire and standing Pools, to find my Ruin:

(5) *No Goblin, Wood-god, Fairy, Elfe, or Fiend,
 Satyre, or other Pow'r &c.*] Milton was so charm'd with
 the noble Enthusiasm of this Passage, that he has no less than three
 Imitations of it. Twice in *Comus*.

*Some say, no evil thing that walks by Night,
 In Fog, or Fire, by Lake, or moorish Fen,
 Blue meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid Ghost
 That breaks his Magick Chains at Curfeu time;
 No Goblin, or swart Fairy of the Mine,
 Hath hurtful Pow'r o'er true Virginitie.*

See the whole Passage in the first Scene of the *Two Brothers*. So again,
The young Lady in the Wood.

————— *a thousand Fantasies
 Begin to throng into my Memory,
 Of calling Shapes, and beck'ning Shadows dire,
 And airy Tongues that syllable Mens Names
 On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wilderneses.*

And again, *Paradise Lost*, Book 9. Line 639. in his noble Description
 of the *Ignis fatuus*.

*Hovering and dancing with delusive Light,
 Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his Way,
 Through Bogs and Mires, and oft through Pond or Pool,
 There swallow'd up and lost, from Succour far.*

Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners, nor smooth Humanity, whose Heats
Are rougher than himself, and more mishapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there's a Pow'r
In that great Name of Virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil Bloods, all Appetites
That break their confines: Then, strong Chastity,
Be thou my strongest Guard, for here I'll dwell
In opposition against Fate and Hell.

*Enter an Old Shepherd, with four Couple of Shepherds
and Shepherdesses.*

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy Festival
In Honour of our great God, and his Rites
Perform'd, prepare your selves for chaste
And uncorrupted Fires: That as the Priest,
With pow'ful Hand shall sprinkle on your Brows
His pure and holy Water, ye may be
From all hot flames of Lust, and loose Thoughts free.
Kneel Shepherds, kneel, here comes the Priest of *Pan*.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away,
Whatsoever this great Day,
Or the past Hours gave not good,
To corrupt your maiden Blood:
From the high rebellious Heat
Of the Grape, and strength of Meat;
From the wanton quick Desires,
They do kindle by their Fires,
I do wash you with this Water;
Be you pure and fair hereafter.
From your Livers and your Veins,
Thus I take away the stains.
All your Thoughts be smooth and fair,
Be ye fresh and free as Air.
Never more let lustful Heat
Through your purged Conduits beat,
Or a plighted Troth be broken,
Or a wanton Verse be spoken

In a Shepherdess's Ear ;
Go your ways, ye all are clear.

[*They rise and sing in Praise of Pan.*]

The S O N G.

*Sing his Praises that doth keep
Our Flocks from harm,
Pan the Father of our Sheep,
And Arm in Arm
Tread we softly in a Round,
While the hollow neighb'ring Ground
Fills the Musick with her Sound.*

*Pan, O great God Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing:
Thou that keep'st us Chaste and Free,
As the young Spring,
Ever be thy Honour spoke,
From that place the Morn is broke,
To that place Day doth unyoke.*

[*Exeunt omnes but Perigot and Amoret.*]

Peri. Stay, gentle *Amoret*, thou fair-brow'd Maid,
Thy Shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his Soul's good.

Amo. Speak ; I give
Thee freedom, Shepherd, and thy Tongue be still
The same it ever was ; as free from ill,
As he whose Conversation never knew
The Court or City : Be thou ever true.

Peri. When I fall off from my Affection,
Or mingle my clean Thoughts with foul Desires,
First let our great God cease to keep my Flocks,
That being left alone without a Guard,
The Wolf, or Winter's Rage, Summer's great Heat,
And Want of Water, Rots, or what to us
Of Ill is yet unknown, (6) fall speedily,
And in their general Ruin let me go.

Amo.

(6) ————— full speedily,

*And in their general Ruin let me feel.] That full was a Cor-
ruption from fall, was evident both to Mr. Symphon and myself, and it*

Amo. I pray thee, gentle Shepherd, wish not so,
I do believe thee: 'Tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee
To hold me foul. *Peri.* O you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing Morn, or that fair Star,
That guides the wandring Seaman through the Deep,
Straighter than straightest Pine upon the steep
Head of an aged Mountain, and more white
Than the new Milk we strip before Day-light
From the full freighted Bags of our fair Flocks:
Your Hair more beauteous than those hanging Locks
Of young *Apollo*.

Amo. Shepherd, be not lost,
You're sail'd too far already from the Coast
Of our Discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
I shou'd not love alone, I shou'd not lose
Those many Passions, Vows, and holy Oaths,
I've sent to Heav'n? Did you not give your Hand,
Even that fair Hand in Hostage? Do not then
Give back again those Sweets to other Men,
You your self vow'd were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so far as Maidens Modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my Hand; be ever free
From that great Foe to Faith, foul Jealousie.

Peri. I take it as my best Good, and desire
For stronger Confirmation of our Love,
To meet this happy Night in that fair Grove,
Where all true Shepherds have rewarded been
For their long Service: Say sweet, shall it hold?

Amo. Dear Friend, you must not blame me, if I make

is quoted by Mr. *Theobald* from the first old Quarto; but I wonder he did not correct from thence another Corruption, which had puzzled me a hundred times, and which had, I believe, remained incorrigible by Conjecture, as it wholly departs in all its Letters from the true Word. Instead of *go* which I have restored from the old Quarto, being both good Sense and Rhiming to the next Line, all the subsequent Editions read *feel*, which, if not absolute Nonsense, is Flatness itself.

A doubt of what the silent Night may do,
 Coupled with this Day's Heat to move your Blood :
 Maids must be fearful ; sure you have not been
 Wash'd white enough ; for yet I see a Stain
 Stick in your Liver, go and purge again.

Peri. O do not wrong my honest simple Truth,
 My self and my Affections are as pure
 As those chaste Flames that burn before the Shrine
 Of the great *Dian* : Only my Intent
 To draw you thither, was to plight our Troths,
 With enterchange of mutual chaste Imbraces,
 And ceremonious tying of (7) our Souls :
 For to that holy Wood is consecrate
 A virtuous Well, about whose flowry Banks
 The nimble-footed Fairies dance their Rounds,
 By the pale Moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
 Their stolen Children, so to make them free
 From dying Flesh, and dull Mortality ;
 By this fair Fount hath many a Shepherd sworn,
 And giv'n away his Freedom, many a Troth
 Been plight, which neither Envy, nor old Time
 Cou'd ever break, with many a chaste Kifs giv'n,
 In hope of coming Happiness ;
 By this fresh Fountain many a blushing Maid
 Hath crown'd the Head of her long loved Shepherd
 With gawdy Flowers, whilst he happy sung
 Lays of his Love, and dear Captivity ;
 There grow all Herbs fit to cool looser Flames
 Our sensual Parts provoke, chiding our Bloods,
 And quenching by their Pow'r those hidden Sparks
 That else would break out, and provoke our Sense
 To open Fires, so virtuous is that Place.
 Then, gentle Shepherdess, believe and grant,
 In Troth it fits not with that Face to scant
 Your faithful Shepherd of those chaste Desires
 He ever aim'd at, and ———

(7) *our selves* :] Mr. *Theobald* had restor'd the true Word from the first old Quarto.

Amo. Thou hast prevail'd, farewell; this coming Night
Shall crown thy chaste Hopes with long wish'd Delight.

Peri. Our great God *Pan* reward thee for that good
Thou'st given thy poor Shepherd: Fairest Bud
Of Maiden Virtues, when I leave to be
The true Admirer of thy Chastity,
Let me deserve the hot polluted Name
Of the wild Woodman, or affect some Dame.
Whose often Prostitution hath begot
More foul Diseases, than e'er yet the hot
Sun bred thorough his Burnings, (9) while the Dog
Pursues the raging Lyon, throwing Fog
And deadly Vapour from his angry Breath,
Filling the lower World with Plague and Death.

[*Exit Amo.*

Enter Amarillis.

Ama. Shepherd, may I desire to be believ'd,
What I shall blushing tell?

Peri.

(8) ————— while the Dog

Pursues the raging Lyon, &c.] The malignant Effects of the
Dog-star is an imitation of a like Description of it in *Spenser*.
Shepherd's Calendar speaking of the Sun's Progress in *July*,

*The rampant Lyon hunts he fast
With Dogs of noisom Breath,
Whose baleful Barking brings in haste,
Pine, Plagues, and drery Death.*

The Lines are extremely poetical in *Spenser*, but are improved by
Fletcher to such a Dignity, that they even emulate as well as imitate
one of the noblest Passages in all *Virgil*,

————— *aut Sirius Ardor,*
Ille fitim morbosque ferens mortalibus agris
Nascitur, & lævo contristat Lumine Cælum.

I shall not here quote the Description of the Dog-star in the beginning
of the fifth Book of the *Iliad*, because tho' *Virgil* is said to have taken
the Hint of his Simile from that Passage, yet *Homer* there dwells
only upon its *Brightness*, and not its malevolent Influence upon Man-
kind: The addition of which by *Virgil* has been greatly admired by
all Criticks, particularly *Mr. Pope*, as answering to *Æneas's* Shield
not only in its *Brightness* but in its Menaces of Ruin and Death to
the Enemy. But I am surpris'd that *Mr. Pope*, and several other of
the best Criticks, should so totally have mistaken the Simile of *Homer*
which *Virgil* imitates; it is the Description of the *Dog-star* in the
beginning of the twenty-second Book of the *Iliad*, compared to the

Peri. Fair Maid, you may.

Ama. Then softly thus, I love thee, *Perigot*,
And wou'd be gladder to be lov'd again,
Than the cold Earth is in his frozen Arms
To clip the wanton Spring : Nay do not start,
Nor wonder that I woo thee ! Thou that art
The prime of our young Grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty Shepherds ; what dull Eye,
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee Wrestle, Run, or cast the Stone,
With nimble Strength and fair Delivery,
And hath not sparkled Fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring Veins ?
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
That freedom back was lent unto thy Voice ?
Then do not blame me, Shepherd, if I be
One to be numbred in this Company,
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.

Peri. Fair Shepherdess, much Pity I can lend
To your Complaints ; but sure I shall not love.
All that is mine, my self and my best Hopes,
Are giv'n already : Do not love him then
That cannot love again : On other Men
Bestow those Heats more free, that may return
You Fire for Fire, ⁹ and in one Flame burn.

Ama. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my Affection, most unkind of Men ?
If I were old, or had agreed with Art
To give another Nature to my Cheeks,

Appearance of *Achilles's* Armour to *Priam*, which *Virgil* imitates
and almost literally translates,

Λαμπρότατον μὲν ὄγ' ἔσσι, κακὸν δὲ το σῆμα τέτυκται,
καὶ τε φέρει πολλὸν πυρῆδὸν δειλοῖσι βεβροῖσιν.

Which is thus finely translated by Mr. Pope,

Terrific Glory ! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues and death.

9 — and in one Flame equal burn.] I have ventured to strike out
the Word *equal* as weakning the Sense, and extending the Verse into
an *Alexandrine* without the least Reason. I therefore believe it
spurious.

(10) Or were I common Mistress to the Love
Of every Swain, or cou'd I with such ease
Call back my Love, as many a Wanton doth,
Thou might'st refuse me, Shepherd; but to thee
I'm only fixt and fet; let it not be
A sport, thou gentle Shepherd, to abuse
The Love of silly Maid.

Peri. Fair Soul, ye use
These words to little end: For know, I may
Better call back that time was Yesterday,
Or stay the coming Night, than bring my Love
Home to my self again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays;
This present Night I have appointed been
To meet that chaste Fair that enjoys my Soul,
In yonder Grove, there to make up our Loves.
Be not deceiv'd no longer, chuse again,
The neighbouring Plains have many a comely Swain,
Fresher and freer far than I e'er was,
Bestow that Love on them, and let me pass.
Farewel, be happy in a better Choice. [*Exit.*

Ama. Cruel, thou'st struck me deader with thy Voice,
Than if the angry Heav'ns with their quick Flames
Had shot me through: I must not leave to love,
I cannot, no, I must enjoy thee, Boy,
Though the great Dangers 'twixt my Hopes and that
Be infinite: There is a Shepherd dwells
Down by the Moor, whose Life hath ever shown
More fullen Discontent than *Saturn's* Brow,
When he sits frowning on the Births of Men:
One that doth wear himself away in loneness,

(10) Or were I common Mistress—] *Fletcher* had probably in his Eye what *Cassius* says to *Brutus* in the beginning of *Julius Cæsar*.

*Were I a common Laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary Oaths my Love
To every new Protester.*

Thus most of the Editions read this Passage, but the old Folio reads *Laughter*, which I think a stronger Word to express a low Buffoon than the former.

And never joys, unless it be in breaking
 The holy plighted Troths of mutual Souls :
 One that lusts after every sev'ral Beauty,
 But never yet was known to love or like,
 Were the Face fairer or more full of Truth,
 Than *Phæbe* in her Fulness, or the Youth
 Of smooth *Lyæus* ; whose nigh starved Flocks
 Are always scabby, and infect all Sheep
 They feed withal ; whose Lambs are ever last,
 And die before their (11) weaning, and whose Dog
 Looks like his Master, lean, and full of Scurf,
 Not caring for the Pipe or Whistle: This Man may,
 If he be well wrought, do a Deed of Wonder,
 Forcing me Passage to my long Desires :
 And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose
 As my quick Thoughts cou'd wish for.

Enter Shepherd.

Shep. Fresh Beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
 Thus to be Partner of your Loneness : 'Twas
 My Love, that ever-working Passion drew
 Me to this Place, to seek some Remedy
 For my sick Soul: Be not unkind (12) and fair,
 For such the mighty *Cupid* in his Doom
 Hath sworn to be aveng'd on ; then give room
 To my consuming Fires, that so I may
 Enjoy my long Desires, and so allay
 Those Flames, that else would burn my Life away.

Ama. Shepherd, were I but sure thy Heart were found
 As thy Words seem to be, means might be found
 To cure thee of thy long Pains : For to me
 That heavy youth-consuming Misery
 The love-sick Soul endures, never was pleasing ;
 I could be well content with the quick easing
 Of thee and thy hot Fires, might it procure
 Thy Faith and farther Service to be sure.

(11) ——*weaning,*——] Corrected from the first old Quarto by Mr. Theobald.

(12) ——*and fair.*] My *Sympson* would read, *as fair* ; but I see not sufficient reason for the Change.

Shep.

Shep. Name but that great Work, Danger, or what can
Be compact by the (13) Wit or Art of Man,
And, if I fail in my Performance, may
I never more kneel to the rising Day.

Am. Then thus I try thee, Shepherd ; this same Night,
That now comes stealing on, a gentle Pair
Have promis'd equal Love, and do appoint
To make yon Wood the place where Hands and Hearts
Are to be ty'd for ever : Break their meeting
And their strong Faith, and I am ever thine.

Shep. Tell me their Names, and if I do not move,
By my great Pow'r, the center of their Love
From his fixt being, let me never more
Warm me by those fair Eyes I thus adore.

Am. Come, as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy Work. [Exeunt.]

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the Times, or Men, that
thus,
After this holy Feast, I pass unknown
And unaluted? 'Twas not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger Company
Of jolly Shepherds: 'Twas not then held good,
For lusty Grooms to mix their quicker Blood
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of Man, cold and dull Chastity,
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my Fold
Drive not a Flock sufficient great to gain
The greedy Eyes of Wealth-alluring Swain:
Yet if I may believe what others say,
(14) My Face has Foil enough, nor can they lay

Justly

(13) — *Wit or Art* —] This seems to me a distinction without much difference, and I could have wish'd the Poet had wrote, *Wit or Strength*; but our Province is not to correct any Mistakes but those of the Press. Indeed *Heart*, which signifies Courage, might perhaps have been the true Word.

(14) *My Face has Soil enough*, ---] Thus all the late Editions; the Expression can, I believe, convey no other Sense, but that she had *Flesh* enough on her Face, and even this by a very coarse Meta-

Justly too strict a Coyneſs to my charge ;
My Flocks are many, and the Downs as large
They feed upon ; then let it ever be
Their Coldneſs, not my Virgin Modeſty
Makes me complain.

Enter Thenot.

The. Was ever Man but I
Thus truly taken with Uncertainty ?
Where ſhall that Man be found that loves a Mind
Made up in Conſtancy, and dares not find
His Love rewarded ? Here, let all Men know,
A Wretch that lives to love his Miſtreſs ſo.

phor. The firſt old Quarto reads *Foile*, which had occurred both to Mr. *Symphon* and myſelf before we ſaw it there, but we ſtill totally differ in explaining it ; he would have *Foile* to ſignify *Beauty*, and gave me ſome Quotations to prove it, as in *Thierry* and *Theodoret*, Act II.

*Load him with piles of Honours, ſet him off
With all the cunning foils that may deceive us :*

But I believe, the Reader will agree with me, that the common accep-
tation of the Word *Foile*. as ſomething ugly to *ſet off* Beauty, and
not *Beauty* itſelf, will perfectly agree with the Intention of this laſt
Paſſage. I think therefore we ought not to give arbitrary and new
Meanings to any Word merely to ſerve a preſent Turn. The Senſe I
affix is, I confeſs, not very clearly expreſs'd, but it is all, I believe,
that the Words can bear, *viz.* That the Faces of other Women are
but *Foiles* to the Beauty of mine. Perhaps *foiles enou* would give
this Senſe more fully. In this Soliloquy, relating to her Wealth and
Beauty, our Poet imitates both *Theocritus* and *Virgil* ; but I cannot
ſay, that he does it with his uſual Spirit. Tho' there are ſome ad-
ditional Beauties, yet more are omitted than added.

Καὶ γὰρ θεῶν ἔδ' εἰδ' ἔχω κακόν, ὡς με λέγονσι.
Ἡ γὰρ πρῶτον ἐς πόντον ἐσέβλεπον (ἦς δ' ἐ γαλαρα)
Καὶ κατὰ μὲν ἴα γένεια, κατὰ δ' ἐμὴν ἁ μία κόρα,
(Ὡς πρὸς ἐμὴν κέκερσαι) καλεφαιέτο. τῶν δ' ἐ τ' ὀδύνην
Λευκίόεσσιν αὐγὰν Παιίας ὑπέφαινε λίθοιο.

Θεοκ. Εἰδ. 5. 34.

————— *nec qui ſim quæris, Alexi :*
Quam dives pecoris, niwei quam lactis abundans ;
Mille meæ Siculis errant in montibus agnæ.
Nec ſum adeo informis : nuper me in litore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis ſtaret Mare.—————

Virg. Ecl. 2. 19.

See alſo a like Paſſage in the 19th Idyllium of *Theocritus*.

Cloe.

Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay; where hast thou been,
 Or whither go'st thou? (15) Here be Woods as green
 As any, Air likewise as fresh and sweet,
 As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
 Face of the curled Streams, with Flow'rs as many
 As the young Spring gives, and as choice as any;
 Here be all new Delights, cool Streams and Wells,
 Arbours o'er-grown with Woodbinds; Caves, and Dells;
 Chuse where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
 Or gather Rushes, to make many a Ring
 For thy long Fingers; tell thee Tales of Love,
 How the pale Phæbe hunting in a Grove,
 First saw the Boy Endimion, from whose Eyes
 She took eternal Fire that never dies;
 How she convey'd him softly in a Sleep,
 His Temples bound with Poppy, to the steep
 Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each Night,
 Gilding the Mountain with her Brother's Light,
 To kiss her sweetest. The. Far from me are these
 Hot flashes, bred from wanton Heat and Ease;
 I have forgot what Love and loving meant:
 Rhimes, Songs, and merry Rounds, that oft are sent

(15) ————— Here be Woods as green

As any, &c.] This whole Speech breathes the true Spirit of Theocritus and Virgil. In the latter part he has greatly improv'd a hint taken from the third Idyllium of the former relating to Endimion; and the beginning is a direct Imitation of the two following Passages.

ἄνω δρυες, ὧδε κύπριος,
 ὧδε καλὸν βομβεῦνσι ποτὶ σμάνεσι μέλιται.
 Ἐνθ' ὕδαλις ψυχρῶ κέχνηται δύο. ἴαί δ' ἐπὶ δένδρῳ
 Ὀρνιθες λαλαγεῦνσι. καὶ εἰ σκιά ἐδὲν ὁμοία
 Τὰ παρῆ. ἴν' βάλλει δὲ καὶ εἰ πῖτος ὑψόθεν κώνυς.
 Θεοκ. Εἰδ. ε', 45.

Fletcher has not here equal'd the Variety and Beauty of these Images; the humming of the Bees, the chirping of the Birds, and the Apples dropping from the Pine, (whose Seed in the hot Countries far excels our finest Nuts) are all omitted by Fletcher, but he has fully made amends in his beautiful Description of a Bank by Perigot about the middle of the third Act, and even here he has at least equal'd Virgil, whom he has more exactly copy'd.

Hic ver purpureum: varios hic flumina circum
 Fundit humus flores: hic candida populus antro
 Imminet, et lentæ texunt umbracula vites. Eclog. ix. 40.

To the soft Ear of Maids, are strange to me :
 Only I live t' admire a Chastity,
 That neither pleasing Age, smooth Tongue, or Gold,
 (16) Cou'd ever break upon, so sure the Mould
 Is that her Mind was cast in ; 'tis to her
 I only am reserv'd ; she is my Form I stir
 By, breath and move, 'tis she and only she
 Can make me Happy, or give Misery.

Cloe. Good Shepherd, may a Stranger crave to know
 To whom this dear observance you do owe ?

The. You may, and by her Virtue learn to square
 And level out your Life ; for to be Fair
 And nothing virtuous, only fits the Eye
 Of gaudy Youth, and swelling Vanity.
 Then know, she's call'd the Virgin of the Grove,
 She that hath long since bury'd her chaste Love,
 And now lives by his Grave, for whose dear Soul
 She hath vow'd her self into the holy Roll
 Of strict Virginitie ; 'tis her I so admire,
 Not any looser Blood or new Desire.

Cloe. Farewel poor Swain, thou art not for my bend,
 I must have quicker Souls, whose words may tend
 To some free Action : Give me him dare love
 At first Encounter, and as soon dare prove.

The S O N G.

*Come Shepherds, come,
 Come away
 Without delay,
 Whilst the gentle time doth stay.
 Green Woods are dumb,*

(16) *Cou'd ever break upon,*—] My *Sympson* not thinking this Sense, has two Conjectures, *work upon* and *break open* ; the first is too low an Expression, and the second, as he allows, quite spoils the Measure. I believe the Text is right, and explain it the same with *break in upon*, thus Act II. Scene I.

*Or the crafty thievish Fox
 Break upon your simple Flocks.*

i. e. break into the Fold upon your Sheep.

And

*And will never tell to any,
Those dear Kisses, and those many
Sweet Embraces that are giv'n,
Dainty Pleasures, that wou'd ev'n
Raise in coldest Age a fire,
And give Virgin Blood Desire.*

*Then if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it,
Think not I
Dare deny,
If you crave it.*

Enter Daphnis.

Here comes another : Better be my speed,
Thou God of Blood. But certain, if I read
Not false, this is that modest Shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but ne'er cou'd be
Brought to kiss any, hold Discourse, or Sing,
Whisper, or boldly ask that wished thing
We all are born for ; one that makes loving Faces,
And cou'd be well content to covet Graces,
Were they not got by Boldness ; in this thing
My Hopes are frozen ; and but Fate doth bring
Him hither, I wou'd sooner chuse
A Man made out of Snow, and freer use
An Eunuch to my Ends : But since he's here,
Thus I attempt him. Thou of Men most dear,
Welcome to her, that only for thy sake
Hath been content to live : Here boldly take
My Hand in Pledge, this Hand, that never yet
Was giv'n away to any : And but sit
Down on this rushy Bank, whilst I go pull
Fresh Blossoms from the Boughs, or quickly cull
The choicest Delicates from yonder Mead,
To make thee Chains or Chaplets, or to spread
Under our fainting Bodies, when delight
Shall lock up all our Senses. How the sight
Of those smooth rising Cheeks renew the Story

(17) Of young *Adonis*, when in Pride and Glory
 He lay infolded 'twixt the beating Arms
 Of willing *Venus*: Methinks stronger Charms
 Dwell in those speaking Eyes, and on that Brow
 More sweetness than the Painters can allow
 To their best Pieces: Not *Narcissus*, he
 That wept himself away, in memory
 Of his own Beauty, nor *Silvanus* Boy,
 Nor the twice ravish'd Maid, for whom old *Troy*
 Fell by the Hand of *Pyrrhus*, may to thee
 Be otherwise compar'd, than some dead Tree
 To a young fruitful Olive. *Daph.* I can love,
 But I am loth to say so, lest I prove
 Too soon unhappy.

Cloe. Happy thou wou'dst say.
 My dearest *Daphnis*, blush not, if the Day
 To thee and thy soft Heats be Enemy,
 Then take the coming Night; fair Youth, 'tis free
 To all the World, Shepherd I'll meet thee then
 When darkness hath shut up the Eyes of Men,
 In yonder Grove: Speak, shall our meeting hold?
 Indeed ye are too bashful, be more bold,
 And tell me Ay. *Daph.* I am content to say so,
 And wou'd be glad to meet, might I but pray so
 Much from your fairness, that you wou'd be true.

Cloe. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.

Daph. Fresh Maid, adieu:
 Yet one word more, since you have drawn me on
 To come this Night, fear not to meet alone
 That Man that will not offer to be ill,
 Though your bright self would ask it, for his fill
 (18) Of this World's goodness: Do not fear him then,
 But keep your pointed time; let other Men

Set

(17) *Of young Adonis*,—] In this Speech which is similar to that made before to *Thenot*, the Poet continues his Imitation of the third Idyllium of *Theocritus*.

(18) *Of this World's goodness*:—] Mr. *Sympson* would read *goodes*, the old way of spelling *goods*, making it two Syllables, which is common in all the old Poets. Thus in this Play, Act I. Scene I.

————— when the cool wind
 Plays on the Leaves: all be far away.

Set up their Bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
Fair as the Soul it carries, unchaste never

[*Exit.*

Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty Bloods, I should pick out these things
Whose Veins like a dull River far from Springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
For Stream or Motion, though the strong Winds hit
With their continual Pow'r upon his Sides?
O happy be your Names that have been Brides,
And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine:
And far more heavy be thy (19) Grief and Tine,
Thou lazy Swain, that may'st relieve my Needs,
Than his, upon whose Liver always feeds
A hungry Vulture.

Enter Alexis.

Alex. Can such Beauty be
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the Eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze,
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better Part contemplates, giving Rein
And wished Freedom to the labouring Vein?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your Retirement, why ye go
Thus all alone? Methinks the Downs are sweeter,
And the young company of Swains far meeter,

If *Leaves* be not read as two Syllables, there will be no Verse. So
Act III. Scene II.

Hecate with Shapes three.

Shapes has two Syllables. But I have not changed the Text, because
Goodness will, I think, signify the good Things of this World as well
and perhaps more poetically than *Goodes*. Thus Act II. Scene II.

Whose Goodness is Abuse.

Goodness stands here as Virtue often does for *Power* or *Efficacy*, and
it may as properly stand for *Wealth*, *Food*, &c. Even in common
Conversation we say of *Meat* when over-rosted, that all its *Goodness*
is roasted out of it. So that the Word is by no means confined to
the moral Virtue.

(19) — *Grief and Time*,] Mr. *Sympson* and I found our Conjecture
here quoted by Mr. *Theobald*, from the first Quarto.

Than

Than these forsaken and untrodén places.

Give not your self to loneness, and those Graces

(20) Hide from the Eyes of Men, that were intended
To live amongst us Swains.

Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd, in all my Life I have not seen
A Man in whom greater contents have been,
Than thou thy self art: I cou'd tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost. O lend me all thy red,
Thou shamefac'd Morning, when from *Tithon's* Bed
Thou risest ever Maiden. *Alex.* If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these Flashes be,
Speak and be satisfied. O guide her Tongue,
My better Angel; force my Name among
Her modest Thoughts, that the first word may be—

Cloe. *Alexis*, when the Sun shall kiss the Sea,
Taking his Rest by the white *Thetis* side,
Meet in the holy Wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, Shepherd. *Alex.* If I stay behind,
An everlasting Dulness, and the Wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the Stream
Of *Rhine* or *Volga*, while the Sun's hot Beam
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn
To coldness more than Ice: Oh how I burn
And rise in Youth and Fire! I dare not stay.

Clo. My Name shall be your Word.

Alex. Fly, fly, thou Day.

[*Exit.*

Cloe. My Grief is great if both these Boys shou'd fail:
He that will use all Winds must shift his Sail. [Exit.]

(20) *Hide from* --] The Construction evidently requires the Imperative Mood, which Mr. *Theobald* restored from the old Quarto, and Mr. *Symson* by Conjecture.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter an old Shepherd with a Bell ringing ; and the Priest of Pan following.

Priest. SHepherds all, and Maidens fair,
 Fold your Flocks up, for the Air
 'Gins to thicken, and the Sun
 Already his great course hath run.
 See the Dew-drops how they kifs
 Ev'ry little Flower that is :
 Hanging on their Velvet Heads,
 Like a Rope of Christal Beads.
 See the heavy Clouds low falling,
 (21) And bright *Hesperus* down calling
 The dead Night from under Ground,
 At whose rising Mists unbound,
 Damps and Vapours fly apace,
 Hov'ring o'er the wanton Face
 Of these Pastures, where they come,
 Striking dead both Bud and Bloom ;

(21) *And bright Hesperus down calling*

The dead Night from under Ground,] Mr. Sympson objects to both these Lines: How, says he, could *Hesperus* call Night down from under Ground? And if she was *dead*, how could she hear him? He would therefore strike off the *d* in *down*, and the remaining Letters transposed will make *now*. And for *dead* he would read *dread*, which, he says, is the common Epithet to *Night* in *Spenser*. But I cannot admit either of the Changes; for *down calling* will, I think, signify *calling down to Night to arise from under Ground*; and in this Sense it is more Picturefque and a much nobler Idea than the expletive *now* can give. In the second Line no one need be told in how many things *Night* resembles *Death*, and surely *Night*, tho' partaking many Properties of *Death*, may be allowed in Poetry both to *hear* and *speak*. When *Spenser*, *Milton*, and other Poets have personated and animated even *Death* itself. Nor can *Fletcher* be denied any poetick Licence in a Passage of such exquisite poetick Beauty.

Therefore,

Therefore, from such Danger, lock
 Ev'ry one his loved Flock,
 And let your Dogs lye loose without,
 Lest the Wolf come as a scout
 From the Mountain, and, e'er day,
 Bear a Lamb or Kid away ;
 Or the crafty thievish Fox
 Break upon your simple Flocks :
 To secure your selves from these,
 Be not too secure in ease ;
 Let one Eye his watches keep,
 While the t'other Eye doth sleep ;
 So you shall good Shepherds prove,
 And for ever hold the love
 Of our great God. (22) Sweetest Slumbers
 In soft Silence fall, and numbers
 On your Eye-lids: So farewell ;
 Thus I end my Ev'ning's knell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Clorin, the Shepherdess.

Clo. Now let me know what my best Art hath done,
 Helpt by the great Pow'r of the virtuous Moon
 In her full Light ; O you best Sons of Earth,
 You only Brood, unto whose happy Birth
 Virtue was given ; holding more of Nature,
 Than Man her first-born and most perfect Creature,
 Let me adore you ! you, that only can
 Help or kill Nature, drawing out that span
 Of Life and Breath ev'n to the end of time ;
 (23) You, that these Hands did crop long before prime ;

(22) ————— *Sweetest Slumbers*

And soft Silence fall in numbers] Silence falling in numbers is very dark, as Mr. *Sympson* observed to me ; I therefore suspect the Particles *in* and *and* to have changed Places, and have replaced them.

(23) *You that these Hands did crop, long before prime*

Of Day ; give me your Names, and next your hidden Pow'r.] Mr. *Theobald* has scratch'd out two Monosyllables as hurtful to the Measure and unnecessary to the Sense, and he imagines it to have been a marginal Comment to explain what *prime* signified.

Give me your Names, and, next, your hidden Pow'r.
 This is the *Clote*, bearing a yellow Flow'r;
 And this, black Horehound; both are very good
 For Sheep or Shepherd, bitten by a wood
 Dog's venom'd Tooth; these (24) *Ramson's* Branches are,
 Which, stuck in Entries, or about the Bar
 That holds the Door fast, (25) kill all Inchantments, Charms,
 (Were they *Medea's* Verses, that do harms
 To Men or Cattle;) these for Frenzy be
 A speedy and a sov'reign Remedy,
 The bitter Wormwood, Sage, and Marigold,

(24) — *Ramson's Branches*—] Mr. *Theobald* would read *Raymund's*, and has left us a long Note relating to the History of *Raymund Lilly*, the great Philosopher and Chymist, from whom he supposes some Alexipharmick to have taken its Name. But he was certainly in a wrong Track. The true Word, as Mr. *Sympson* discovered, is *Ramson's*, the *Allium Silvestre* or *Wild Garlick*, which is helpful, says the *London Dispensatory*, in the Jaundice and Palsies. But our Author chose its superstitious Virtues as more proper for Poetry. Mr. *Theobald*, in his Margin, has left a very accurate Description of the following Herbs from *Salmon's Botanologia*, and shew'd that our Author's Account of them was perfectly just: But I chuse rather to refer to the Book itself than to crowd the Notes with such large Extracts.

(25) — *kill all Inchantments*,—] The medicinal as well as superstitious Virtues ascribed by *Chlorin* to her various Herbs are imitated by *Milton* in his Description of the *Hæmony* in the first Scene of the *Two Brothers*, and the *Attendant Spirit* in *Comus*. The whole is too long to transcribe, I shall therefore only quote a Part, which has, I think, two very gross Mistakes in the only Edition I have by me, *viz.* that published under the Inspection of the ingenious Mr. *Fenton*.

*The Leaf was darkish and had prickles on it,
 But in another Country, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden Flower, but not in this Soil;
 Unknown and like esteem'd.*

I have often observed that where the Sense is injured, the Metre frequently shares its fate, as it has done in the third of these Lines. I read the whole thus,

*The Leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another Country, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden Flow'r, but in this Soil
 Unknown and light esteem'd.*

To avoid the repetition of the Particle *but*, tho' might perhaps have stood in the Original; but I make no doubt of the *not* and *like* being Corruptions.

Such

Such Sympathy (26) with Man's Good they do hold ;
 This Tormentil, whose Virtue is to part
 All deadly killing Poyson from the Heart ;
 And, here, *Narcissus'* Root, for Swellings best :
 Yellow *Lyftmacha*, to give sweet Rest
 To the faint Shepherd, killing where it comes,
 All busie Gnats, and every Fly that hums :
 For Leprosie, Darnell, and Celandine,
 With Calamint, whose Virtues do refine
 The Blood of Man, making it free and fair
 As the first hour it breath'd, or the best Air.
 Here, other two ; but your rebellious use
 Is not for me, whose Goodness is Abuse ;
 Therefore, foul Standergrafs, from me and mine
 I banish thee, with lustful Turpentine ;
 You that intice the Veins and stir the heat
 To civil Mutiny, (27) scalding the seat
 Our Reason moves in, and deluding it
 With Dreams and wanton Fancies, till the fit
 Of burning Lust be quencht ; by Appetite,
 Robbing the Soul of Blessedness and Light.
 And thou light *Vervain* too, thou must go after,
 Provoking easie Souls to Mirth and Laughter ;
 No more shall I dip thee in Water now,
 And sprinkle every Post, and every Bough,
 With thy well-pleasing Juice ; to make the Grooms
 Swell with high Mirth, as with Joy all the Rooms.

Enter Thenot.

The. This is the Cabin where the best of all
 Her Sex that ever breath'd, or ever shall

(26) — *with Man's Good* —] Mr. *Sympson* would chuse to read
Man's Blood. Thus in *Hamlet*, the Ghost speaking of the Juice of
Hebenon,

————— whose Effect
 Holds such an enmity with Blood of Man.

I allow therefore the Propriety of Mr. *Sympson's* reading, but as the
 old one is good Sense, I don't see sufficient reason for a change.

(27) — scalding the seat] Mr. *Theobald* has restored *scalding*,
 which is the Reading of all the old Quartos, and as it is good Sense
 was undoubtedly the Original, tho' perhaps the late Reading might
 contend with it in Beauty.

Give

Give Heat or Happines to the Sheph'rd's side,
 Doth only to her worthy self abide.
 Thou blessed Star, I thank thee for thy Light,
 Thou by whose Pow'r the darkness of sad Night
 Is banish'd from the Earth, in whose dull place
 Thy chaster Beams play on the heavy Face
 Of all the World, making the blue Sea smile,
 To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
 Thy Brother of his brightness, giving Day
 Again from *Chaos*; whiter than that way
 That leads to *Jove's* high Court, and chaster far
 (28) Than Chastity it self: Thou blessed Star
 That nightly shin'st; Thou, all the Constancy
 That in all Women was, or e'er shall be,
 From whose fair Eye-balls flies that holy Fire,
 That Poets stile the Mother of desire,
 Infusing into every gentle Breast
 A Soul of greater Price, and far more blest
 Than that quick Pow'r, which gives a difference,
 'Twixt Man and Creatures of a lower Sense.

Clo. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place?
 No way is trodden, all the verdant Grass
 The Spring shot up, stands yet unbruised here
 Of any Foot, only the dapled Deer
 Far from the feared sound of crooked Horn
 Dwells in this Fastness. *The.* Chaster than the Morn,
 I have not wandred, or by strong Illusion
 Into this virtuous Place have made intrusion:
 But hither am I come, believe me fair,
 To seek you out, of whose great good the Air

(28) *Than Chastity itself, you blessed Star*

That nightly shines:] The Polar Star, from its permanency and coldness, may be called the Emblem of Chastity, but not *Chastity* itself, as this Reading implies. It might perhaps have been, or *you bless'd Star*; but it is a sort of Anticlimax, to mention the Emblem of Chastity after Chastity itself. I have therefore inserted my first Conjecture in the Text, making him repeat the Name he had before call'd her by, with the Addition only of her shining every Night, the Property of the Polar Star. This I am confirm'd in by the two oldest Quartos; the first of which stops as I do, and the second has a Semicolon after *itself*, and reads *you* for *you*; though it makes a false Concord by reading *shines*, instead of *shine* or *shin'st*.

Is full, and strongly labours, while the sound
Breaks against Heav'n, and drives into a stound
Th' amazed Shepherd, that such Virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a Man.

Clo. If any Art I have, or hidden Skill
May cure thee of Disease or festred Ill,
Whose grief or greenness to another's eye
May seem unpossible of Remedy,
I dare yet undertake it. *The.* 'Tis no pain
I suffer through Disease, no beating Vein
Conveys Infection dangerous to the Heart,
No Part imposthum'd, to be cur'd by Art,
This Body holds; and yet a feller Grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief,
Dwells on my Soul, and may be heal'd by you,
Fair beauteous Virgin.

Clo. Then Shepherd, let me sue
To know thy Grief; that Man yet never knew
The way to Health, that durst not shew his Sore.

The. Then fairest, know, I love you.

Clo. Swain, no more,
Thou hast abus'd the strictness of this place,
And offer'd sacrilegious foul Disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interred Bones;
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle Passions, that the sight
Of Death and speedy Vengeance may not fright
Thy very Soul with horror. *The.* Let me not
(Thou all Perfection) merit such a blot
For my true zealous Faith. *Clo.* Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy Earth at once divide
And give her Body up? For sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton Flames to fill
This hallow'd place; therefore repent and go,
(29) Whilst I with Pray'rs appease his Ghost below,

(29) *Whilst I with Praise*—] Both Mr. *Theobald*, and Mr. *Symson* make a Query whether the true Word be not *Pray'rs*. It appear'd to me a better Word, but as the other is sense, I did not think to have changed it, till I consulted the first old Quarto, which reads *Praies*, and in all other Places *Praiers*, and not *Prayers*; from whence I doubt not but their Conjecture is true.

That

That else would tell thee what it were to be
A Rival in that virtuous Love that he
Embraces yet. *The.* 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your Cheek that thus can wed
My Mind to Adoration ; nor your Eye,
Though it be full and fair, your Forehead high,
And smooth as *Pelops'* Shoulder ; not the Smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easie Soul, your Hands and Fingers long
With Veins inamel'd richly, nor your Tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than *Arion's* Harp,
Your Hair wove into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to infold
The wandring Soul, nor the true perfect Mould
Of all your Body, which as pure doth show
In Maiden whiteness as the (30) *Alpsien* Snow.
All these, were but your Constancy away,
Wou'd please me less, than a black stormy day
The wretched Seaman toiling through the Deep.
But while this honour'd strictness you dare keep,
Though all the Plagues (31) that e'er begotten were
In the great Womb of Air, were settled here,
In opposition, I wou'd, like the Tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
Ev'n in the Arm of Danger. *Clo.* Wouldst thou have
Me raise again, fond Man, from silent Grave,
Those sparks that long ago were buried here,
With my dead Friend's cold Ashes? *The.* Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant ;
Stand strongly to your Vow, and do not faint : .

(30) *Alpsien*] The same we now call *Alpine*.

(31) — *that are begotten were*] This odd confusion of Verbs has run through all the late Editions, even as high as the second old Quarto: Had it even possessed the first, I should have discarded it, but that luckily confirms my Conjecture. I could have wished to have chang'd the next Line, and to have read, — *should settle here*, instead of — *were settled here*, to avoid the Harshness of so many *re's* in so short a Compass. But we must always remember, that our Province is not to correct, but only to restore the Authors. Mr. *Sympton* concurr'd in this Emendation.

Remember how he lov'd ye, and be still
 The same Opinion speaks ye ; let not Will,
 And that great God of Women, Appetite,
 Set up your Blood again ; do not invite
 Desire and Fancy from their long Exile,
 (32) To seat them once more in a pleasing Smile :
 Be like a Rock made firmly up 'gainst all
 The Pow'r of angry Heav'n, or the strong fall
 Of *Neptune's* Battery ; if ye yield, I die
 To all Affection ; 'tis that Loyalty
 Ye tie unto this Grave I so admire ;
 And yet there's something else I wou'd desire,
 If you wou'd hear me, but withal deny.
 O *Pan*, what an uncertain Destiny
 Hangs over all my hopes ! I will retire,
 For if I longer stay, this double fire
 Will lick my Life up. *Clo.* Do, let time wear out
 What Art and Nature cannot bring about.

The. Farewel thou Soul of Virtue, and be blest
 For ever, while that here I wretched rest
 Thus to my self ; yet grant me leave to dwell
 In kenning of this Arbour ; yon same Dell
 O'ertopt with mourning Cypress and sad Ewe
 Shall be my Cabin, where I'll early rue,
 Before the Sun hath kiss'd this Dew away,
 The hard uncertain Chance which Fate doth lay
 Upon this Head. *Clo.* The Gods give quick release
 And happy cure unto thy hard Disease. [Exeunt.]

Enter sullen Shepherd.

Sull. I do not love this Wench that I shou'd meet,
 For ne'er did my unconstant Eye yet greet
 That Beauty, were it sweeter or more fair,
 Than the new Blossoms, when the Morning Air
 Blows gently on them, or the breaking Light,
 When many Maiden Blushes to our sight
 Shoot from its early Face : Were all these set
 In some neat Form before me, 'twould not get

(32) *To set them—*] Mr. *Theobald* had restored the true Word
 from the old Quarto.

The

The least Love from me ; some desire it might,
Or present burning : All to me in fight
Are equal, be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careles Wanton, I can crown
My Appetite with any ; swear as oft,
And weep, as any ; melt my words as soft
Into a Maiden's Ears, and tell how long
My Heart has been her Servant, and how strong
My Passions are : Call her unkind and cruel,
Offer her all I have to gain the Jewel
Maidens so highly prize : Then loath, and fly :
This do I hold a blessed Destiny.

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. Hail Shepherd, *Pan* blefs both thy Flock and
thee,

For being mindful of thy word to me.

Sull. Welcome, fair Shepherdess, thy loving Swain
Gives thee the self-same wishes back again,
Who till this present hour ne'er knew that Eye,
Cou'd make me cross mine Arms, or daily dye,
With fresh consumings : Boldly tell me then,
How shall we part their faithful Loves, and when?
Shall I bely him to her, shall I swear
His Faith is false, and he loves ev'ry where ?
I'll say he mock'd her th' other Day to you,
Which will by your confirming shew as true,
(33) For she is of so pure an honesty,
To think, because she will not, none will lye :
Or else to him I'll slander *Amoret*,
And say, she but seems Chaste ; I'll swear she met
Me 'mongst the shady Sycamores last Night,
And loosely offer'd up her flame and spright
Into my Bosom, made a wanton Bed
Of Leaves and many Flowers, where she spread

(33) For he is off—] That *Amoret's* and not *Perigot's* Purity of Intention and Simplicity of Heart is here spoke of, is clear as the Light ; and yet this gross Mistake, in this and the following Line, has run through all the Editions, not excepting the Quartos publish'd in our Author's Life-time. *Off*, for *of*, is only an Error of the Press in the very late Editions.

Her willing Body to be prefs'd by me ;
 There have I carv'd her Name on many a Tree,
 Together with mine own ; to make this show
 More full of seeming, *Hobinell* you know,
 Son to the aged Shepherd of the Glen,
 Him I have sort'd out of many Men,
 To say he found us at our private sport,
 And rouz'd us 'fore our time by his resort :
 This to confirm, I've promis'd to the Boy
 Many a pretty knack, and many a Toy,
 As Ginns to catch him Birds, with Bow and Bolt,
 To shoot at nimble Squirrels in the Holt ;
 A pair of painted Buskins, and a Lamb,
 Soft as his own Locks, or the Down of Swan ;
 This I have done to win ye, which doth give
 Me double Pleasure. Discord makes me live.

Amar. Lov'd Swain, I thank ye, these Tricks might
 prevail

With other rustick Shepherds, but will fail
 Ev'n once to stir, much more to overthrow
 His fixed Love from Judgment, who doth know
 Your Nature, my End, and his Chosen's Merit ;
 Therefore some stronger way must force his Spirit,
 Which I have found : Give second, and my Love
 Is everlasting thine. *Sull.* Try me and prove.

Amar. These happy pair of Lovers meet straightway,
 Soon as they fold their Flocks up with the Day,
 In the thick Grove bordering upon yon Hill,
 In whose hard side Nature hath carv'd a Well,
 And, but that matchless Spring which Poets know,
 Was ne'er the like to this : By it doth grow
 About the sides, all Herbs which Witches use,
 All Simples good for Medicines or Abuse,
 All sweets that crown the happy Nuptial Day,
 With all their Colours, there the Month of *May*
 Is ever dwelling, all is young and green,
 There's not a Grass on which was ever seen
 The falling Autumn, or cold Winter's Hand ;
 So full of Heat and Virtue is the Land

About this Fountain, which doth slowly break
Below yon Mountain's foot, into a Creek
That waters all the Valley, giving Fish
Of many sorts, to fill the Shepherd's Dish.
This holy Well, my Grandame that is dead,
Right wise in Charms, hath often to me said,
Hath pow'r to change the Form of any Creature,
Being thrice dipt o'er the Head, into what Feature,
Or Shape 'twou'd please the Letter down to crave,
Who must pronounce this Charm too, which she gave
Me on her Death-bed; told me what, and how,
I shou'd apply unto the Patient's Brow,
That wou'd be chang'd, casting them thrice asleep,
Before I trusted them into this deep.
All this she shew'd me, and did charge me prove
This secret of her Art, if crost in Love.
I'll this attempt; now Shepherd, I have here
All her Prescriptions, and I will not fear
To be my self dipt: Come, my Temples bind
With these sad Herbs, and when I sleep you find,
As you do speak your Charm, thrice down me let,
And bid the Water raise me *Amoret*;
Which being done, leave me to my affair
And e'er the Day shall quite itself outwear,
I will return unto my Shepherd's Arm,
Dip me again, and then repeat this Charm,
And pluck me up my self, whom freely take,
And the hot'st Fire of thine Affection slake.

Sull. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.

I long the truth of this Well's Pow'r to see. [Exeunt.]

Enter Daphnis.

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the Covert is
Where I appointed *Cloe*; do not miss,
Thou bright-ey'd Virgin, come, O come my fair,
Be not abus'd with Fear, nor let cold Care
Of honour stay thee from (34) thy Shepherd's Arm,
Who would as hard be won to offer harm

(34) ——— *the Shepherd's Arm.*] Corrected by Mr. Theobald
from the old Quarto.

To thy chaste Thoughts, as whiteness from the Day,
 Or yon great Round to move another way.
 My Language shall be honest, full of Truth,
 My Flames as smooth and spotless as my Youth :
 I will not entertain that wandring Thought,
 Whose easie current may at length be brought
 To a loose vastness. *Alexis.* [*within.*] *Cloe!*

Daph. 'Tis her Voice,
 And I must answer, *Cloe!* Oh the choice
 Of dear Embraces, chaste and holy Strains
 Our Hands shall give ! I charge you all my Veins
 Through which the Blood and Spirit take their way,
 Lock up your disobedient Heats, and stay
 Those mutinous Desires that else would grow
 To strong Rebellion : Do not wilder show
 Than blushing Modesty may entertain :

Alexis. [*within.*] *Cloe!*

Daph. There sounds that blessed Name again,
 And I will meet it : Let me not mistake,

Enter Alexis.

This is some Shepherd ! sure I am awake ;
 What may this riddle mean ? I will retire,
 To give my self more Knowledge. *Alex.* Oh my Fire,
 How thou consum'st me ? *Cloe,* answer me,
Alexis, strong *Alexis,* high and free,
 Calls upon *Cloe.* See mine Arms are full
 Of Entertainment, ready for to pull
 That golden Fruit which too too long hath hung
 Tempting the greedy Eye : Thou stay'st too long,
 I am impatient of these mad Delays ;
 I must not leave unfought these many ways
 That lead into this Center, till I find
 Quench for my burning Lust. I come, unkind.

[*Exit Alexis.*

Daph. Can my Imagination work me so much ill,
 That I may credit this for truth, and still
 Believe mine Eyes ? or shall I firmly hold
 Her yet untainted, and these Sights but bold

Illusion? sure such Fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true Love, and yet are seen,
Daring to blind the virtuous Thought with error.
But be they far from me with their fond terror :
I am resolv'd my *Cloe* yet is true.

Cloe. [*within.*] *Cloe* ;

Daph. Hark, *Cloe* : Sure this Voice is new,
Whose shrillness like the sounding of a Bell,
Tells me it is a Woman : *Cloe*, tell
Thy blessed Name again. *Cloe.* [*within*] *Cloe* ! Here.

Daph. Oh what a grief is this to be so near,
And not incounter ?

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met,
Draw close into the Covert, lest the Wet
Which falls like lazy Mists upon the Ground
Soke through your startups. *Daph.* Fairest, are you found?
How have we wandred, that the better part
Of this good Night is perisht ? oh my Heart !
How have I long'd to meet ye, how to kifs
Those lilly Hands, how to receive the blifs
That charming Tongue gives to the happy Ear
Of him that drinks your Language ! but I fear
I am too much unmanner'd, far too rude,
And almost grown lascivious, to intrude
These hot behaviours ; where regard of Fame,
Honour and Modesty, a virtuous Name,
And such Discourse as one fair Sister may
Without offence unto the Brother say,
Shou'd rather have been tendred : But believe,
Here dwells a better Temper ; do not grieve
Then, ever kindest, that my first Salute
Seasons so much of Fancy, I am mute
Henceforth to all Discourses, but shall be
Suiting to your sweet Thoughts and Modesty.
Indeed I will not ask a Kifs of you,
No not to wring your Fingers, nor to sue
To those blest pair of fixed Stars for Smiles,
All a young Lover's cunning, all his wiles,

And

And pretty wanton dyings ; shall to me
 Be Strangers ; only to your Chastity
 I am devoted ever. *Cloe.* Honest Swain,
 First let me thank you, then return again
 As much of my Love. No, thou art too cold, [*Aside.*
 Unhappy Boy, not tempred to my mold,
 Thy Blood falls heavy downward, 'tis not fear
 T' offend in boldness wins ; they never wear
 Deserved favours that deny to take,
 When they are offer'd freely : Do I wake
 To see a Man of his Youth, Years and Feature,
 And such a one as we call goodly Creature,
 Thus backward ? What a World of precious Art
 Were meerly lost, to make him do his part ?
 But I will shake him off, that dares not hold ;
 Let Men that hope to be belov'd be bold.
Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
 So happily, our Lives and Fortunes set
 Upon one stake, to give assurance now,
 By interchange of Hands and holy Vow,
 Never to break again : Walk thou that way,
 Whilst I in zealous Meditation stray
 A little this way ; when we both have ended
 These Rites and Duties ; by the Woods brfriended,
 And secrefie of Night, retire and find
 An aged Oak, whose hollownes may bind
 Us both within his Body, thither go,
 It stands within yon Bottom.

Daph. Be it so.

[*Exit Daphne.*

Cloe. And I will meet there never more with thee,
 Thou Idle Shamfac'dness. *Alex.* [*within.*] *Cloe!* *Cloe.*
 'Tis he

That dare, I hope, be bolder. *Alex.* *Cloe!* *Cloe.* Now,
 Great *Pan* for *Syrinx* sake bid speed our Plow. [*Exit Cloe.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Sullen Shepherd, with Amarillis in a Sleep.

Sull. FROM thy Forehead thus I take
These Herbs, and charge thee not awake
Till in yonder holy Well,
Thrice with pow'rful Magick Spell,
Fill'd with many a baleful word,
Thou'ft been dipt ; thus with my Cord
Of blasted Hemp, by Moon-light twin'd,
I do thy sleepy Body bind,
I turn thy Head into the East,
And thy Feet into the West,
Thy left Arm to the South put forth,
And thy right unto the North :
I take thy Body from the Ground,
In this deep and deadly Swound,
And into this holy Spring
I let thee slide down by my String.
Take this Maid thou holy Pit,
To thy bottom, nearer yet,
In thy Water pure and sweet,
By thy leave I dip her Feet ;
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her Ankles may be wet ;
Yet down lower, let her Knee
In thy Waters washed be ;
(35) There I stop. Now fly away
Ev'ry thing that loves the Day.

(35) *There stop : Fly away*] This unmusical Hemistich was probably occasioned by the Loss of one or more Words, which Mr. Symphon and I hope that we have retrieved ; because the Sense, as well as Measure, is improved by our Addition. For, according to the mangled Text above, he seems to dip her no lower than her Knee, whereas the Charm required him to dip her thrice over-head : And we accordingly find three different Periods in the following Incantation. At the first Dip, he charms away Truth ; at the second, he calls on several Animals and Beings remarkable for Changes ; at the third, on *Cynthia*, or the Moon, the most frequent Changer of all.

Truth

(36) Truth that beareth but one Face,
 Thus I charm thee from this Place.
 Snakes that cast your Coats for new,
 Camelions that alter hue,
 Hares that yearly Sexes change,
Proteus alt'ring oft and strange,
Hecate with Shapes three,
 Let this Maiden changed be,

(36) *Truth that hath but one Face,*] Mr. Symphon, for the sake of the Measure, would read,

Tbou Truth that hath but one Face,

But this, tho' it fills up the Syllables necessary to this Anacreontick Verse, makes the Accent or Quantity wrong in every Syllable. I therefore prefer my own Conjecture, which is as near the trace of the Letters, and gives the true Measure. I will here lay down the common Measure which these Anacreonticks observe. They require seven Syllables: The *Latins* would say that they consist of three *Trochees* and one *long Syllable*, as

Trūth thāt bēarēth bŭt ōne Fāce,

Thūs I chārm thēe frōm thīs Plāce.

But the *English* Measure is certainly govern'd by Accent, rather than Quantity. In our Heroick Verse the general Rule is, that the even Syllables should have the Accents. See *Note fifth* in *Wit without Money*. In these Anacreonticks the reverse happens, and the odd Syllables, *viz.* the *first, third, fifth and seventh*, must have the Accents; as

Thūs I chārm thee frōm this Plāce.

The chief Exception this Measure admits, is, that a *redundant Syllable* may be allow'd either at the *beginning* or *ending* of the Verse; but this Syllable can in neither Case ever have the *Accent* without hurting the Harmony. In four Lines of the Satyr's first Speech there are Instances of both.

————— *Nuts more brown*
Than the Squirril whose Teeth crack 'em;
Deign, O fairest Fair, to take 'em;
For these Black-ey'd Driope
Hath oftentimes commanded me, &c.

The final redundant Syllable in the first Couplet, making a double Rhime, is allowable in this and almost every *English* Measure. In the last Line the Reader will perceive by his Ear, that the first Syllable may be struck off or inserted, without any Injury to the Harmony of the Verse.

For these Black-ey'd Driope
Oftentimes commanded me, &c.

With

With this holy Water wet,
To the Shape of *Amoret*.

Cynthia work thou with my Charm,
Thus I draw thee free from harm
Up out of this blessed Lake,
Rise both like her and awake.

[*She awakes.*]

Amar. Speak Shepherd, am I *Amoret* to fight?
Or hast thou mist in any Magick Rite;
For want of which any Defect in me,
May make our practices discover'd be?

Sull. By yonder Moon, but that I here do stand,
Whose Breath hath thus transform'd thee, and whose
Hand

Let thee down dry, and pluckt thee up thus wet,
I shou'd my self take thee for *Amoret*;
Thou art in Cloaths, in Feature, Voice and Hue
So like, that Sense cannot distinguish you.

Amar. Then this Deceit, which cannot crossed be,
At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
Hither she needs must come by Promise made,
And sure his Nature never was so bad,
To bid a Virgin meet him in the Wood,
When Night and Fear are up, but understood
'Twas his part to come first: Being come, I'll say,
My constant Love made me come first and stay:
Then will I lead him further to the Grove,
But stay you here, and if his own true Love
Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong Path,
Which say her Lover lately trodden hath;
I'll not be far from hence. If need there be,
Here is another Charm, whose Pow'r will free
The dazled Sense, read by the Moon's beams clear,
And in my own true Shape make me appear.

Enter Perigot.

Sull. Stand close, here's *Perigot*, whose constant Heart
Longs to behold her in whose Shape thou art.

Per. This is the Place.— Fair *Amoret*.— The Hour
Is yet scarce come. Here every Sylvan Pow'r

Delights to be about yon sacred Well,
 Which they have blest with many a pow'rful Spell ;
 For never Traveller in dead of Night,
 Nor strayed Beasts have faln in, but when fight
 Hath fail'd them, then their right way they have found
 By help of them, so holy is the Ground :
 But I will farther seek, lest *Amoret*
 Should be first come, and so stray long unmet.

My *Amoret*, my *Amoret*.

Amar. My *Perigot*.

Per. My Love.

Amar. I come, my Love.

Sull. Now she hath got

Her own Desires, and I shall Gainer be
 Of my long-lookt-for hopes as well as she.
 How bright the Moon shines here, as if she strove
 To show her Glory in this little Grove

Enter Amoret.

To some new loved Shepherd. Yonder is
 Another *Amoret*. Where differs this
 From that ? but that she *Perigot* hath met,
 I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit : [lies,
 (37) Herbs, Woods, and Springs, the pow'r that in you
 If mortal Men cou'd know your properties !

Amo. Methinks it is not Night, I have no fear,
 Walking this Wood, of Lion, or of Bear,
 Whose Names at other times have made me quake,
 When any Shepherdess in her Tale spake
 Of some of them, that underneath a Wood
 Have torn true Lovers that together stood.
 Methinks there are no Goblins, and Mens talk,
 That in these Woods the nimble Fairies walk,

(37) *Herbs, Woods, and Springs, —*] Mr. *Sympton* thinks that the Woods had nothing to do in this Incantation, and would therefore read *Herbs, Words, and Springs*, which make up the three Parts of the Incantation, as described above. I think his Reading a very good one, but as the whole *Wood*, as well as the Water of the Well, is before called *holy*, and as the Gums, Barks, and Roots of Trees are physical as well as Herbs, I cannot see any reason for rejecting the old Text.

Are

Are Fables ; such a strong Heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with *Perigot*.

My *Perigot*, who's that, my *Perigot* ?

Sull. Fair Maid. *Amo.* Ay me, thou art not *Perigot*.

Sull. But I can tell ye news of *Perigot* :

An hour together under yonder Tree
He fate with wreathed Arms and call'd on thee,
And said, Why *Amoret* stay'st thou so long ?
Then starting up, down yonder Path he flung,
Lest thou hadst mist thy way : Were it Day-light,
He cou'd not yet have born him out of sight.

Amo. Thanks gentle Shepherd, and beshrew my stay,
That made me fearful I had lost my way :

As fast as my weak Legs (that cannot be
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,
I'll seek him out ; and for thy Courtesie
Pray *Pan* thy Love may ever follow thee.

[*Exit.*

Sull. How bright she was, how lovely did she show !
Was it not pity to deceive her so ?

(38) She pluckt her Garments up, and tript away,
And with a Virgin-innocence did pray
For me that perjur'd her. Whilst she was here,
Methought the Beams of Light that did appear
Were shot from her ; methought the Moon gave none,
But what it had from her : She was alone
With me, if then her Presence did so move,
Why did not I assay to win her Love ?

(39) She wou'd not sure have yielded unto me ?
Women love only Opportunity
And not the Man ; or if she had deny'd,
Alone, I might have forc'd her to have try'd

(38) *She pluckt*—] Mr. *Sympson* would read *tuckt*, which may perhaps be the properer Word ; but as I cannot think the other liable to the Construction he would give it, of pulling up her Garments higher than was decent, I don't admit the Necessity of a Change.

(39) *She would not sure have yielded unto me ;*

Women love only Opportunity

And not the Man ;] As these Sentences are pointed in

all the Editions, the first directly contradicts the second : I first read, *She would most sure*, but I rather choose to change the Points, and make the first a Question, and the other an Answer ; and this Mr. *Sympson* most approves.

Who

Who had been stronger: O vain Fool, to let
Such blest Occasion pass; I'll follow yet,
My Blood is up, I cannot now forbear.

Enter Alexis, and Cloe.

I come sweet *Amoret*. Soft, who is here?
A pair of Lovers? He shall yield her me:
Now Lust is up, alike all Women be.

Alex. Where shall we rest? but for the Love of me,
Cloe, I know, e'er this wou'd weary be.

Cloe. *Alexis*, let us rest here, if the Place
Be private, and out of the common Trace
Of ev'ry Shepherd: For I understood
This Night a number are about the Wood:
Then let us chuse some Place, where out of sight
We freely may enjoy our stoln Delight.

Alex. Then boldly here, where we shall ne'er be found,
No Shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallow'd Ground;
No Maid seeks here her strayed Cow, or Sheep,
Fairies and Fawns, and *Satyrs* do it keep:
Then carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,
And let no fear make us our Pleasures miss.

Cloe. Then lye by me, the sooner we begin,
The longer e'er the Day descry our Sin.

Sull. Forbear to touch my Love, (40) or by yon Flame,
And greatest Pow'r that Shepherds dare to name,

Here

(40) ————— or by yon Flame,

The greatest Pow'r that Shepherds dare to name,] Why
the Moon or any other Star should be call'd the greatest Pow'r that
Shepherd's dare to name; I cannot conceive. *Pan* is in all other
Places call'd the greatest God of the Shepherds, and would it rhyme
as well to the next Line, I should suspect that the Poet wrote

————— or by our Pan,

and this *Alexis's* Answer seems to imply, speaking directly in con-
tempt of *Pan*, and the Oath that was sworn by him. But perhaps
the Poet might mean by *yon Flame*, the Flame on *Pan's* Altar,
spoke of in the last Act.

————— by all the Rites

*Due to our God, and by those Virgin Lights
That burn before his Altar.* ———

But if this be the Poet's Intention, it is very obscure, unless he sup-
posed his Shepherds so far to follow the Customs of the antient *Greeks*,

Here where thou sit'st under this holy Tree
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be.

Alex. If *Pan* himself should come out of the Lawns,
With all his Troops of *Satyrs* and of *Fawns*,
And bid me leave, I swear by her two Eyes,
A greater Oath than thine, I would not rise.

Sull. Then from the cold Earth never thou shalt move,
But lose at one stroke both thy Life and Love.

Cloe. Hold, gentle Shepherd. *Sull.* Fairest Shepherdess,
Come you with me, I do not love ye less
Than that fond Man, that would have kept you there
From me of more Desert. *Alex.* O yet forbear
To take her from me; give me leave to die
By her.

The Satyr enters, he runs one way and she another.

Sat. Now whilst the Moon doth rule the Sky,
And the Stars, whose feeble Light
Give a pale Shadow to the Night,
Are up, great *Pan* commanded me
To walk this Grove about, whilst he
In a corner of the Wood,
Where never mortal Foot hath stood,
Keeps Dancing, Musick, and a Feast
To entertain a lovely Guest:
Where he gives her many a Rose,
Sweeter than the Breath that blows
The Leaves; Grapes, Berries of the best,
I never saw so great a Feast.
But to my charge: Here must I stay,
To see what Mortals lose their way,
And by a false Fire seeming bright,
Train them in and leave them right:

as to have an Altar always upon the Stage they acted on. My last
Conjecture, which upon the whole I think the most probable, is,

————— or by *yon Flame*,

And greatest Pow'r that Shepherds dare to name,

f. e. by the Moon and by *Pan*, the two common Powers which the
Shepherds in all other Scenes swear by. This, which occur'd but just
as the Sheet was going to the Press, I will venture into the Text.

Then must I watch if any be
 Forcing of a Chastity ;
 If I find it, then in haste
 Give my wreathed Horn a blast,
 And the Fairies all will run,
 Wildly dancing by the Moon,
 And will pinch him to the Bone,
 Till his lustful Thoughts be gone.

Alex. O Death !

Sat. Back again about this Ground,
 Sure I hear a mortal Sound ;
 I bind thee by this pow'rful Spell,
 By the Waters of this Well,
 By the glimm'ring Moon Beams bright,
 Speak again, thou mortal Wight.

Alex. Oh !

Sat. Here the foolish Mortal lies,
 Sleeping on the Ground : Arise.
 The poor Wight is almost dead,
 On the Ground his Wounds have bled,
 And his Cloaths foul'd with his Blood :
 To my Goddesses in the Wood
 Will I lead him, whose Hands pure
 Will help this mortal Wight to cure,

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cloe again.

Cloe. Since I beheld yon shaggy Man, my Breast
 Doth pant, each Bush, methinks, should hide a Beast :
 Yet my desire keeps still above my fear,
 I wou'd fain meet some Shepherd, knew I where :
 For from one cause of fear I am most free,
 It is impossible to ravish me,
 I am so willing. Here upon this Ground
 I left my Love all bloody with his Wound ;
 Yet still that fearful Shape made me be gone,
 Though he were hurt, I furnish'd was of one,
 But now both lost : *Alexis*, speak or move,
 If thou hast any Life, thou'rt yet my Love.
 He's dead, or else is with his little might
 Crept from the Bank for fear of that ill Spright.

Then

Then where art thou that struck'st my Love? O stay,
Bring me thy self in change, and then I'll say
Thou hast some Justice: I will make thee trim
With Flow'rs and Garlands that were meant for him;
I'll clip thee round with both mine Arms, as fast
As I did mean he should have been imbrac'd.
But thou art fled. What Hope is left for me?
I'll run to *Daphnis* in the hollow Tree,
Who I did mean to mock, though Hope be small,
To make him bold; rather than none at all,
I'll try him; his Heart, and my Behaviour too
Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do. [Exit.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. This was the Place, 'twas but my feeble fight,
Mixt with the horror of my Deed, and Night,
That shap'd these Fears, and made me run away,
And lose my beauteous hardly gotten Prey.
Speak, gentle Shepherdess, I am alone,
And tender Love for Love: But she is gone
From me, that having struck her Lover dead,
For silly Fear left her alone, and fled.
And see, the wounded Body is remov'd
By her of whom it was so well belov'd.

Enter Perigot, and Amarillis in the Shape of Amoret.

But all these Fancies must be quite forgot,
I must lye close. Here comes young *Perigot*
With subtle *Amarillis* in the Shape
Of *Amoret*. Pray Love he may not scape.

Amar. Beloved *Perigot*, shew me some place,
Where I may rest my Limbs, weak with the chace
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.

Per. Beshrew my tardy Steps: Here shalt thou rest
(41) Upon this holy Bank, no deadly Snake
Upon this Turf herself in folds doth make.

Here

(41) Upon this holy Bank,] I have before observed that this Passage equals the most descriptive Beauties of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*; though the Ideas are all negative, they strike the Imagination as pleasingly, and perhaps more strongly than positive ones. *Shakespeare* often de-

Here is no Poison for the Toad to feed :
 Here boldly spread thy Hands, no venom'd weed
 Dares blister them, no slimy Snail dare creep
 Over thy Face when thou art fast asleep ;
 Here never durst the babling Cuckow spit,
 No slough of falling Star did ever hit
 Upon this Bank ; let this thy Cabin be,
 This other set with Violets for me.

Amar. Thou dost not love me, *Perigot.* *Per.* Fair Maid,
 You only love to hear it often said ;

You do not doubt. *Amar.* Believe me but I do.

Per. What, shall we now begin again to woo ?
 'Tis the best way to make your Lover last,
 To play with him, when you have caught him fast.

Amar. By *Pan* I swear, I loved *Perigot*,
 And by yon Moon, I think thou lov'st me not.

Per. By *Pan* I swear, and if I falsely swear,
 Let him not guard my Flocks, let Foxes tear
 My earliest Lambs, and Wolves whilst I do sleep
 Fall on the rest, a Rot among my Sheep.

I love thee better than the careful Ewe
 The new'yea'd Lamb that is of her own hue ;
 I dote upon thee more than the young Lamb
 Doth on the Bagg that feeds him from his Dam.
 Were there a sort of Wolves got in my fold,
 And one ran after thee, both young and old

lights in such negative Descriptions. Thus *Midsummer Night's Dream*,
 A& II. The Fairy Song.

*You spotted Snakes with double Tongue,
 Thorny Hedgehogs be not seen ;
 Newts and blind Worms do no wrong,
 Come not near our Fairy Queen.*

This Song is again imitated by *Fletcher*, in the Song of the River God
 in the next Scene ; but in the Lines referred to above, he had more
 immediately in his Eye the Description of a Bank by *Shakespeare*, in
 the same Play and Act.

*I know a Bank, whereon the wild Thyme blows,
 Where Ox-lip and the nodding Violet grows
 O'er-canopy'd with luscious Woodbine,
 With sweet Musk-Roses, and with Eglantine :
 And there the Snake throws her enamel'd Skin,
 Weed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in.*

Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife
To save thee, whom I love above my Life.

Amar. How shall I trust thee, when I see thee chuse
Another Bed, and dost my Side refuse? [shewn

Per. 'Twas only that the chaste Thoughts might be
'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.

Amar. Come, *Perigot* will shew his pow'r, that he
Can make his *Amoret*, though she weary be,
Rise nimbly from her Couch, and come to his.
Here take thy *Amoret*, imbrace and kifs. [shou'd

Per. What means my Love? *Amar.* To do as Lovers
That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.

There's ne'er a Shepherdes in all the Plain
Can kifs thee with more Art, there's none can fain
More wanton tricks. *Per.* Forbear, dear Soul, to try,
Whether my Heart be pure; I'll rather die
Than nourish one Thought to dishonour thee.

Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as Chastity
Is amongst Women? *Perigot*, there's none,
That with her Love is in a Wood alone,
And wou'd come home a Maid; be not abus'd
With thy fond first Belief, let time be us'd:
Why dost thou rise? *Per.* My true Heart thou hast slain.

Amar. Faith *Perigot*, I'll pluck thee down again.

Per. Let go, thou Serpent, that into my Breast
Hast with thy cunning div'd; art not in jest?

Amar. Sweet Love, lie down. *Per.* Since this I live
to see,

Some bitter North Wind blast my Flocks and me.

Amar. You swore you lov'd, yet will not do my will.

Per. O be as thou wert once, I'll love thee still.

Amar. I am as still I was, and all my kind,
Though other Shows we have poor Men to blind.

Per. Then here I end all Love, and lest my vain
Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy Face that hath my Youth mis-led,
I end my Life, my Blood be on thy Head.

Amar. O hold thy Hands, thy *Amoret* doth cry.

Per. Thou counsell'st well, first *Amoret* shall dye,
That is the Cause of my eternal Smart. [He runs after her

Amar. O hold.

Per. This Steel shall pierce thy lustful Heart.

The Sullen Shepherd steps out and uncharms her.

Sull. Up and down and every where,
I strew these Herbs to purge the Air :
(42) Let your Odour drive from hence
All Mistes that dazle Sense.
Herbs and Springs whose hidden Might
Alters Shapes, and mocks the Sight,
Thus I charge ye to undo
All before I brought ye to :
Let her flye, and let her scape,
Give again her former Shape.

Enter Amarillis in her own Shape.

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle Swain, thou dost mistake,
She whom thou follow'dst fled into the Brake,
And as I crost thy way I met thy Wrath,
The only fear of which ne'er slain me hath.

Per. Pardon, fair Shepherdess, my Rage and Night
Were both upon me, and beguil'd my Sight ;
But far be it from me to spill the Blood
Of harmless Maids that wander in the Wood. [*Exit Ama.*]

Enter Amoret.

Amo. Many a weary step in yonder Path,
Poor hopeles *Amoret* twice trodden hath

(42) *Let your Odour drive hence*

All Mistes that dazle Sense.] I have taken the liberty of inserting a Particle, which I verily believe the Poet wrote ; for the loss of a Syllable in the second Line is entirely owing to the late Editions : the two old Folios read *Mistes*, which as I have often observ'd was spoke as two Syllables or one, as the Author pleas'd. In the last Line I'm afraid I have added a Word of my own. The former Editions read,

Give again her own Shape.

And the two old Folios spell it *owne*; so that I a little question whether that might not be pronounced as two Syllables, following the example of the French, who often pronounce the final *e* in Verse, tho' it is entirely dropt in speaking Prose. But this is as yet only a Suspicion just started. Perhaps I may find Proofs of it in the Progress of this Work.

To seek her *Perigot*, yet cannot hear
His Voice; my *Perigot*, she loves thee dear
That calls. *Per.* See yonder where she is, how fair
She shows? and yet her Breath infect the Air.

Amo. My *Perigot*. *Per.* Here. *Amo.* Happy!

Per. Hapless! first

It lights on thee, the next Blow is the worst. [*Strikes her.*]

Amo. Stay *Perigot*, my Love, thou art unjust.

Per. Death is the best reward that's due to Lust.

[*Exit Per.*]

Sull. Now shall their Love be crost, for being struck,
I'll throw her in the Fount, lest being took
By some Night-traveller, whose honest Care
May help to cure her. Shepherdess prepare
Your self to die. *Amo.* No Mercy I do crave,
Thou canst not give a worse Blow than I have;
Tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him too,
He struck my Soul, and not my Body through.
Tell him, when I am dead, my Soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injur'd me.

Sull. In this Fount be thy Grave; thou wert not meant
Sure for a Woman, thou'rt so Innocent.

[*Flings her into the Well.*]

She cannot scape, for underneath the Ground,
In a long hollow the clear Spring is bound,
(43) Till on yon Side where the Morn's Sun doth look,
The struggling Water breaks out in a Brook. [*Exit.*]

The God of the River riseth with Amoret in his Arms.

God. What pow'ful Charms my Streams do bring
Back again unto their Spring,
With such Force, that I their God,
Three times striking with my Rod,

(43) *Till on yon Side &c.] Milton in his Agonistes has a fine Description of a Fountain thus looking toward the East.*

*Wherever Fountain or fresh Current flow'd
Against the eastern Ray, translucent, pure,
With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery Rod,
I drank.*

Mr. Symfior.

Cou'd not keep them in their Ranks?
 My Fishes shoot into the Banks,
 There's not one that stays and feeds,
 All have hid them in the Weeds.
 Here's a Mortal almost dead,
 Faln into my River-head,
 Hallow'd so with many a Spell,
 That till now none ever fell.
 'Tis a female young and clear,
 Cast in by some Ravisher.
 See upon her Breast a Wound,
 On which there is no Plaister bound.
 Yet she's warm, her Pulses beat,
 'Tis a sign of Life and Heat.
 If thou be'st a Virgin pure,
 I can give a present Cure:
 (44) Take a Drop into thy Wound
 From my watry Locks more round

(44) *Take a Drop into thy Wound
 From my watry Locks more round*

Than Orient Pearl.] Nothing can be more beautiful than this Piece of Machinery, whether it be consider'd as an Allegory, *viz.* That the Coldness of the Water stopt the Bleeding of the Wound; or be looked on as the mere Produce of *Fancy* in a Species of Poetry which admits the introduction of Fauns, River-Gods, and all the rural Deities. In either of these Lights how striking and picturesque are the Images? What delicacy of Stile, and Harmony of Numbers? what pastoral Purity and Propriety in the Sentiments? *Milton* copy'd it in the Scene of *Sabrina*, at the latter end of *Comus*, and perhaps more closely than *Virgil* ever did any one Passage of *Homer* in his *Æneid*, or of *Theocritus* in his *Eclogues*. This healing of the Wound he imitates in his Dissolution of *Comus's* Spell.

*Thus I sprinkle on thy Breast
 Drops, that from my Fountain pure
 I have kept of precious Cure:
 Thrice upon thy Finger's tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied Lip.
 Next this marble venom'd Seat
 Smear'd with Gums of glutinous Heat,
 I touch with chaste Hands moist and cold.
 Now the Spell hath lost its hold.*

The two last of these Lines are a more immediate Imitation of what *Chlorin* afterwards says in healing *Amoret's* second Wound.

*With spotless Hand on spotless Breast
 I put these Herbs, to give thee Rest.*

Than

Than Orient Pearl, and far more pure
 Than unchaste Flesh may endure.
 See she pants, and from her Flesh
 The warm Blood gusheth out afresh.
 She is an unpolluted Maid ;
 I must have this bleeding staid.
 From my Banks I pluck this Flow'r
 With holy Hand, whose virtuous Pow'r
 Is at once to heal and draw.
 The Blood returns. I never saw
 A fairer Mortal. Now doth break
 Her deadly Slumber: Virgin, speak.

Amo. Who hath restor'd my Sense, giv'n me new
 Breath,

And brought me back out of the Arms of Death ?

God. I have heal'd thy Wounds. *Amo.* Ay me!

God. Fear not him that succour'd thee :

(45) I am this Fountain's God ; below
 My Waters to a River grow,
 And 'twixt two Banks with Osiers set,
 That only prosper in the Wet,

Through

(45) *I am this Fountain's God; &c.]* This beautiful Description of
 a Brook Milton makes *Sabrina* imitate in her Description of herself.

*By the rusby fringed Bank,
 Where grows the Willow, and the Osier dank,
 My sliding Chariot stays,
 Thick set with Agat and the Azurn shewn
 Of Turkis blue, and Emerauld green,
 That in the Channel strays.*

I believe the Reader will agree with me, that *Milton's* Images here
 have more of Pomp, but not so much of natural Beauty as those of
Fletcher. Sir *John Davies*, a Contemporary of our Authors, in his
 excellent Poem on the Immortality of the Soul, has a beautiful Simile
 from a Brook thus wandering in *Meanders*.

*And as the Moisture, which the thirsty Earth
 Sucks from the Sea, to fill her empty Veins,
 From out her Womb at last doth take a Birth,
 And runs a Nymph along the grassy Plains.
 Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the Land,
 From whose soft Side she first did Issue make;
 She tastes all Places, turns to every Hand,
 Her flow'ry Banks unwilling to forsake.*

Through the Meadows do they glide,
 Wheeling still on ev'ry Side,
 Sometimes winding round about,
 To find the even'st Channel out.
 And if thou wilt go with me,
 Leaving mortal Company,
 In the cool Streams shalt thou lye,
 Free from harm as well as I:
 I will give thee for thy Food,
 No Fish that useth in the Mud,
 But Trout and Pike that love to swim
 Where the Gravel from the Brim,
 Through the pure Streams may be seen:
 Orient Pearl fit for a Queen,
 Will I give thy Love to win,
 And a Shell to keep them in:
 Not a Fish in all my Brook
 That shall disobey thy Look,
 But when thou wilt come sliding by,
 And from thy white Hand take a Fly.
 And to make thee understand,
 How I can my Waves command,
 They shall bubble whilst I sing
 (46) Sweeter than the Silver String.

The

*Yet Nature so her Streams doth lead and carry,
 As that her Course doth make no final Stay,
 Till she herself unto the Ocean marry,
 Within whose watry Bosom first she lay.*

They who would see the fine Application of this Simile, may please to consult the Poem, and if they read from the beginning till they find it, their Time will not be ill spent.

(46) *Sweeter than the Silver Spring.*] I shall transcribe a Note on this which I sent Mr. *Theobald*, because from thence may be seen what weight may be allow'd to plausible Conjectures. *Waters bubbling sweeter than Waters*, is a very inaccurate Simile; but whether it was an Oversight of the Poet or the Printer may be hard to say; the former seems to have been rapt into such an Ecstasy, that a small Inaccuracy might have escaped him. But where a change of a Letter or two will turn an Absurdity into good Sense, I think it but a candid Presumption to suppose the Author faultless. I have two Conjectures so near the trace of the Letters that I scarce know which to prefer. 1st, *Sweeter than the Sylvan Spring*, i. e. the Melody of my Waters and my Voice shall be sweeter than that of the Birds in the Woods in Spring-time.

THE SONG.

Do not fear to put thy Feet
 Naked in the River sweet;
 Think not Leach, or Newt, or Toad,
 Will bite thy Foot, when thou hast trod;
 Nor let the Water rising high,
 As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
 And sob, but ever live with me,
 And not a Wave shall trouble thee.

Amo. Immortal Pow'r, that rul'st this holy Flood,
 I know my self unworthy to be woo'd
 By thee a God: For e'er this, but for thee
 I shou'd have shown my weak Mortality:
 Besides, by holy Oath betwixt us twain,
 I am betroth'd unto a Shepherd Swain,
 Whose comely Face, I know the Gods above
 May make me leave to see, but not to love.

God. May he prove to thee as true.
 Fairest Virgin, now adieu,
 (47) I must make my Waters fly,
 Lest they leave their Channels dry,

And

Spring-time. This which at first seem'd to have a little Stiffness in it,
 I am the more confirm'd in as it is perfectly pastoral, and as almost the
 same Expression occurs in the second Scene of the fifth Act.

*The Nightingale among the thick-leav'd Spring
 That sits alone in Sorrow.*

My second Conjecture is, *Silver String*, i. e. the bubbling of my
 Waters and my Song shall be sweeter than the Sound of the Harp or
 Viol. This is a more clear and easy but not so poetical an Expression.
 From this Reasoning, I believe I should have been tempted to have
 inserted *Sylvan Spring* in the Text, and had the Poet himself been
 living, I cannot think he would have been angry with me, tho' I
 am now certain that it is not the Original, for when upon poor Mr.
Theobald's Death, I received his valuable Collection of old Quartos,
 I found *Silver String* in the two oldest.

(47) *I must make my Waters fly,
 Lest they leave their Channels dry, &c.*] The Bounties of the
 River and the Gratitude of the Shepherds are closely imitated by
Milton in his Description of *Sabrina*.

————— *still she retains
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at Eve*

And Beasts that come unto the Spring
 Miss their Morning's Watering,
 Which I would not; for of late
 All the neighbour People sate
 On my Banks, and from the fold
 Two white Lambs of three Weeks old
 Offer'd to my Deity:
 For which this Year they shall be free
 From Raging Floods, that as they pass
 Leave their Gravel in the Grass:

*Visits the Herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin Blast, and ill-luck signs
 That the shrewd meddling Elfe delights to make,
 Which she with precious viol'd liquors heals.
 For which the Shepherds at their Festivals
 Carrol her goodness loud in rustick lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of Pancies, Pinks, and gaudy Daffadils.*

I believe the Reader will here again think that *Milton* has more Pomp and Sublimity, but that the extreme Prettiness, Delicacy and Ease of *Fletcher* is more consonant to the Pastoral, and consequently more pleasing. But this cannot be said of *Milton's* Imitation of *Amorei's* Answer, in which *Fletcher* has no other Advantage but that of writing first.

*Virgin Daughter of Loctrine,
 Sprung of old Anchises' Line,
 May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss,
 From a thousand petty rills
 That tumble down the snowy hills:
 Summer Drought, or singed Air
 Never scorch thy Tresses fair,
 Nor wet October's torrent flood
 Thy molten Crystal fill with mud;
 May thy billows rowl ashore
 The Beryl, and the golden Ore;
 May thy lofty head be crown'd
 With many a Tow'r and Terras round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With Groves of Myrrh, and Cinnamon.*

The Construction of the two last of *Milton's* Lines is a little difficult, to crown her Head with Tow'rs is true Imagery; but to crown her Head upon her Banks, will scarcely be allowed to be so. I would therefore put a Colon instead of a Comma at the last Line but two, and then read,

*And here and there thy banks upon
 Be Groves of Myrrh and Cinnamon.*

Nor shall their Meads be overflown,
When their Grafs is newly mown,

Amo. For thy Kindness to me shown,
Never from thy Banks be blown
Any Tree, with windy force,
Cross thy Streams, to stop thy course :
May no Beast that comes to drink,
With his Horns cast down thy Brink ;
May none that for thy Fish do look,
Cut thy Banks to damm thy Brook ;
Bare-foot may no Neighbour wade
In thy cool Streams Wife nor Maid,
When the Spawn on Stones do lye,
To wash their Hemp, and spoyl the Frye.

God. Thanks Virgin, I must down again,
Thy Wound will put thee to no Pain :
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone ;
A holy Hand was laid upon.

[*Exit.*

Amo. And I unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Perigot.

Per. **S**HE is untrue, unconstant, and unkind,
She's gone, she's gone, blow high thou North-
west Wind,

And raise the Sea to Mountains, let the Trees
That dare oppose thy raging Fury, leese
Their firm Foundation ; creep into the Earth,
And shake the World, as at the monstrous birth
Of some new Prodigy ; whilst I constant stand,
Holding this trusty Boar-spear in my Hand,
And falling thus upon it.

Enter

Enter Amarillis running.

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing Hand, thou art too hot
Against thy self; believe me comely Swain,
If that thou dy'st, not all the show'rs of Rain
The heavy Clouds send down can wash away
That foul unmanly Guilt the World will lay
Upon thee. Yet thy Love untainted stands:
Believe me, she is constant, not the Sands
Can be so hardly number'd as she won:
I do not trifle, Shepherd, by the Moon,
And all those lesser Lights our Eyes do view,
All that I told thee, *Perigot*, is true:
Then be a free Man, put away Despair,
And Will to dye, smooth gently up that fair
Dejected Fore-head: Be as when those Eyes
Took the first heat. *Per.* Alas he double dies,
That would believe, but cannot; 'tis not well
Ye keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
With many worse Companions: But oh Death,
I am not yet inamour'd of this Breath
So much, but I dare leave it, 'tis not pain
In forcing in a Wound, nor after gain
Of many Days, can hold me from my Will:
'Tis not my self, but *Amoret*, bids kill.

Amar. Stay but a little, little, but one hour,
And if I do not show thee, through the Pow'r
Of Herbs and Words I have, as dark as Night,
My self turn'd to thy *Amoret*, in Sight,
Her very Figure, and the Robe she wears,
With tawny Buskins, and the Hook she bears
Of thine own Carving, where your Names are set,
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret,
The *Prim-rose* Chaplet, (48) Taudry-lace and Ring,

(48) — *Taudry-lace* —] Mr. *Sympson* observes, that the Word *Taudry* did not give formerly any low or ridiculous Idea; the Expression is taken from *Spenser*, who in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, the Month *April*, calls the Virgins decked in their best Array to attend Queen *Elizabeth*,

*Bind your Fillets fast
And gird in your Waist
For more fineness with a taudry Lace.*

Thou

Thou gav'st her for her singing, with each thing
Else that she wears about her, let me feel
The first fell stroke of that Revenging Steel.

Per. I am contented, if there be a hope
To give it Entertainment, for the scope
Of one poor Hour; go, you shall find me next
Under yon shady Beech, ev'n thus perplext,
And thus believing. *Amar.* Bind, before I go,
Thy Soul by *Pan* unto me, not to do
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy Life,
Till my return.

Per. By *Pan*, and by the strife
He had with *Phæbus* for the Mastery,
When Golden *Midas* judg'd their *Minstralsey*,
I will not.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Satyre with Alexis hurt.

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
With this burthen full of Woe,
Through still silence of the Night,
Guided by the Glo-worm's Light,
Hither am I come at last,
Many a Thicket have I past,
Not a Twig that durst deny me,
Not a Bush that durst descry me,
To the little Bird that sleeps
On the tender Spray: Nor creeps
That hardy Worm with pointed Tail,
But if I be under Sail,
Flying faster than the Wind,
Leaving all the Clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender Head
In some hollow Tree or Bed
Of seeded Nettles: Not a Hare
Can be started from his Fare
By my footing, nor a fish
Is more sudden, nor a Fish
Can be found with greater ease,
Cut the vast unbounded Seas,
Leaving neither Print nor Sound,

Than

Than I, when nimble on the Ground,
 I measure many a League an Hour:
 But behold the happy Pow'r,
 That must ease me of my charge,
 And by holy Hand enlarge
 The Soul of this sad Man, that yet
 Lies fast bound in deadly fit;
 Heav'n and great *Pan* succour it!
 Hail thou Beauty of the Bower,
 Whiter than the Paramour
 Of my Master, let me crave
 Thy Virtuous help to keep from Grave
 This poor Mortal that here lies,
 Waiting when the Destinies
 Will undo his Thread of Life:
 View the Wound by cruel Knife
 Trencht into hm.

Clor. What art thou call'd me from my holy Rites,
 And with the feared name of Death affrights
 My tender Ears? Speak me thy Name and Will.

Sat. I am the *Satyre* that did fill
 Your Lap with early Fruit, and will,
 When I hap to gather more,
 Bring ye better and more store:
 Yet I come not empty now,
 See a Blossome from the Bow,
 But beshrew his Heart that pull'd it,
 And his perfect sight that cull'd it
 From the other springing Blooms;
 For a sweeter Youth the Grooms
 Cannot shew me, nor the Downs,
 Nor the many Neighbouring Towns;
 Low in yonder Glade I found him.
 Softly in mine Arms I bound him,
 Hither have I brought him sleeping
 In a Trance, his Wounds fresh weeping,
 In remembrance such Youth may
 Spring and perish in a Day.

Clor. *Satyr*, they wrong thee, that do term thee rude,
 Though thou be'st outward rough and tawny hued:

Thy

Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
 As his, who brags himself, born only Heir
 To all Humanity. Let me see the Wound :
 This Herb will stay the Current, being bound
 Fast to the Orifice, and this restrain
 Ulcers, and Swellings, and such inward Pain
 As the cold Air hath forc'd into the Sore :
 This to draw out such putrifying Gore
 As inward falls.

Sat. Heav'n grant it may be good.

Clor. Fairly wipe away the Blood :

Hold him gently, till I fling
 Water of a virtuous Spring
 On his Temples ; turn him twice
 To the Moon Beams, pinch him thrice,
 That the labouring Soul may draw
 From his great Eclipse. *Sat.* I saw
 His Eye-lids moving. *Clor.* Give him Breath.
 All the danger of cold Death
 Now is vanisht, with this Plaister,
 And this Unction, do I master
 All the festred ill that may
 Give him Grief another Day.

Sat. See he gathers up his Spright
 And begins to hunt for Light ;
 Now he gapes and breathes again :
 How the Blood runs to the Vein
 That erst was empty ! *Alex.* O my Heart,
 My dearest, dearest *Cloe*, O the smart
 Runs through my Side : I feel some pointed thing
 Pass through my Bowels, sharper than the Sting
 Of *Scorpion*.

Pan preserve me, what are you ?

Do not hurt me, I am true

To my *Cloe*, though she fly,

And leave me to this Destiny.

There she stands, and will not lend

Her smooth white Hand to help her Friend :

But I am much mistaken, for that Face
 Bears more Austerity and modest Grace,

More reprov'g and more awe
 Than these Eyes yet ever saw
 In my *Cloe*. Oh my Pain
 Eagerly renews again.

Give me your help for his sake you love best.

Clor. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,
 Till thou hast laid aside (49) all Heats, Desires,
 Provoking Thoughts that stir up lustful Fires,
 Commerce with wanton Eyes, strong Blood, and Will
 To execute, these must be purg'd, until
 The Veins grow whiter; then repent, and pray
 Great *Pan* to keep you from the like Decay,
 And I shall undertake your Cure with ease,
 Till when this virtuous Plaister will displease
 Your tender Sides; give me your Hand, and rise:
 Help him a little, *Satyre*, for his Thighs
 Yet are feeble.

Alex. Sure I've lost much Blood.

Sat. 'Tis no matter, 'twas not Good.
 Mortal, you must leave your Wooing,
 Though there be a joy in doing.
 Yet it brings much Grief behind it,
 They best feel it, that do find it.

Clor. Come bring him in, I will attend his Sore.
 When you are well, take heed you lust no more.

Sat. Shepherd, see what comes of Kissing,
 By my Head 'twere better missing.
 Brightest, if there be remaining
 Any service, without feigning

(49) ————— all Hearts Desires,
 Provoking Thoughts that stir up lusty Fires,] The Change
 of Hearts to Heats is by Mr. *Theobald* from the old Quarto; and as
Heats seems the common Word of our Author, I doubt not but it was
 the Original; and I think there is the same Reason, though not the
 same Authority, for changing *lusty* to *lustful*. The Substantive and
 Adjective *Lust* and *lustful* are the common Words used through this
 whole Play; and though *lusty*, may be supposed to give the same Idea,
 and to have the same Derivation, yet I see no Reason why the Author
 should use it in this unusual Sense here, rather than in any other part
 of the Play. Decency cannot be pleaded, because *Clorin* herself several
 times uses the common Word. Mr. *Sympson* concurr'd in con-
 jecturing both these Changes.

I will do it ; were I set
To catch the nimble Wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the Green,
Or to steal from the great Queen
Of the *Fairies*, all her Beauty,
I would do it, so much Duty
Do I owe those precious Eyes.

Clor. I thank thee, honest *Satyre* ; if the Cries
Of any other, that be hurt, or ill,
Draw thee unto them, prithee do thy Will
To bring them hither.

Sat. I will, and when the Weather
Serves to angle in the Brook,
I will bring a silver Hook,
With a Line of finest Silk,
And a Rod as white as Milk,
To deceive the little Fish :
So I take my leave, and wish
On this Bow'r may ever dwell
Spring, and Summer. *Clor.* Friend, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Amoret, seeking her Love.

Amo. This Place is ominous, for here I lost
My Love, and almost Life, and since have crost
All these Woods over, ne'er a Nook or Dell,
Where any little Bird or Beast doth dwell,
But I have sought him, (50) ne'er a bending Brow
Of any Hill, or Glade the Wind sings through,

(50) ——— ne'er a bending Brow

Of any Hill or Glade, the Wind sings through ;] The
Reader will see how the misplacing a single Comma (which has re-
mained from the first Edition till now) may confound the Ideas : The
Glade has a Brow, and the Wind sings through the Brow of a Hill.
This Passage is imitated by *Milton* in his *Comus*.

*I know each Lane, and every Alley, green
Dingle, or bushy Dell of this wild Wood,
And every bosky Bourn from side to side.*

It is certainly a great Honour, to *Fletcher* to be imitated so often by
Milton ; but it is a still greater, that *Milton* has full as often fallen
short of as excelled him. The Language is here again more pompous,
but the Images neither so numerous nor so beautiful as *Fletcher's*.

Nor a green Bank, nor Shade where Shepherds use
 To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or chuse
 Their *Valentines*, that I have mis'd, to find
 My Love in. *Perigot*, Oh too unkind,
 Why hast thou fled me? Whither art thou gone?
 How have I wrong'd thee? Was my Love alone
 To thee worth this scorn'd Recompence? 'Tis well,
 I am content to feel it: But I tell
 Thee Shepherd, and these lusty Woods shall hear,
 Forfaken *Amoret* is yet as clear
 Of any stranger Fire, as Heaven is
 From foul Corruption, or the deep Abyss
 From Light and Happiness; and thou may'st know
 All this for Truth, and how that fatal Blow
 Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine
 Fell on my Life, but from Suspect of thine,
 Or Fury more than Madness; therefore here,
 Since I have lost my Life, my Love, my Dear,
 Upon this cursed Place, and on this Green,
 That first divorc'd us, shortly shall be seen
 A sight of so great Pity, that each Eye
 Shall daily spend his Spring in Memory
 Of my untimely Fall.

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. I am not blind,
 Nor is it through the working of my Mind,
 That this shows *Amoret*; forsake me all
 That dwell upon the Soul, but what Men call
 Wonder, or more than Wonder, Miracle,
 For sure so strange as this, the Oracle
 Never gave answer of, it passeth Dreams,
 Or Madmens Fancy, when the many Streams
 Of new Imaginations rise and fall:
 'Tis but an hour since these Ears heard her call
 For Pity to young *Perigot*; while he,
 Directed by his Fury bloodily
 Lanch'd up her Breast, which bloodless fell and cold;
 And if Belief may credit what was told,

After

After all this, the Melancholy Swain
Took her into his Arms being almost slain,
And to the bottom of the holy Well
Flung her, for ever with the Waves to dwell.
'Tis she, the very same, 'tis *Amoret*,
And living yet, the great Pow'rs will not let
Their virtuous Love be cross'd. Maid, wipe away
Those heavy drops of Sorrow, and allay
(51) The Storm that yet goes high, which not deprest,
Breaks Heart and Life, and all before it rest:
Thy *Perigot*—— *Amo.* Where, which is *Perigot*?

Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, god wot,
Thee and thy Fortune, go and comfort him,
And thou shalt find him underneath a Brim
Of sailing Pines that edge yon Mountain in.

Amo. I go, I run, Heav'n grant me I may win
His Soul again. [Exit *Amoret*.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sul. Stay *Amarillis*, stay,
Ye are too fleet, 'tis two Hours yet to Day.
I have perform'd my Promise, let us sit
And warm our Bloods together till the fit
Come lively on us. *Amar.* Friend, you are too keen,
The Morning riseth and we shall be seen,
Forbear a little. *Sul.* I can stay no longer.

Amar. Hold Shepherd, hold, learn not to be a wronger
(52) Of your Word, was not your Promise laid,
To break their Loves first?

Sul. I have done it, Maid.

Amar. No, they are yet unbroken, met again,
And are as hard to part yet, as the stain

(51) *The Storm that yet goes high,——*] As this is Sense, I make
no change; but I think it probable the Poet might have wrote,

The Storm that yet blows high,——

This too Mr. *Sympson* sent me as his Conjecture.

(52) *Of your Word, ——*] It may be proper to observe here, that
your, *Hour*, and several other Words that are now always pronounced
as Monosyllables, were by the old Poets made one or two Syllables at
will; and every Reader should accustom his Ear to such Liberties, if
he hopes to free his Judgment from the Clogs of modern Prejudice.

Is from the finest Lawn. *Sul.* I say they are
Now at this present parted, and so far,
That they shall never meet.

Amar. Swain, 'tis not so,
For do but to yon hanging Mountain go,
And there believe your Eyes.

Sul. You do but hold
Off with Delays and Trifles; farewell cold
And frozen Bashfulness, unfit for Men;
Thus I salute thee Virgin:

Amar. And thus then

I bid you follow, catch me if you can.

[*Exit.*]

Sul. And if I stay behind I am no Man.

[*Exit running after her.*]

Enter Perigot.

Per. Night, do not steal away: I woo thee yet
To hold a hard Hand o'er the rusty Bit
That guides thy lazy Team: Go back again,
Bootes, thou that driv'st thy frozen Wain
Round as a Ring, and bring a second Night
To hide my Sorrows from the coming Light;
Let not the Eyes of Men stare on my Face,
And read my falling, give me some black place
Where never Sun-Beam shot his wholsom Light,
That I may sit and pour out my sad spright
Like running Water, never to be known
After the forced Fall and Sound is gone.

Enter Amoret looking for Perigot.

Amo. This is the Bottom: Speak if thou be here,
My *Perigot*, thy *Amoret*, thy Dear
Calls on thy loved Name.

Per. (53) What art? Who dare
Tread these forbidden Paths, where Death and Care
Dwell on the Face of Darknes?

Amo.

(53) *What art thou dar'st*] Almost every Edition has a different
Reading here: The first Quarto reads, *What thou dare*, the second,
What art thou dare; the later Editions preserve the Grammar
right,

Amo. 'Tis thy Friend,
 Thy *Amoret*, come hither, to give end
 To these Consumings; look up, gentle Boy,
 I have forgot those Pains and dear Annoy
 I suffer'd for thy sake, and am content
 To be thy Love again; why hast thou rent
 Those curled Locks, where I have often hung
 Ribands, and Damask-Roses, and have flung
 Waters distill'd to make thee fresh and gay,
 Sweeter than Nofegays on a Bridal Day?
 Why dost thou cross thine Arms, and hang thy Face
 Down by thy Bosom, letting fall apace
 From those two little Heav'ns upon the Ground
 Show'rs of more Price, more orient, and more round
 Than those that hang upon the Moon's pale Brow?
 Cease these Complainings, Shepherd, I am now
 The same I ever was, as kind and free,
 And can forgive before you ask of me.
 Indeed I can and will.

Per. So spoke my Fair.
 O you great working Pow'rs of Earth and Air,
 Water and forming Fire, why have you lent
 Your hidden (54) Virtues to so ill Intent?
 Ev'n such a Face, so fair, so bright of Hue
 Had *Amoret*; such Words, so smooth and new,
 Came flying from her Tongue; such was her Eye,
 And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
 Forth like a bleeding Shaft; all is the same,
 The Robe and Buskins, painted Hook, and Frame
 Of all her Body. O me, *Amoret*! [set

Amo. Shepherd, what means this Riddle? Who hath

right, but neglect the Rhimes. Mr. *Theobald*, in his Margin, has left *dares*, and has put *cares* to answer it in the next Line, but *care* in the singular is more poetical; I have therefore preferred what Mr. *Symphon* and I, by Conjecture, concurr'd in.

(54) — [*Virtues of so ill Intent?*] Tho' *Virtues* is the same as *Powers*, yet *Virtues of so ill Intent* is too stiff an Expression to be suppos'd genuine. My Reading gives, I think, the natural Sense of the Passage. Why have you lent your Powers, and suffered a Miracle to be wrote, for so ill a Purpose as deceiving me into Murder?

So strong a difference 'twixt my self and me
 That I am grown another? Look and see
 The Ring thou gav'st me, and about my Wrist
 That curious Bracelet thou thy self did'st twist
 From those fair Tresses : Know'st thou *Amoret* ?
 Hath not some newer Love forc'd thee forget
 Thy ancient Faith ?

Per. Still nearer to my Love ;
 These be the very Words she oft did prove
 Upon my Temper, so she still wou'd take
 Wonder into her Face, and silent make
 Signs with her Head and Hand, as who wou'd say,
 Shepherd, remember this another Day.

Amo. Am I not *Amoret* ? Where was I lost ?
 (55) Can there be Heav'n, and Time, and Men, and most
 Of these unconstant ? Faith, where art thou fled ?
 Are all the Vows and Protestations dead,
 The Hands held up, the Wishes, and the Heart,
 Is there not one remaining, not a part
 Of all these to be found ? Why then I see
 Men never knew that Virtue, Constancy.

Per. Men ever were most blessed, till cross Fate
 Brought Love and Women forth, Unfortunate
 To all that ever tasted of their Smiles,
 Whose Actions are all double, full of Wiles :

(55) *Can there be Heav'n, and Time, and Men, and most
 Of these unconstant ?* —] I shall not venture to change the
 Text here, tho' I cannot construe it into any consistent Sense. Does
these refer both to Heaven and Time, as well as Men ? Surely no, for
 why must Heaven be accused of Man's Inconstancy ? The Sense which
 I think is aimed at is, " Can Men believe a Heaven and its Justice
 " against Inconstancy, and yet most of them be inconstant ? " But
 then, what has *Time* to do in the Sentence ? The only Reading that
 I can form near the Trace of the Letters which will give this Sense, is,

*Can there be Heav'n and Truth with Men, yet most
 Of these unconstant ?* —

What makes it highly probable that the Text is corrupt, is, that the
 first old Quarto, whose Authority out-weighs all the latter Editions,
 as being the only Guide the others followed, is confused in this Line.
 It reads,

*Can there be Heaven, and Time, and Men, most
 Of these unconstant ?* —

Like

Like to the subtle Hare, that 'fore the Hounds
Makes many Turnings, Leaps, and many Rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the Scent
Of her pursuers.

Ano. 'Tis but to prevent
Their speedy coming on, that seek her Fall,
The Hands of cruel Men, more bestial,
And of a Nature more refusing Good
Than Beasts themselves, or Fishes of the Flood.

Per. Thou art all these, and more than Nature meant.
When she created all, Frowns, Joys, Content ;
Extream Fire for an Hour, and presently
Colder than sleepy Poison, or the Sea,
Upon whose Face sits a continual Frost :
(56) Your Actions over driven for the most,
Then down again as low, that none can find
The rise or falling of a Woman's Mind.

Ano. Can there be any Age, or Days, or Time,
Or Tongues of Men, guilty so great a Crime
As wronging simple Maid ? O *Perigot*,
Thou that wast Yesterday without a blot,
Thou that wast ev'ry good, and ev'ry thing
That Men call blessed ; thou that wast the Spring
From whence our looser Grooms drew all their best ;
Thou that wast always just, and always blest
In Faith and Promise ; thou that hadst the Name
Of Virtuous given thee, and mad'st good the same
Ev'n from thy Cradle ; thou that wast that all
That Men delighted in ; Oh what a Fall
Is this, to have been so, and now to be
The only best in Wrong and Infamy,
And I to live to know this ! And by me
That lov'd thee dearer than mine Eyes, or that
Which we esteem'd our Honour, Virgin State ;

(56) *Your Actions ever driven to the most,
Then down again as low, —]* If their Actions were
ever driven to the most or highest, how could they sometimes take
the contrary Extreme and fall low again ? The Text, I verily be-
lieve, is corrupt, and hope my Emendation will be allowed ; it keeps
very near the Trace of the Letters, and gives this Sense : Women
for the most part act the Part of Over-niceness and Chastity, and yet
sometimes descend to the lowest Depths of Vice.

Dearer

Dearer than Swallows love the early Morn,
 Or Dogs of Chase the sound of merry Horn ;
 Dearer than thou thy new Love, if thou hast
 Another, and far dearer than the last ;
 Dearer than thou canst love thy self, though all
 The Self-love were within thee that did fall
 With that coy Swain that now is made a Flow'r,
 For whose dear sake *Eccho* weeps many a Show'r.
 And am I thus rewarded for my Flame ?
 Lov'd worthily to get a Wanton's Name ?
 Come, thou forsaken Willow, wind my Head,
 And noise it to the World my Love is Dead.
 I am forsaken, I am cast away,
 And left for every lazy Groom to say,
 I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
 Than the quick Clouds we see, or the chill Frost
 When the hot Sun beats on it. Tell me yet,
 Canst thou not love again thy *Amoret* ?

Per. Thou art not worthy of that blessed Name ;
 I must not know thee, sling thy wanton Flame
 Upon some lighter Blood, that may be hot
 With Words and feigned Passions : *Perigot*
 Was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now
 Stoop to the meltings of a borrow'd Brow.

Amo. (57) Then hear me Heav'n, to whom I call for
 right,
 And you fair twinkling Stars that crown the Night ;
 And

(57) *Then hear me Heav'n, to whom I call for right,*] I think it is an Observation in one of Mr. *Pope's* Letters, that the Harmony of *English* Verse consists in the Variation of the Pauses betwixt the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh Syllables: And it is a known Rule, that the most natural Pause of the *English* Verse is at the fourth Syllable. The Modern Poets, from *Waller* to Mr. *Pope*, by confining their Pauses almost always to those four Syllables, and ofteneft to the fourth, have preserved an Uniformity of Numbers and Cadence which is very rarely found in either *Spenser*, *Shakespeare*, *Fletcher* or *Milton*. Most of these have done it occasionally, as *Fletcher* has done here for some Lines together ; but they generally vary their Pauses freely through all the Syllables. Let us therefore ask, whether the common Opinion of *Waller*, *Dryden*, and *Pope's*, being the Refiners and Smoothers of the *English* Metre, be well or ill grounded ? Have the softest and smoothest of their Writings more Delicacy and Harmony than several Parts of
Gomus

And hear me Woods, and silence of this Place,
And ye sad Hours that move a fullen pace ;
Hear me ye Shadows that delight to dwell
In horrid Darknes, and ye pow'rs of Hell,
Whilst I breathe out my last ; I am that Maid,
That yet untainted *Amoret*, that play'd
The careless Prodigal, and gave away
My Soul to this young Man, that now dares say
I am a stranger, (58) not the same, more wild ;
And thus with much Belief I was beguil'd.
I am that Maid, that have delay'd, deny'd,
And almost scorn'd the loves of all that try'd
To win me, but this Swain, and yet confess
I have been woo'd by many with no less
Soul of Affection, and have often had
Rings, Belts, and Cracknels sent me from the Lad
That feeds his Flocks down Westward ; Lambs and Doves
By young *Alexis* ; *Daphnis* sent me Gloves,
All which I gave to thee : Nor these, nor they
That sent them did I smile on, or e'er lay
Up to my after-memory. But why
Do I resolve to Grieve, and not to Die ?
Happy had been the stroak thou gav'st, if home ;
By this time had I found a quiet Room
Where every Slave is free, and every Breast
That living breeds new Care, now lies at rest ;
And thither will poor *Amoret*.

Per. Thou must.

Was ever any Man so loth to trust

Comus and the *Faithful Shepherdess*? More uniform they are, we allow, like the Gardens which *Mr. Pope* describes, where

*Grove nods at Grove, each Alley has a Brother,
And half the Platform just reflects the other.*

But is this a true or a false Taste? We certainly borrow'd it from the *French* in the *Gallic* (not *Augustine*) Age of King *Charles* the Second ; and if we admire it, let us acknowledge our Benefactors.

(58) ———not the same, more wild ;] As this is Sense, I don't reject it, though I think it probable that the Author's Word was *wilde*, the old way of spelling *vile*.

His Eyes as I? Or was there ever yet
 Any so like as this to *Amoret*?
 For whose dear sake, I promise if there be
 A living Soul within thee, thus to free
 Thy Body from it. [*He hurts her again.*]

Amo. So, this Work hath end:
 Farewel and live, be constant to thy Friend
 That loves thee next.

Enter Satyre, Perigot runs off.

Sat. See the Day begins to break,
 And the Light shoots like a streak
 Of subtle Fire, the Wind blows cold,
 While the Morning doth unfold;
 Now the Birds begin to rouse,
 And the Squirrel from the Boughs
 Leaps, to get him Nuts and Fruit;
 (59) The early Lark, that earst was mute,
 Carols to the rising Day,
 Many a Note and many a Lay:
 Therefore here I end my Watch,
 Lest the wandring Swain should catch
 Harm, or lose himself. *Amo.* Ah me!

Sat. Speak again, what e'er thou be,
 I am ready, speak I say:
 By the dawning of the Day,

(59) *The early Lark*,—] I have somewhere heard it observed, that the *English* Poets are much more happy in their Descriptions of the Morning and Evening, than either the *Greeks* or *Romans*; and perhaps the Reason may be, that the Twilight in Summer is longer, and consequently the Mornings and Evenings are more beautiful in the Northern than in the Southern Climates. The Truth of the Observation might be abundantly proved, and *Fletcher's* Mornings and Evenings in this Play would be very high in the List of *English* Beauties. *Milton*, in his *L. Allegro*, has imitated this Description of the Lark, and, as usual, has exceeded him in Energy and Grandeur, as much as he has fallen short in Sweetness and Prettiness.

*To hear the Lark begin his Flight,
 And singing startle the dull Night,
 From his Watch-tow'r in the Skies,
 Till the dappled Dawn doth rise.*

By the pow'r of Night and Pan,
I inforce thee speak again.

Amo. O I am most unhappy.

Sat. Yet more Blood!

Sure these wanton Swains are wood.
Can there be a Hand or Heart,
Dare commit so vile a part
As this Murder? By the Moon,
That hid her self when this was done,
Never was a sweeter Face:
I will bear her to the Place
Where my Goddes keeps; and crave
Her to give her Life or Grave.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Clorin.

Clor. Here whilst one Patient takes his Rest secure
I steal abroad to do another Cure.
Pardon, thou buried Body of my Love,
That from thy Side I dare so soon remove;
I will not prove unconstant, (60) I will leave
Thee for an hour alone. When I deceive
My first made Vow, the wildest of the Wood
Tear me, (61) and o'er thy Grave let out my Blood;
I go by Wit to cure a Lover's Pain
Which no Herb can; being done, I'll come again.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Thenot.

The. Poor Shepherd, in this Shade for ever lie,
And seeing thy fair *Clorin's* Cabin, die:
O hapless Love, which being answer'd, ends;
And as a little Infant cries and bends

(60) ——— *nor will leave*

Thee for an hour alone. —] If this be genuine, the Sense will be, that I will not leave thee alone, even a full Hour; but this appears so stiffly expressed that I have chang'd the Negative to an Affirmative; making her say, that she would absent herself for one Hour only.

(61) ——— *and o'er my Grave* —] Mr. *Theobald* has restored the true Reading from the first Quarto, and Mr. *Symphon* by Conjecture.

His

His tender Brows, when rowling of his Eye
 He hath espy'd some thing that glisters nigh
 Which he wou'd have, yet give it him, away
 He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
 With something else : Such my Affection, set
 On that which I shou'd loath, if I cou'd get.

Enter Clorin.

Clor. See where he lyes ; did ever Man but he
 Love any Woman for her Constancy
 To her dead Lover, which she needs must end
 Before she can allow him for her Friend,
 And he himself must needs the Cause destroy,
 For which he loves, before he can enjoy ?
 Poor Shepherd, Heav'n grant I at once may free
 Thee from thy Pain, and keep my Loyalty.
 Shepherd, look up.

The. Thy Brightness doth amaze !
 So *Phæbus* may at Noon bid Mortals gaze,
 Thy glorious Constancy appears so bright,
 I dare not meet the Beams with my weak sight.

Clor. Why dost thou pine away thy self for me ?

The. Why dost thou keep such spotless Constancy ?

Clor. Thou holy Shepherd, see what for thy sake
Clorin, thy *Clorin*, now dares undertake. [*He starts up.*]

The. Stay there, thou constant *Clorin*, if there be
 Yet any part of Woman left in thee
 To make thee light ; think yet before thou speak.

Clor. See what a holy Vow for thee I break.
 I, that already have my Fame far spread,
 For being constant to my Lover dead.

The. Think yet, dear *Clorin*, of your Love, how true,
 If you had died, he would have been to you.

Clor. Yet all I'll lose for thee.

The. Think but how blest
 A constant Woman is above the rest.

Clor. And offer up my self, here on this Ground,
 To be dispos'd by thee.

The. Why dost thou wound

His Heart with Malice against Woman more,
That hated all the Sex, but thee, before?
How much more pleasant had it been to me
To die, than to behold this Change in thee?
Yet, yet, return, let not the Woman sway.

Clor. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
Who for thy sake hath ventur'd all her Fame.

The. Thou hast not ventur'd, (62) but bought certain
Shame.

Your Sex's Curse, foul Falshood, must and shall,
I see, once in your Lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now : Yet turn.

Clor. Be just to me :

Shall I at once both lose my Fame and thee?

The. Thou hadst no Fame, that which thou didst like
good

Was but thy Appetite that sway'd thy Blood
For that time to the best : For as a blast
That through a House comes, usually doth cast
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper Room ;
So did thy Appetite, and not thy Zeal,
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.
Yet turn.

Clor. Thou dost but try me if I would
Forsake thy dear Imbraces, for my old
Love's, though he were alive : But do not fear.

The. I do contemn thee now, and dare come near,
And gaze upon thee ; for methinks that Grace
Austerity, which sate upon that Face
Is gone, and thou like others ; false Maid, see,
This is the gain of foul Inconstancy. [Exit.

Clor. 'Tis done, great *Pan*, I give thee thanks for it ;
What Art could not have heal'd, is cur'd by Wit.

Enter Thenot again.

The. Will ye be constant yet ? Will ye remove
Into the Cabin to your buried Love ?

(62) ——— *but brought certain Shame.*] I found my Conjecture
here confirmed by the first old Quarto, and the second Folio.

Clor.

Clor. No let me die, but by thy Side remain.

The. There's none shall know that thou didst ever stain
Thy worthy Strictness, but shalt honour'd be,
And I will lie again under this Tree,
And pine and die for thee with more Delight,
Than I have Sorrow now to know thee light.

Clor. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt.

The. Thou art of Womens Race, and full of Guilt.
Farewel all hope of that Sex ; whilst I thought
There was one Good, I fear'd to find one Naught :
But since their Minds I all alike espy,
Henceforth I'll chuse as others, by mine Eye.

Clor. Blest be ye Pow'rs that give such quick Redress,
And for my Labours sent so good Success.

I rather chuse, though I a Woman be,
He should speak ill of all, than die for me. [*Exeunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Priest, and Old Shepherd.

Priest. **S** Hepherds, rise and shake off Sleep,
See the blushing Morn doth peep
Through the Window, while the Sun
To the Mountain Tops is run,
Gilding all the Vales below
With his rising Flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up ye lazy Grooms, and fill
Bag and Bottle for the Field ;
Clasp your Cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter North-east Wind.
Call the Maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a Friend all Day ;
Then reward your Dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from Decay :
So unfold and then away.

What,

What, not a Shepherd stirring? Sure the Grooms
Have found their Beds too easie, or the Rooms
Fill'd with such new Delight, and Heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry Sheep, and Day;
Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloth and Neglect lays on a Shepherd's Name.

Old Shep. It is to little purpose, not a Swain
This Night hath known his Lodging here, or lain
Within these Cotes: The Woods, or some near Town,
That is a Neighbour to the bord'ring Down,
Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty Sport,
Or spiced Waffel-Boul, to which resort
All the young Men and Maids of many a Cote,
Whilst the trim Minstrel strikes his merry Note.

Priest. God pardon Sin, show me the way that leads
To any of their Haunts.

Old Shep. This to the Meads,
And that down to the Woods.

Priest. Then this for me;
Come Shepherd let me crave your Company. [Exeunt.]

Enter Clorin in her Cabin, Alexis with her.

Clor. Now your Thoughts are almost pure,
And your Wound begins to cure:
Strive to banish all that's vain,
Lest it should break out again.

Alex. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy Maid:
I find my former wandring Thoughts well staid
Through thy wise Precepts, and my outward Pain,
By thy choice Herbs, is almost gone again:
Thy Sex's Vice and Virtue are reveal'd
At once, for what one hurt another heal'd.

Clor. (63) May thy Griefe more appease,
Relapses are the worst Disease.
Take heed how you in Thought offend,
So Mind and Body both will mend.

(63) *May thy Griefe more appease,*] Here Grief is to be spoke as two Syllables.

Enter Satyre with Amoret.

Amo. Be'st thou the wildest Creature of the Wood,
That bear'st me thus away, drown'd in my Blood,
And dying, know I cannot injur'd be,
I am a Maid, let that Name fight for me.

Sat. Fairest Virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy Body bear,
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be ;
Men are ruder far than we.
See fair Goddess, in the Wood
They have let out yet more Blood.
Some Savage Man hath struck her Breast,
So soft and white, that no wild Beast
Durst 'a touch'd, asleep, or wake :
So sweet, that *Adder*, *Newte*, or *Snake*,
Would have lain from Arm to Arm,
On her Bosom to be warm
All a Night, and being hot,
Gone away and stung her not.
Quickly clap Herbs to her Breast ;
A Man sure is a kind of Beast.

Clor. With spotless Hand, on spotless Breast
I put these Herbs, to give thee rest :
Which till it heal thee, will abide,
If both be pure ; if not, off slide.
See it falls off from the Wound :
Shepherdess thou art not found,
Full of Lust.

Sat. Who would have thought it,
So fair a Face !

Clor. Why that hath brought it.

Amo. For ought I know or think, these Words, my last :
Yet *Pan* so help me as my Thoughts are Chaste.

Clor. And so may *Pan* bless this my Cure,
As all my Thoughts are just and pure ;
Some Uncleaness nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my Med'cines work.

Satyre, search if thou canst find it.

Sat. Here away methinks I wind it,

Stronger

Stronger yet: Oh here they be,
Here, here, in a hollow Tree,
Two fond Mortals have I found.

Clor Bring them out, they are unfound.

Enter Cloe, and Daphnis.

Sat. By the Fingers thus I wring ye,
To my Goddess thus I bring ye ;
Strife is vain, come gently in,
I scented them, they're full of sin.

Clor. Hold thee, *Satyre*, take this Glass,
Sprinkle over all the Place,
Purge the Air from lustful Breath,
To save this Shepherdess from Death,
And stand you still whilst I do dress
Her Wound, for fear the Pain increase.

Sat. From this Glass I throw a drop
Of Christal Water on the top
Of every Grass, on Flow'rs a pair:
Send a Fume, and keep the Air
Pure and wholesome, sweet and blest,
'Till this Virgin's Wound be drest.

Clor. *Satyre* help to bring her in.

Sat. By *Pan*, I think she hath no sin,
She is so light: lye on these Leaves.
Sleep that mortal Sense deceives,
Crown thine Eyes, and ease thy Pain,
May'st thou soon be well again.

Clor. *Satyre*, bring the Shepherd near,
Try him if his Mind be clear.

Sat. Shepherd come.

Daph. My Thoughts are pure.

Sat. The better Trial to endure.

Clor. (64) In this Flame his Finger thrust,
Which will burn him if he lust ;

But

(64) *In this Flame* —] This is taken Word for Word from *Shakespeare*: *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the End of the last Act.

*With trial Fire touch me his Finger end ;
If he be chaste, the Flame will back descend*

But if not, away will turn,
As loth unspotted Flesh to burn.
See it gives back, let him go,
Farewel Mortal, keep thee so.

Sat. Stay fair Nymph, flye not so fast,
We must try if you be chaste :
Here's a Hand that quakes for fear,
Sure she will not prove so clear.

Clor. Hold her Finger to the Flame,
That will yield her Praise or Shame.

Sat. To her Doom she dares not stand,
But plucks away her tender Hand,
And the Taper darting sends
His hot Beams at her Fingers ends.
O thou art foul within, and hast
A Mind, if nothing else, unchaste.

Alex. Is not that *Cloe*? 'tis my Love, 'tis she :
Cloe, Fair Cloe.

Cloe. My *Alexis.* *Alex.* He.

Cloe. Let me embrace thee. *Clor.* Take her hence,
Lest her Sight disturb his Sense.

Alex. Take not her, take my Life first.

Clor. See, his Wound again is burst :
Keep her near, here in the Wood,
'Till I have stopt these Streams of Blood.
Soon again he Ease shall find,
If I can but still his Mind.
This Curtain thus I do display,
To keep the piercing Air away.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Old Shepherd and Priest.

Priest. Sure they are lost for ever ; 'tis in vain
To find them out with trouble and much pain,

*And put him to no pain ; but if he start
It is the Flesh of a corrupted Heart.*

Mr. Symphon.

I take the Trial-fire not to have been an Invention of *Shakespear*, but a commonly believed Legend of the Fairies. In the poetick Part *Fletcher* has as much improved on *Shakespear*, as *Milton* has done on *Fletcher* in any of his Imitations above quoted. The Lines relating to *Cloe's* Trial are remarkably beautiful.

That

That have a ripe Desire, and forward Will
To fly the Company of all but ill.
What shall be counsell'd now, shall we retire,
Or constant follow still that first Desire
We had to find them?

Old Shep. Stay a little while ;
For, if the Morning's Mist do not beguile
My sight with Shadows, sure I see a Swain ;
One of this jolly Troop's come back again.

Enter Thenot.

Priest. Dost thou not blush, young Shepherd, to be
known,
Thus without care, leaving thy Flocks alone,
And following what Desire and present Blood
Shapes out before thy burning Sense for good,
Having forgot what Tongue hereafter may
Tell to the World thy falling off, and say
Thou art regardless both of good and shame,
Spurning at Virtue, and a virtuous Name,
(65) And like a glorious desp'rate Man that buys
A Poison of much Price, by which he dies,
Dost thou lay out for Lust, whose only gain
Is foul Disease, (66) with present Age and Pain,
And then a Grave? These be the Fruits that grow
In such hot Veins that only beat to know
Where they may take most Ease, and grow Ambitious
Through their own wanton Fire, and Pride delicious.

The. Right holy Sir, I have not known this Night,
What the smooth Face of Mirth was, or the sight

(65) *And like a glorious desp'rate Man that buys
A Poison of much Price,*—] *Mr. Symphon* would read *furious*,
desperate Man, but I am afraid this would be turning a Beauty into a
Tautology. He is *desperate* or *furious*, because he buys a Poison ; he
is *glorious*, because he buys one of great Price.

(66) ——— *with present Age and Pain,*] *Mr. Symphon* would read
Aches and Pain. But exactly the same may be said of this Conjecture
as the former. The Gain of Lust is Disease, *an early old Age*, Pain
and Death : *Present Age* is therefore a remarkably strong Expression.

Of any Looseness ; Musick, Joy and Ease
 Have been to me as bitter Drugs to please
 A Stomach lost with weakness, not a Game
 That I am skill'd at throughly : Nor a Dame,
 Went her Tongue smoother than the feet of Time,
 Her Beauty ever living, like the Rhime
 (67) Our blessed *Tityrus* did sing of yore,
 No, were she more enticing than the store
 Of fruitful Summer, when the loaden Tree
 Bids the faint Traveller be bold and free,
 'Twere but to me like Thunder 'gainst the Bay,
 Whose Lightning may inclose, but never stay
 Upon his charmed Branches ; such am I
 Against the catching Flames of Woman's Eye.

Priest. Then wherefore hast thou wandred ?

The. 'Twas a Vow

That drew me out last Night, which I have now
 Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
 Fresh Pasture to my Sheep, that they may live.

Priest. 'Tis good to hear ye Shepherd, if the Heart
 In this well sounding Musick bear his part.
 Where have you left the rest ?

The. I have not seen,
 Since yesternight we met upon this Green
 To fold our Flocks up, any of that Train ;
 Yet have I walk'd those Woods round, and have lain
 All this same Night under an aged Tree,
 Yet neither wandring Shepherd did I see,
 Or Shepherdess, or drew into mine Ear
 The sound of living thing, unless it were

(67) *Our blessed Tityrus*—] Mr. *Symson* would suppose that *Spenser* is meant here, but I happen to dissent from him in this likewise ; First, because *Spenser* died but a few Years before this Play was wrote, and the Expression of *yore* seems to imply an earlier Date : Secondly, because *Tityrus* is the Name which *Spenser* had in all his Pastorals given to *Chaucer*, and as *Fletcher* frequently imitates those Pastorals, I doubt not but *Chaucer* was here intended ; particularly as *Spenser* is, I believe, afterwards mentioned with still greater Honour than *Chaucer* is here.

(68) The Nightingale among the thick-leav'd spring
That sits alone in Sorrow, and doth sing
Whole Nights away in mourning; or the Owl,
Or our great Enemy that still doth howl
Against the Moon's cold Beams.

Priest. Go, and beware
Of after falling.

The. Father, 'tis my care. [Exit *Thenot.*]

Enter Daphnis.

Old Shep. Here comes another Straggler, sure I see
A shame in this young Shepherd. *Daphnis!*

Daph. He. [been,

Priest. Where hast thou left the rest, that should have
Long before this, grazing upon the Green
Their yet imprison'd Flocks?

Daph. Thou holy Man,
Give me a little breathing, 'till I can
Be able to unfold what I have seen;
Such horror, that the like hath never been
Known to the Ear of Shepherd: Oh my Heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavy Tidings! You all know the Bow'r
Where the chaste *Clorin* lives, by whose great Pow'r

(68) *The Nightingale among &c.*] This Description of the Nightingale is taken from *Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar*, August.

*Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That blessed Bird, that spends her time of Sleep
In Songs and plaintive Pleas, the more t'augment
The Memory of his Misdeed that bred her Woe.*

Both *Spenser's* and *Fletcher's* are extremely beautiful, and the Sound in both a perfect Echo to the Sense; yet are they scarce to be named with that noble Simile of the Nightingale at the End of the *Georgicks*, or with the various Descriptions of her in *Milton*, who was quite enamoured with this Bird from her near Resemblance to his own Circumstances.

*Who fed on Thoughts that voluntary mov'd
Harmonious Numbers, as the wakeful Bird
Sings darkling, and in shadysst Covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal Note.*

Sick Men and Cattle have been cur'd,
 There lovely *Amoret*, that was assur'd
 To lusty *Perigot*, bleeds out her Life,
 Forc'd by some Iron Hand and fatal Knife;
 And by her young *Alexis*.

Enter Amarillis, running from her Sullen Shepherd.

Amar. If there be

Ever a Neighbour-brook, or hollow Tree,
 Receive my Body, close me up from Lust
 That follows at my Heels; be ever just,
 Thou God of Shepherds, *Pan*, for her dear sake
 That loves the Rivers brinks, and still doth shake
 In cold remembrance of thy quick Pursuit:
 Let me be made a Reed, and ever mute,
 Nod to the Waters fall, while ev'ry Blast
 Sings through my slender Leaves that I was chaste.

Priest. This is a Night of wonder: *Amarill'*
 Be comforted, the holy Gods are still
 Revengers of these Wrongs.

Amar. Thou blessed Man,
 Honour'd upon these Plains, and lov'd of *Pan*,
 Hear me, and save from endless Infamy,
 My yet unblasted Flow'r, Virginity.
 By all the Garlands that have crown'd that Head,
 By thy chaste Office, and the Marriage Bed
 That still is blest by thee, by all the Rites
 Due to our God, and by those Virgin Lights
 That burn before his Altar, let me not
 Fall from my former state, to gain the blot
 That never shall be purg'd. I am not now
 That wanton *Amarillis!* here I vow
 To Heav'n, and thee grave Father, if I may
 'Scape this unhappy Night to know the Day,
 To live a Virgin, never to endure
 The Tongues, or Company of Men impure.
 I hear him come, save me.

Priest. Retire a while
 Behind this Bush, 'till we have known that vile

Abuser of young Maidens.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Stay thy pace,

Most loved *Amarillis*, let the Chase
Grow calm and milder, fly me not so fast,
I fear the pointed Brambles have unlac'd
Thy golden Buskins ; turn again and see
Thy Shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
Able to give thee all Content and Ease.
I am not bashful, Virgin, I can please
At first Encounter, hug thee in mine Arm,
And give thee many Kisses, soft and warm,
As those the Sun prints on the smiling Cheek
Of Plums or mellow Peaches ; I am sleek
And smooth as *Neptune*, when stern *Eolus*
Locks up his surly Winds, and nimbly thus
Can shew my active Youth ; why dost thou fly ?
Remember, *Amarillis*, it was I
That kill'd *Alexis* for thy sake, and set
An everlasting Hate 'twixt *Amoret*
And her beloved *Perigot* ; 'twas I
That drown'd her in the Well, where she must lye
'Till Time shall leave to be ; then turn again,
Turn with thy open Arms, and clip the Swain
That hath perform'd all this ; turn, turn I say :
I must not be deluded.

Priest. Monster, stay.

Thou that art like a Canker to the State
Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate
Through every honest Bosom, forcing still
The Veins of any that may serve thy Will,
Thou that hast offer'd with a sinful Hand
To seize upon this Virgin, that doth stand
Yet trembling here.

Sull. Good Holiness, declare
What had the Danger been, if being bare
I had embrac'd her, tell me by your Art,
What coming wonders would that sight impart ?

Priest.

Priest. Lust, and a branded Soul.

Sull. Yet tell me more,

Hath not our Mother Nature, for her store
And great increase, said it is good and just,
And wills that every living Creature must
Beget his like ?

Priest. Ye are better read than I,
I must confess, in Blood and Lechery.

Now to the Bow'r, and bring this Beast along,
Where he may suffer Penance for his wrong.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Perigot with his Hand bloody.

Per. Here will I wash it in this Morning's Dew,
Which she on every little Grass doth strew
In Silver drops against the Sun's appear :
'Tis Holy Water, and will make me clear.
My Hand will not be cleans'd. My wronged Love,
If thy chaste Spirit in the Air yet move,
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
All full of Guilt, thy Blood upon his Hand ;
And though I struck thee undeservedly,
Let my Revenge on her that injur'd thee
Make less a Fault which I intended not,
And let these Dew drops wash away my Spot.
It will not cleanse. O to what sacred Flood
Shall I resort to wash away this Blood ?
Amidst these Trees the holy *Clorin* dwells
In a low Cabin of cut Boughs, and heals
All Wounds: To her I will my self address,
And my rash Faults repentantly confess ;
Perhaps she'll find a means, by Art or Pray'r,
To make my Hand, with chaste Blood stained, fair :
That done, not far hence, underneath some Tree
I'll have a little Cabin built, since she
Whom I ador'd is dead ; there will I give
My self to strictness, and like *Clorin* live.

[*Exit.*]

The Curtain is drawn, Clorin appears sitting in the Cabin, Amoret sitting on the one side of her, Alexis and Cloe on the other, the Satyre standing by.

Clor. Shepherd, once more your Blood is staid,
Take example by this Maid,
Who is heal'd e'er you be pure,
So hard it is lewd Lust to cure.
Take heed then how you turn your Eye
On each other lustfully :
And Shepherdess, take heed lest you
Move his willing Eye thereto ;
Let no Wring, nor Pinch, nor Smile
Of yours, his weaker Sense beguile.
Is your Love yet True and Chaste,
And for ever so to last ?

Alex. I have forgot all vain Desires,
All looser Thoughts, ill temper'd Fires.
True Love I find a pleasant Fume,
Whose mod'rate Heat can ne'er consume.

Cloe. And I a new Fire feel in me,
Whose chaste Flame is not quencht to be.

Clor. Join your Hands with modest touch,
And for ever keep you such.

Enter Perigot.

Per. Yon is her Cabin, thus far off I'll stand,
And call her forth : For my unhallow'd Hand
I dare not bring so near yon sacred Place.

Clorin, come forth, and do a timely Grace
To a poor Swain.

Clor. What art thou that dost call ?
Clorin is ready to do good to all :
Come near.

Per. I dare not.

Clor. *Satyre,* see
Who it is that calls on me.

Sat. There at hand some Swain doth stand,
Stretching out a bloody Hand,

Per.

Per. Come *Clorin*, bring the holy Waters clear,
To wash my Hand.

Clor. What wonders have been here
To Night! Stretch forth thy Hand, young Swain,
Wash and rub it, whilst I rain
Holy Water.

Per. Still you pour,
But my Hand will never scour.

Clor. *Satyre*, bring him to the Bower,
We will try the Sovereign Power
Of other Waters.

Sat. Mortal, sure
'Tis the Blood of Maiden pure
That stains thee so.

*The Satyre leadeth him to the Bower, where he spieth
Amoret; kneeling down, she knoweth him.*

Per. Whate'er thou be,
Be'tt thou her Spright, or some Divinity,
That in her Shape thinks good to walk this Grove,
Pardon poor *Perigot*.

Amo. I am thy Love,
Thy *Amoret*, for evermore thy Love:
Strike once more on my naked Breast, I'll prove
As constant still. O cou'dst thou love me yet;
How soon shou'd I my former Griefs forget!

Per. So over-great with Joy that you live, now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me; hast thou still pow'r to forgive?

Amo. Whilst thou hast pow'r to love, or I to live;
More welcome now than had'st thou never gone
Astray from me.

Per. And when thou lov'st alone
And not I thee, Death or some lingering pain
That's worse, light on me.

Clor. Now your stain
This perhaps will cleanse again;
See the Blood that earst did stay,
With the Water drops away.

All the Powers again are pleas'd,
And with this new Knot are appeas'd.
Join' your Hands, and rise together,
Pan be blest that brought you hither.

Enter Priest, and Old Shepherd.

Cler. Go back again what e'er thou art, unless
Smooth Maiden Thoughts possess thee; do not press
This hallow'd Ground. Go *Satyre*, take his Hand,
And give him present Trial.

Sat. Mortal, stand,
Till by Fire I have made known
Whether thou be such a one,
That mayst freely tread this Place.
Hold thy Hand up; never was
More untainted Flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of Bliss.

Cler. Then boldly speak, why dost thou seek this Place?

Priest. First, honour'd Virgin, to behold thy Face
Where all good dwells that is: Next, for to try
The truth of late Report was giv'n to me:
Those Shepherds that have met with foul mischance,
Through much neglect, and more ill governance,
Whether the Wounds they have may yet endure
The open Air, or stay a longer Cure.
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
Upon those guilty Wretches, through whose spight
All this Confusion fell: For to this Place,
Thou holy Maiden, have I (69) brought a brace
Of these Offenders, who have freely told,
Both why, and by what means they gave this bold
Attempt upon their Lives.

Cler. Fume all the Ground,
And sprinkle holy Water, for unsound
And foul Infection gins to fill the Air,
It gathers yet more strongly; take a pair
Of Censors fill'd with Frankincense and Mirrh,
Together with cold Camphyr: Quickly stir

(69) ——— brought the Race] As he brought but two, I hope I
have restored the true Reading.

Thee,

Thee, gentle *Satyre*, for the Place begins
 To sweat and labour with th' abhorred Sins
 Of those Offenders ; let them not come nigh,
 For full of itching Flame and Leprosie
 Their very Souls are, that the Ground goes back,
 And shrinks to feel the fullen weight of Black
 And so unheard of Venom ; hie thee fast,
 Thou holy Man, and banish from the chaste
 These manlike Monsters, let them never more
 Be known upon these Downs, but long before
 The next Sun's rising, put them from the sight
 And Memory of every honest Wight.
 Be quick in Expedition, lest the Sores
 Of these weak Patients break into new Gores. [*Exit Priest.*]

Per. My dear, dear *Amoret*, how happy are
 Those blessed Pairs, in whom a little jar
 Hath bred an everlasting Love, too strong
 For Time, or Steel, or Envy to do wrong !
 How do you feel your Hurts ? Alas poor Heart,
 How much I was abus'd ; give me the Smart,
 For it is justly mine.

Amo. I do believe.
 It is enough dear Friend, leave off to grieve,
 And let us once more, in despite of ill,
 Give Hands and Hearts again.

Per. With better will
 Than e'er I went to find in hottest Day
 Cool Christal of the Fountain, to allay
 My eager thirst : may this Band never break,
 Hear us O Heav'n.

Amo. Be constant.

Per. Else *Pan* wreak,
 With double Vengeance, my Disloyalty ;
 Let me not dare to know the Company
 Of Men, or any more behold those Eyes.

Amo. Thus Shepherd with a Kiss all Envy dyes.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Bright Maid, I have perform'd your will; the
Swain

In whom such Heat and black Rebellions reign,
Hath undergone your Sentence, and Disgrace:
Only the Maid I have reserv'd, whose Face
Shews much amendment, many a Tear doth fall
In sorrow of her Fault; great Fair recal
Your heavy doom, in hope of better Days,
Which I dare promise; once again upraise
Her heavy Spirit, that near drowned lyes
(70) In self-consuming care that never dyes.

Clor. I am content to Pardon, call her in;
The Air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge it self, how bright the Day doth show
After this stormy Cloud? go *Satyre*, go,
And with this Taper boldly try her Hand.
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
To be so still, we have perform'd a work
Worthy the Gods themselves. [*Satyre brings Amarillis in.*]

Sat. Come forward Maiden, do not lurk,
Nor hide your Face with Grief and Shame;
Now or never get a Name
That may raise thee, and re-cure
All thy Life that was impure:
Hold your Hand unto the Flame;
If thou be'st a perfect Dame,
Or hast truly vow'd to mend,
This pale Fire will be thy Friend.
See the Taper hurts her not.
Go thy ways, let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy Blood.
Thank the Gods, and still be good.

Clor. Young Shepherdess, now ye are brought again
To Virgin State, be so, and so remain

(70) *In self-consuming care*—] The Reading in the Text I sent
Mr. *Theobald*, and found it after his Death quoted before by him from
the old Quarto.

To thy last Day, unless the faithful Love
 Of some good Shepherd force thee to remove ;
 Then labour to be true to him, and live
 As such a one, that ever strives to give
 A blessed Memory to after Time,
 Be famous for your Good, not for your Crime.
 Now holy Man, I offer up again
 These Patients full of Health, and free from Pain :
 Keep them from after ills, be ever near
 Unto their Actions, teach them how to clear
 The tedious way they pass through, from Suspect,
 Keep them from wronging others, or neglect
 Of Duty in themselves, correct the Blood
 With thrifty Bits and Labour, let the Flood,
 (71) Or the next neighbouring Spring give Remedy
 To greedy Thirst and Travail, not the Tree
 That hangs with wanton Clusters ; let not Wine,
 Unless in Sacrifice, or Rites Divine,
 Be ever known of Shepherds, have a care
 Thou Man of holy Life. Now do not spare
 Their Faults through much remissness, nor forget
 To cherish him, whose many Pains and Sweat
 Hath giv'n increase, and added to the Downs.
 Sort all your Shepherds from (72) the lazy Clowns

That

(71) *Or the next neighbouring Spring give Remedy
 To greedy Thirst and Travail, not the Tree
 That hangs with wanton Clusters ; —*] A slight Corruption
 in the Pointing, when it leaves some Shadow of Sense, is often the
 most difficult to be corrected, however easy it seems after it is done :
Travel not the Tree may signify, *don't labour, or endeavour to get
 yourselves Wine*. But this so stiffly, that I had often hesitated upon it,
 before I received from Mr. *Sympson* the true Reading, which is in some
 Degree confirmed by the two first Quartos, which read

*To greedy Thirst and travel not, the Tree
 That hangs with &c.*

Here the Comma having got out of its Place, the subsequent Editions
 in attempting to correct, only went further from the true Reading.

(72) *———— the lazy Clowns
 That feed their Heifers in the budded Brooms :*] This Instance
 of Laziness is taken from *Spenser . Shepherd's Calendar, February*.

*So loytring live, you little Herd-Grooms,
 Keeping your Beasts in the budded Brooms.*

The

That feed their Heifers in the budded Brooms :
Teach the young Maidens strictness, that the Grooms
May ever fear to tempt their blowing Youth ;
Banish all Compliments, but single Truth,
From every Tongue, and every Shepherd's Heart,
Let them still use Persuading, but no Art :
Thus, holy *Priest*, I wish to thee and these,
All the best Goods and Comforts that may please.

Alex. And all those Blessings Heav'n did ever give,
We pray upon this Bow'r may ever live.

Priest. Kneel ev'ry Shepherd, while with pow'rful Hand
I bless your After-Labours, and the Land
You feed your Flocks upon. Great *Pan* defend you
From Misfortune, and amend you,
Keep you from those Dangers still,
That are follow'd by your will ;
Give ye Means to know at length
All your Riches, all your Strength,
Cannot keep your Foot from falling
To lewd Lust, that still is calling
At your Cottage, till his pow'r
Bring again that Golden Hour
Of Peace and Rest to every Soul.
May his Care of you controul
All Diseases, Sores or Pain,
That in after Time may reign,
Either in your Flocks or you ;
Give ye all Affections new,
New Desires, and Tempers new,
That ye may be ever true.
Now rise and go, and as ye pass away,
Sing to the God of Sheep, that happy Lay,
(73) That honest *Dorus* taught ye, *Dorus*, he
That was the Soul and God of Melody.

The

The Meaning, I believe, is, You that loitring let your Herds run wild among the Broom which grows on the worst Soil, and don't drive them into the best Pastures.

(73) *That honest Dorus*—] This fine Eulogy on some Poet beloved and almost adored by our Author, I take to have been meant of *Spenser* for these Reasons. He seems to speak of one who lived in the preceding

The S O N G.

*All ye Woods, and Trees, and Bow'rs,
 All ye Virtues and ye Pow'rs
 That inhabit in the Lakes,
 In the pleasant Springs or Brakes,
 Move your Feet
 To our Sound,
 Whilst we greet
 All this Ground,
 With his Honour and his Name
 That defends our Flocks from blame.*

*He is great, and he is just,
 He is ever good, and must
 Thus be honour'd. Daffadillies,
 Roses, Pinks, and loved Lillies,
 Let us sing,
 Whilst we sing,
 Ever holy,
 Ever holy,
 Ever honour'd, ever young,
 Thus great Pan is ever sung.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Sat. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
 Thou most pow'ful Maid, and whitest,
 Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
 Eyes of Stars, and Golden tressed

Age, but was dead before the *Faithful Shepherdess* was published. This answers to none so well as *Spenser*, he and *Shakespear* being the only very great Poets that immediately preceded our Author; but the latter lived some Years after the Publication of this Piece. In the next place, as he had just before taken an Expression from *Spenser*, so he greatly imitates his Manner in the following Song, and inserts one Expression of his in it literally.

————— *Daffadillies,
 Roses, Pinks, and loved Lillies,
 Let us sing, &c.*

which *Spenser* had thus expressed. *Shepherd's Calendar*, April.

*Strow me the Ground with Daffadowndillies
 And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies.*

Like

Like *Apollo*, tell me Sweetest
 What new Service now is meetest
 For the *Satyre*? (74) shall I stray
 In the middle Air, and stay
 The sailing Rack, or nimbly take
 Hold by the Moon, and gently make
 Suit to the pale Queen of Night
 For a Beam to give thee Light?

Shall

(74) ——— shall I stray

In the middle Air, &c.] The Character of the Attendant Spirit in *Comus* is this Satyr under another Shape and Name. The Satyr in the third Act is sent by *Pan* to guide aright the wandering Shepherds, and to protect Virtue in Distress.

*But to my Charge: here must I stay
 To see what Mortals lose their way,
 And by a false Fire seeming bright,
 Train 'em in and leave 'em right.
 Then must I watch, if any be
 Forcing of a Chastity;
 If I find it, then in haste
 Give my wreathed Horn a Blast,
 And the Fairies all will run,
 Wildly dancing by the Moon,
 And will pinch him to the Bone,
 Till his lustful Thoughts be gone.*

The attendant Spirit has much the same Office: He is sent by *Jupiter* to protect the Virtuous against the Enchantments of *Comus*.

*Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove
 Chances to pass through this advent'rous Glade,
 Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star,
 I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe Convoy.*

When they have finished their Office, they both give the same Account of their Power and Velocity. In imitation of the Lines now refer'd to, and to the two last of the Satyr's first Speech:

*(I must go, and I must run,
 Swifter than the fiery Sun.)*

The Attendant Spirit thus takes leave of the Audience.

*But now my Task is smoothly done,
 I can fly, or I can run,
 Quickly to the green Earth's End,
 Where the bow'd Welkin slow doth bend;
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the Corners of the Moon.*

Shall I dive into the Sea,
 And bring thee Coral, making way
 Through the rising Waves that fall
 In snowy Fleeces? dearest, shall

The two first and the two last of *Milton's* Lines are directly taken from *Fletcher: The Sky slowly bending to the Horizon*, in the middle Couplet, is a noble Image; but I can scarce think that it can alone vie with the Variety of Beauties in *Fletcher*; such as, *making suit to the pale Queen of Night for a Moon-beam; darting through the Waves that fall on each Side in snowy Fleeces; and catching the wanton Fawns, and Flies whose woven Wings are dyed by the Summer of many Colours.* But it may perhaps be thought that *Milton* has improved the Measure, and made his Sound more an Echo to his Sense; if he has, he only imitates in this the following Lines, which are a fine Instance of this Species of Beauty.

————— *I will dance*
Round about these Woods, as quick
As the breaking Light, and prick
Down the Lawns, and down the Vales,
Faster than the Wind-mill sails.

I have now finished my Notes on this Play, and the Reader who is insensible of its Beauties, must be content to be engrafted on that *many-headed Monster* whom *Ben Johnson* so severely lashes for condemning the *Faithful Shepherdes* at its first Appearance; and rank, as *Beaumont* says,

————— *with those*
Whose very Reading makes Verse senseless Prose.

[See the two Prefatory Poems to *Fletcher*, by *Johnson* and *Beaumont.*] Of such I ask no pardon for the Length of my Notes, but beg it of those who want no Lamp to discover Excellencies besides that which shines in their own Bosoms. These, I believe, will wonder that the *Aminta* and *Pastor Fido* should be so well known to, and so much talked of by their Countrymen, whilst very few have ever heard, that we have a Dramatick Pastoral of our own that yields to neither of the former in *Prettiness* and *Delicacy*, and in *Energy* and *Sublimity* vastly excels them. I would not insinuate that *Fletcher* was capable of more *Sublimity* than the two *Italians*, particularly than *Tasso*: But the Passion of *Love* being the sole Aim of the *Aminta* and *Pastor Fido*, and the Virtue of *Chastity* being the chief End of the *Faithful Shepherdes*, *Fletcher's Subject* naturally led him into a greater Sublimity of *Style* and *Sentiments*. Not that this has ever made him transgress the Bounds of *Pastoral Simplicity*, which *Virgil* in his *Georgicks* and *Milton* in his *Mask* have frequently done. The *Italians* have the Honour of being the Introducers of the *Dramatick Pastoral*, but I cannot upon Examination find that *Fletcher* has borrowed a single *Sentiment* or *Expression* from any of them, except the Name of the *Faithful Shepherdes* from the *Pastor Fido*.

I catch

I catch the wanton Fawns, or Flyes,
Whose woven Wings the Summer dyes
Of many Colours? get thee Fruit?
Or steal from Heav'n old *Orpheus*' Lute?
All these I'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these Woods adore.

Clor. No other Service, *Satyre*, but thy Watch
About these Thickets, lest harmless People catch
Mischief or sad Mischance.

Sat. Holy Virgin, I will dance
Round about these Woods as quick
As the breaking Light, and prick
Down the Lawns, and down the Vales
Faster than the Wind-mill sails.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the Comforts of the Day,
Such as *Phæbus* Heat doth send
On the Earth, may still befriend
Thee and this Arbour.

Clor. And to thee,
All thy Master's Love be free.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



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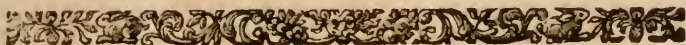


T H E

M A D L O V E R.

A

Tragi - Comedy.



N 4

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PROLOGUE.

TO please all is impossible, and to despair
Ruins our selves, and damps the Writers Care:
Would we knew what to do, or say, or when
To find the Minds here equal with the Men:
But we must venture; now to Sea we go,
Fair Fortune with us, give us Room, and blow;
Remember you're all Vent'urers; and in this Play
How many Twelve-pences ye have 'stow'd this Day:
Remember for return of your Delight,
We launch, and plough through storms of Fear, and Spight,
Give us your Fore-winds fairly, fill our Wings,
And steer us right; and as the Saylor sings,
Loaden with Wealth, on wanton Seas, so we
Shall make our Home-bound-voyage cheerfully;
And you our noble Merchants, for your Treasure
Share equally the Fraught, we run for Pleasure.

THE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

A Storax, *King of Paphos.*
Memnon, *the General and the Mad Lover.*
Polydor, *Brother to Memnon, beloved of Calis.*
Eumenes, } *two eminent Soldiers.*
Polybius, }
Chilax, *an old merry Soldier.*
Siphax, *a Soldier in Love with the Princess.*
Stremon, *a Soldier that can sing.*
Demagoras, *Servant to the General.*
Chirurgeon.
Fool.
Page.
Courtiers.

W O M E N.

Calis, *Sister to the King, and Mistress to Memnon.*
Cleanthe, *Sister to Siphax.*
Lucippe, *one of the Princess's Women.*
Priestess of Venus, an old Wanton.
A Nun.
Cloe, *A Camp Baggage.*

SCENE P A P H O S.

T H E



T H E
M A D L O V E R.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Flourish. Enter Astorax King of Paphos, his Sister Calis, Train, and Cleanthe, Lucippe, Gentlewomen, at one Door; at the other Eumenes, a Soldier.

E U M E N E S.



HEALTH to my Sovereign.

King. *Eumenes*, welcome:

Welcome to *Paphos*, Soldier, to our Love,
And that fair Health ye wish us, through the
Camp

May it disperse it self, and make all happy;
How does the General, the valiant *Memnon*,
And how his Wars, *Eumenes*?

Eum. The Gods have giv'n you (Royal Sir) a Soldier,
Better ne'er fought a Danger; more approv'd
In way of War, (1) more Master of his Fortunes:
Expert

(1) — more Master of his Fortunes,
Expert in leading 'em; in doing valiant,
In following all his Deeds to Victories,
And holding Fortune certain there.] I shall now return to meer
verbal Criticisms. By the Reading and Pointing above, the first Step
of

Expert in leading on ; in doing valiant ;
 in following all his Deeds to Victories,
 And holding Fortune certain there.

King. O Soldier,

Thou speak'st a Man indeed ; a General's General,
 A Soul conceiv'd a Soldier.

Eum. Ten set Battels,

Against the strong Usurper *Diocles*

(Whom long Experience had begot a Leader,
 Ambition rais'd too mighty) hath your *Memnon*
 Won, and won gloriously, distrest and shook him
 Even from the head of all his Hopes to nothing :
 In three, he beat the Thunder-bolt his Brother,
 Forc'd him to wall himself up : There not safe,
 Shook him with warlike Engines like an Earthquake,
 Till like a Snail he left his Shell, and crawl'd
 By Night and hideous Darknes to Destruction :
 Disarm'd for ever rising more : Twelve Castles,
 Some thought impregnable ; Towns twice as many ;
 Countries that like the Wind knew no command
 But Savage wildness, hath this General [pests,
 With loss of Blood and Youth, through Storms and Tem-
 Call'd to your fair Obedience.

King. O my Soldier,

That thou wert now within my Arms ! what Drums
 Are those that beat, *Eumenes* ? [Drums within.

Eum. His, my Sovereign ;

Himself i'th' Head of Conquest drawing home,
 An old Man now to offer up his Glories,
 And endless Conquest, at your Shrine.

King. Go all,

And entertain him with all Ceremony ;

of a most beautiful Climax is taken away and placed to a former Sentence, where it is quite unnecessary. The four Qualifications of a great General are strongly marked out : *Expert in leading on ; valiant in the Combat ; Prudent in guiding his Valour to Victory, and in making his Victories decisive.* I make the Pause fuller at the End of the first Line, and put in the second what to me bids fairest for having been the Original ; though it might have been

Expert in leading, and in doing valiant ;

We'll keep him now a Courtier.

Eum. Sir, a strange one,
Pray God his Language bear it ; by my Life, Sir,
He knows no Compliment, nor curious casting
Of Words into fit Places e'er he speak 'em :
He can say Fight well Fellow, and I'll thank thee :
He that must eat, must fight ; bring up the Rear there,
Or charge that Wing of Horse home. [Flourish.

King. Go too, go too.

*Enter Memnon, with a train of Courtiers, and
Soldiers, two Captains, Chilax, &c.*

Valiant and Wise are twins, Sir : Welcome, welcome,
Welcome my fortunate and famous General,
High in thy Prince's Favour, as in Fame,
Welcome to Peace, and *Paphos*.

Mem. Thank your Grace,
And wou'd to God my dull Tongue had that Sweetness
To thank you as I shou'd ; but pardon me,
My Sword and I speak roughly, Sir : Your Battels,
I dare well say, I have fought well ; for I bring ye
'That lazy end you wish for, Peace, so fully,
That no more name of War is : Who now thinks
Sooner or safer these might have been ended,
Begin 'em if he dare again ; I'll thank him.
Soldier and Soldier's Mate these twenty five years,
At length your General, (as one whose Merit
Durst look upon no less,) I have waded through
Dangers wou'd damp these soft Souls, but to hear of.
The Maiden-heads of thousand Lives hang here, Sir,
Since which time, Prince, I know no Court but Marshal,
No oylie Language, but the shock of Arms,
No dalliance but with Death ; No lofty Measures
But weary and sad Marches, Cold and Hunger,
Larums at midnight Valours self would shake at,
Yet I ne'er shrunk : Balls of consuming Wildfire,
That lickt Men up like Lightning, have I laught at,
And tost 'em back again like Childrens trifles.
Upon the edges of my Enemies Swords

I have

I have marcht like Whirl-winds, Fury at this Hand
waiting,

Death at my right ; Fortune my forlorn Hope,
When I have grapled with Destruction,
And tug'd with pale-fac'd Ruin, Night and Mifchief,
Frighted to see a new Day break in Blood ;
(2) And ev'ry where I conquer'd, and for you, Sir ;
Mothers have wanted Wombs to make me Famous,
And blown Ambition, dangers ; Those that griev'd ye,
I have taken order for i'th' Earth : Those Fools
That shall hereafter——

King. No more Wars, my Soldier :
We must now treat of Peace, Sir.

[*King takes Memnon aside and talks with him.*

Cle. How he talks,
How gloriously.

Cal. A goodly timber'd Fellow,
Valiant no doubt.

Cle. If Valour dwell in vaunting ;
In what a Phrase he speaks, as if his Actions
Cou'd be set off in nothing but a Noise ?
Sure h'as a Drum in's Mouth.

Cal. I wonder, Wenches,
How he wou'd speak to us.

Cle. Nothing but Larum,
Tell us whose Throat he cut, shew us his Sword,
And blefs it for sure biting.

Lucip. And 't like your Grace,
I do not think he knows us what we are,
Or to what end ; for I have heard his Followers
Affirm he never saw a Woman that exceeded
A Sutler's Wife yet, (3) or in Execution
Old bed-rid Beldames without Teeth or Tongues,
That wou'd not fly his Fury ? How he looks.

Cle. This way devoutly.

(2) *And ev'ry where I conquer'd ; and for you, Sir,*
Mothers have wanted Wombs to make me Famous,] This was the
Pointing of all the former Editions, the Correction is by Mr. Symphon.

(3) ——— *or in Execution*] This signifies the Sack of a Town, and
is used by *Johnson* in that Sense as well as our Author.

Cal. Sure his Lordship's viewing
Our Fortifications.

Lucip. If he mount at me,
I may chance choak his Battery.

Cal. Still his Eye
Keeps quarter this way : *Venus* grant his Valour
Be not in Love.

Cle. If he be, presently
Expect a Herald and a Trumpet with ye
To bid ye render ; we two Perdu's pay for't else.

King. I'll leave ye to my Sister, and these Ladies,
To make you welcome fuller. My good Soldier
We must now turn your Sternness into Courtship ;
When ye have done there, to your fair Repose Sir :

[Flourish.
I know you need it, *Memnon* ; welcome, Gentlemen.

[Exit King.

Lucip. Now he begins to march : Madam, the *Van's*
yours,
Keep your Ground sure ; (4) 'tis for your Spurs.

Mem. O *Venus*.

[He kneels amaz'd, and forgets to speak.

Cal. How he stares on me.

Cle. Knight him Madam, knight him,
He will grow to th' Ground else.

Eum. Speak, Sir, 'tis the Princess.

1 Cap. Ye shame your self, speak to her.

Cal. Rise and speak, Sir.

Ye are welcome to the Court, to me, to all, Sir.

Lucip. Is he not Deaf?

Cal. The Gentleman's not well.

Eum. Fie, noble General.

Lucip. Give him fresh Air, his Colour goes ; how do ye?
The Princess will be glad, Sir.

Mem. Peace, and hear me.

Cle. Command a Silence there.

(4) — 'tis for your Spurs.] This Mr. *Sympton* observes is very dark: The Meaning I take to be, *You are our Leader, and for the Honour of your Spurs must keep your Ground sure.*

Mem. I love thee, Lady.

Cal. I thank your Lordship heartily: Proceed, Sir.

Lucip. Lord how it stuck in's Stomach like a Surfeit.

Cle. It breaks apace now from him, God be thanked,
What a fine spoken Man he is.

Lucip. A choice one, of singular variety in Carriage.

Cle. Yes, and I warrant you he knows his distance.

Mem. With all my Heart I love thee.

Cal. A hearty Gentleman,

And I were e'en an arrant Beast, my Lord,
But I lov'd you again.

Mem. Good Lady kifs me.

Cle. Ay marry, *Mars*, there thou cam'st close up to her.

Cal. Kifs you at first, my Lord? 'Tis no fair Fashion,
Our Lips are like Rose buds, blown with Mens Breaths,
They lose both Sap and Savour; there's my Hand, Sir:

Eum. Fie, fie, my Lord, this is too rude.

Mem. Unhand me,

Consume me if I hurt her; good sweet Lady
Let me but look upon thee.

Cal. Do.

Mem. Yet———

Cal. Well Sir,

Take your full view.

Lucip. Bless your Eyes, Sir.

Cal. Mercy,

Is this the Man they talkt of for a Soldier,

So absolute and excellent? O the Gods,

If I were given to that Vanity

Of making sport with Men for Ignorance,

What a most precious Subject had I purchas'd?

Speak for him, Gentlemen: Some one that knows

What the Man ails; and can speak Sense.

Cle. Sure, Madam,

This Fellow has been a rare Hare-finder.

See how his Eyes are set.

Cal. Some one go with me,

I'll send him something for his Head; poor Gentleman,

He's troubled with the Staggers.

Lucip.

Lucip. Keep him dark,
He will run March mad else, the fumes of Battels
Ascend into his Brains.

Cle. Clap to his Feet
An old Drum-head, to draw the Thunder downward.

Cal. Look to him, Gentlemen: Farewel, Lord, I am
sorry

We cannot kifs at this time, but believe it
We'll find an hour for all. God keep my Children
From being such sweet Soldiers; softly, Wenches,
Lest we disturb his Dream. [*Exeunt Calis, and Ladies.*]

Eum. Why this is monstrous.

1 Capt. A strange Forgetfulness, yet still he holds it.

2 Capt. Though he ne'er saw a Woman of great Fashion
Before this Day, yet methinks 'tis possible
He might imagine what they are, and what
Belongs to 'em, by meer Report of others. *Eum.* Pish,
His Head had other Whimsies in't: My Lord,
Death, I think y'are struck dumb; my good Lord General.

1 Capt. Sir.

Mem. That I do love ye, Madam; and so love ye,
An't like your Grace.

2 Capt. He has been studying this Speech.

Eum. Who do ye speak to, Sir?

Mem. Why where's the Lady,
The Woman, the fair Woman?

1 Capt. Who?

Mem. The Princess,
Give me the Princess.

Eum. Give ye Counsel rather
To use her like a Princess: Fy my Lord,
How have you borne your self, how nakedly
Laid your Soul open, and your Ignorance
To be a sport to all. Report and Honour
Drew her to do you Favours, and you bluntly,
Without consid'ring what, or who she was,
Neither collecting Reason, nor Distinction.

Mem. Why, what did I, my Masters?

Eum. All that shews
A Man unhandsom, undigested Dough.

Mem. Did not I kneel unto her?

Eum. Dumb and senseless,

As though ye had been cut out for your Father's Tomb,
Or stuck a Land-mark; when she spoke unto you,
Being the Excellence of all our Island,
Ye star'd upon her, as ye had seen a Monster.

Mem. Was I so foolish? I confess, *Eumenes*,
I never saw before so brave an Outside.
But did I kneel so long?

Eum. Till they laugh at ye,
And when you spoke, I am ashamed to tell ye
What 'twas, my Lord; how far from Order; bless me,
Is't possible that the wild noise of War,
And what she only teaches shou'd possess ye?
Knowledge to treat with her, and full Discretion
Being at flood still in ye: And in Peace,
And manly Conversation, smooth and civil,
Where Gracefulness and Glory twyn together,
Thrust your self out an Exile?

Do you know, Sir,
What State she carries? and what great Obedience
Waits at her Beck continually?

Mem. She ne'er commanded
An hundred thousand Men, as I have done,
Nor ne'er won Battel; say I wou'd have kist her.

Eum. There was a dainty offer too, a rare one.

Mem. Why, she's a Woman, is she not?

Eum. She is so.

Mem. Why, very well; what was she made for then?
Is she not young, and handsome, bred to breed?
Do not Men kiss fair Women? if they do,
If Lips be not unlawful ware; why a Princess
Is got the same way that we get a Beggar,
Or I am cozen'd; and the self-same way
She must be handled e'er she get another,
That's Rudeness, is it not?

2 *Capt.* To her 'tis held so,
And Rudeness in that high degree——

Mem. 'Tis Reason,
But I will be more punctual; pray what thought she?

Eum.

Eum. Her Thoughts were merciful, but she laugh
at ye,

Pitying the poorness of your Compliment,
And so she left ye. Good Sir, shape your self
To understand the Place and noble Persons
You live with now.

i Capt. Let not those great Deferts
The King hath laid up of ye, and the People,
Be blasted with ill bearing.

Eum. The whole Name
Of Soldier then will suffer.

Mem. She's a sweet one,
And good Sirs leave your Exhortations,
They come untimely to me; I have Brains
That beat above your reaches: She's a Princess,
That's all; I've kill'd a King, and that is greater.
Come let's to Dinner, if the Wine be good,
You shall perceive strange Wisdom in my Blood.

[*Exeunt all but Chilax.*

Chi. Well, wou'd thou wert i' the Wars again old

Memnon,

There thou wou'dst talk to th' purpose, and the proudest
Of all these Court Camelions wou'd be glad
To find it Sense too: Plague of this dead Peace,
This Bastard-breeding, lowzy, lazy Idleness,
Now we must learn to pipe, and pick our Livings
Out of old rotten Ends: These twenty five Years
I've serv'd my Country, lost my Youth and Blood,
Expos'd my Life to Dangers more than Days;
Yet let me tell my Wants, I know their Answers,
The King is bound to right me, they good People
Have but from Hand to Mouth. Look to your Wives
Your young trim Wives, your high-day Wives, your
Marchpanes,

For if the Soldiers find not Recompence,
As yet there's none a hatching; I believe,
You Men of Wares, the Men of Wars will nick ye,
For starve nor beg they must not; my small Means
Are gone *in fumo*: Here to raise a better,
(Unless it be with lying, or Dog flattering,

At which our Nation's excellent ; observing Dog-days,
 When this good Lady broils and wou'd be basted
 By that good Lord, or such like Moral Learnings,)
 Is impossible : Well ; I'll rub among 'em
 If any thing for Honesty be gotten,
 Though't be but Bread and Cheefe, I can be satisfied :
 If otherwise the Wind blow, stiff as I am
 Yet I shall learn to Shuffle : There's an old Lafs
 That shall be nameless yet alive, my last hope,
 Has often got my Pocket full of Crowns.
 If all fail—Jack-Daws, are you alive still ? then
 I see the Coast clear, when Fools and Boys can prosper.

Enter Fool, and Page.

Page. Brave Lieutenant.

Fool. Hail to the Man of Worship:

Chi. You are fine Sirs,
 Most passing fine at all Points.

Fool. As ye see, Sir,
 Home-bred and handsome, we cut not out our Clothes, Sir,
 At half sword as your Taylors do, and pink 'em
 With Pikes and Partizans, we live retir'd, Sir,
 Gentleman like, and jealous of our Honours.

Chi. Very fine Fool, and fine Boy, Peace plays with you,
 As the Wind plays with Feathers, dances ye,
 You grind with all Gusts, Gallants.

Page. (5) We can bound, Sir,
 (When you Soldados bend i'th' Hams) and frisk too.

Fool. When twenty of your Trip-coats turn their Tippetts,
 And your cold Sallets without Salt or Vinegar
 (6) Lye wambling in your Stomachs ; Hemp and Hobnails
 Will bear no price now, Hangings and old Harness
 Are like to over-run us. *Page.* Whores and hot Houses.

Fool. Surgeons and Syringes ring out your Saints-bells.

Page. Your Jubile, your Jubile.

Fool. *Prob Deum.*

(5) *We can bounce,—*] The Change is from Mr. *Theobald's* Margin, and it is, I believe, the true Word.

(6) *Be wambling—*] The old Edition reads, *By wambling—*
 I have probably therefore restored the true Word. Mr. *Sympton.*

How

How our St. Georges will bestride the Dragons,
The red and ramping Dragons.

(7) *Page.* Well advanc'd, Fool.

Fool. But then the Sting i'th' tail, Boy.

Page. *Tanto Melior.*

For so much the more Danger, the more Honour.

Cbi. You're very pleasant with our Occupation, Gentlemen,

Which very like amongst these fiery Serpents
May light upon a Blind-worm of your Blood,
A Mother or a Sister.

Fool. Mine's past saddle,

You should be sure of her else : But say, Sir *Huon*,

(8) Now the Drum dumb is, and the Sticks turn'd Bed-
staves,

All the old Foxes hunted to their Holes,

The Iron Age return'd to *Erebus*,

And *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*

Thrust out o'th' Kingdom by the Head and Shoulders,

What Trade do you mean to follow ?

Cbi. That's a Question.

Fool. Yes, 'tis a learned Question if ye mark it,
Consider and say on.

Cbi. Fooling as thou dost, that's the best Trade, I take it.

Fool. Take it straight then,

For fear your Fellows be before ye ; hark ye, Lieutenant,

Fooling's the thing, the thing worth all your fightings,

When all's done ye must Fool, Sir.

Cbi. Well, I must then.

(7) *Page.* *Advance't Fool*—] The Sense is very obscure, and the Verse wants a Syllable, both, I believe, arising from the Loss of a Monosyllable, which I hope I have restored.

(8) *Now the Drums dubb's*,—] Besides the false Concord, the Meaning is directly the Reverse of the true one, which is, *Now the Drum dubb's no more*, the War being over. The Verse wants a Syllable ; which, with the true Reading, I hope I have retriev'd ; tho' it might have been,

Now the Drum's Dubb's o'er,—

or perhaps *Dubb's done*, to make it sound more oddly. After I had wrote this I receiv'd Mr. *Sympson's* Conjecture, which is very near the same with what I had put in the Text.

Fool. But do you know what Fooling is? true Fooling,
The Circumstances that belong unto it?
For every idle Knave that shows his Teeth,
Wants and would live, can juggle, tumble, fiddle,
Make a Dog-Face, or can abuse his Fellow,
Is not a Fool at first Dash; you shall find, Sir,
Strange turnings in this Trade; to Fool is nothing
As fooling has been, but to fool the fair way,
The new way, as the best Men fool their Friends,
For all Men get by fooling, meerly fooling,
Desert does nothing; valiant, wise, and virtuous,
All things that walk by without Bread or Breeches.

Chi. I partly credit that.

Fool. Fine Wits, fine Wits, Sir.
There's the young Boy, he does well in his way too,
He cou'd not live else in his Master's absence;
He tyes a Lady's Garters so, so prettily,
Say his Hand slip, but say so.

Chi. Why let it slip then.

Fool. 'Tis ten to one the Body shall come after,
And he that works deserves his Wages.

Chi. That's true.

Fool. He riddles finely to a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Expounds Dreams like a Prophet, dreams himself too,
And wishes all Dreams true; they cry Amen,
And there's a *Memorandum*: He can sing too
Bawdy enough to please old Ladies: He lies rarely,
Pawns ye a sute of Clothes at all points, fully,
Can pick a Pocket if ye please, or Casket;
Lisps when he list to catch a Chamber-maid,
And calls his Hostess Mother, these are things now,
(9) If a Man mean to live; not fight and swagger,

(9) *If a Man mean to live: To fight, and swagger,*] The Opposition between the Page's Life, and the fine Raillery on the Soldiers, is not clearly marked out by any former Edition. The first Folio reads,

If a Man mean to live, to fight and swagger,

The Addition of a fuller Stop by the two latter Editors, shows that they saw the Drift of the Poet; but I believe the Corruption was the Change of the Negative into an Affirmative.

Beaten about the Ears with bawling Sheepskins,
 (10) Cut to the Soul for Summer : Here an Arm lost,
 And there a Leg ; his honourable Head
 Seal'd up in Salves and Cereclothes, like a Packet,
 And so sent over to an Hospital :
 Stand there, charge there, swear there, whore there, dead
 there,
 And all this sport for Cheefe and Chines of Dog-flesh,
 And Mony when two *Wednesdays* meet together,
 Where to be louzy is a Gentleman,
 And he that wears a clean Shirt has his Shrowd on.

Cbi. I'll be your Scholar, come, if I like Fooling.

Fool. You cannot chuse but like it, fight you one Day
 I'll Fool another ; when your Surgeon's paid,
 And all your Leaks stopt, see whose Slops are heaviest,
 I'll have a Shilling for a Can of Wine,
 When you shall have two Sergeants for a Counter.

Boy. Come learn of us Lieutenant, hang your Iron up,
 We'll find you cooler Wars.

Cbi. Come let's together,
 I'll see your Tricks, and as I like 'em. — [Exeunt.

Enter Memnon, Eumenes, and Captains.

Mem. Why was there not such Women in the Camp
 then
 Prepar'd to make me know 'em ?

Eum. 'Twas no place, Sir.

1 *Capt.* Why shou'd they live in Tumults ? they are
 Creatures
 Soft, and of sober Natures.

Mem. Cou'd not your Wives,
 Your Mothers, or your Sisters, have been sent for
 To exercise upon ?

Eum. We thank your Lordship.

2 *Capt.* But do you mean ?

(10) *Cut to the Soul for Summer :*] The Summer being the Season
 of War, I don't discard this, tho' it is a little obscure, and Mr. *Theo-*
bald conjectures that it might be *Honour*, which would certainly much
 improve it.

Mem. I do mean.

2 *Capt.* What, Sir?

Mem. To see her,

And see thee hang'd too an thou anger'st me,
 And thousands of your Throats cut; get ye from me,
 Ye keep a prating of your points of Manners,
 And fill my Head with lowzy Circumstances,
 (Better have Ballads in't) (11) your courtly Worship,
 How to put off my Hat; you, how to turn me;
 And you, forsooth, to blow my Nose discreetly;
 Let me alone, for I will love her, see her,
 Talk to her, and mine own way.

Eum. She's the Princess.

Mem. Why let her be the Devil, I have spoke
 When Thunder durst not check me, I must Love,
 I know she was a thing kept for me.

Eum. And I know, Sir;

Though she were born yours, yet your strange Behaviour
 And want——

Mem. Thou liest,

Eum. I do not.

Mem. Ha!

Eum. I do not lie, Sir,
 I say you want fair Language, nay 'tis certain
 You cannot say Good-morrow.

Mem. Ye Dog-whelps,
 The proudest of your prating Tongues——

Eum. Do, kill us,
 Kill us for telling Truth: For my part, General,
 I would not live to see Men make a May-game
 Of him I have made a Master, kill us quickly,
 Then ye may——

Mem. What?

Eum. Do what you list, draw your Sword childishly

(11) —— your courtly *Worships*,

How to put off my Hat; —] Mr. *Theobald* in his Margin supposes a whole Line lost here; but as the Change of the plural Number to the singular in *Worships* restores good Sense. I cannot doubt but that the Corruption lay there, especially as Mr. *Sympton* concurred with me in the Emendation.

Upon your Servants that are bound to tell ye ;
I'm weary of my Life.

1 *Capt.* And I.

2 *Capt.* And all, Sir.

Eum. Go to the Princess, make her sport, cry to her
I am the glorious Man of War.

Mem. Pray ye leave me,
I'm sorry I was angry, I'll think better,
Pray no more Words.

Eum. Good Sir.

Mem. Nay then.

2 *Capt.* We're gone, Sir. [*Exeunt Eum. and Capt.*

Enter Calis, Lucippe, and Cleanthe.

Cal. How came he hither? see for Heaven's sake,
Wenches,
What Faces, and what Postures he puts on,
I do not think he's perfect.

[*Memnon walks aside, full of strange Gestures.*

Cle. If your Love
Have not betray'd his little Wits, he's well enough,
As well as he will be.

Cal. Mark how he muses.

Lucip. H'as a Battalia now in's Brains, he draws out, now
Have at ye Harpers,

Cle. See, see, there the (12) Fire falls.

Lucip. Look what an Alphabet of Faces he runs through.

Cle. O Love, O Love, how amorously thou look'st
In an old rusty Armour.

Cal. I'll away,
For by my Troth I fear him.

Lucip. Fear the Gods, Madam,
And never care what Man can do; this Fellow,
With all his Frights about him, and his Furies,
His Larums, and his Launces, Swords, and Targets,
Nay case him up in Armour Cap-a-pee,

(12) — *Fire falls.*] The Word I have substituted is, I believe, the true one, for it carries on the Metaphor, which the other does not. Mr. *Symphon* and I concurred in this Conjecture.

Yet durst I undertake within two hours,
If he durst Charge, to give him such a Shake,
Should shake his Valour off, and make his Shanks ake.

Cle. For shame no more.

Cal. He muses still.

Cle. The Devil——

Why shou'd this old dry'd Timber chopt with Thunder——

Cal. Old Wood burns quickest.

Lucip. Out, you wou'd say, Madam,
Give me a green Stick that may hold me Heat,
And smoke me soundly too ; He turns, and sees ye,

[*Memnon comes to her.*]

Cle. There's no avoiding now, have at ye.

Mem. Lady,

The more I look upon ye——

[*Stays her.*]

Cle. The more you may, Sir.

Cal. Let him alone.

Mem. I wou'd desire your Patience.

The more I say I look, the more——

[*Stays her.*]

Lucip. My Fortune.

'Tis very apt, Sir.

Mem. Women, let my Fortune
And me alone I wish ye, pray come this way,
And stand you still there, Lady.

Cal. Leave the Words, Sir,
And leap into the Meaning.

Mem. Then again :

I tell you I do love ye.

(13) *Cle.* Why ?

Mem. No Questions :

Pray no more Questions. I do love you, infinitely :
Why do you smile ? Am I ridiculous ?

Cal. I'm monstrous fearful ; no, I joy you love me.

Mem. Joy on then, and be proud on't, I do love you ;
Stand still, and do not trouble me you Women ;
He loves you Lady, at whose Feet have kneel'd .

(13) *Cal.* *Why ?*] I have changed the Speaker, as thinking the Answer directed to one of the Maids, and not to the Princess. Besides which, it renders the Dialogue much more comick.

Princes to beg their Freedoms, he whose Valour
Has over-run whole Kingdoms.

Cal. That makes me doubt, Sir,
'Twill over-run me too.

Mem. He whose Sword.

Cle. Talk not so big, Sir, you will fright the Princess.

Mem. Ha. *Lucip.* No forsooth.

Cal. I know ye have done Wonders.

Mem. I have and will do more and greater, braver;
And for your Beauty Miracles, name that Kingdom
And take your Choice.

Cal. Sir, I am not Ambitious.

Mem. Ye shall be, 'tis the Child of Glory: she that I
love,

Whom my Desires shall magnifie, time stories,
And all the Empires of the Earth—

Cle. I wou'd fain ask him——

Lucip. Prithee be quiet, he will beat us both else.

Cle. What will ye make me then, Sir?

Mem. I will make thee

Stand still and hold thy peace; I have a Heart, Lady.

Cal. Ye were a Monster else.

Mem. A loving Heart,

A truly loving Heart,

Cal. Alas, how came it?

Mem. I wou'd you had it in your Hand, sweet Lady,
To see the truth it bears you.

Cal. Do you give it.

Lucip. That was well thought upon.

Cle. 'Twill put him to't, Wench.

Cal. And you shall see I dare accept it, Sir,
Tak't in my Hand and view it: If I find it
A loving and a sweet Heart, as you call it,
I am bound, I am.

Mem. No more, I'll send it to ye,
As I have Honour in me, you shall have it:

Cle. Handsomely done, Sir, and perfum'd by all means,
The Weather's warm, Sir.

Mem. With all Circumstance.

Lucip. A Napkin wrought most curiously.

Mem.

Mem. Divinely.

Cle. Put in a Goblet of pure Gold.

Mem. Yes, in *Jacintb*,

That she may see the Spirit through.

Lucip. Ye have greas'd him

For chewing Love again in haste.

Cle. If he should do it.

Cal. If Heav'n should fall we should have Larks; he do it!

Cle. See how he thinks upon't.

Cal. He will think these three Years

E'er he prove such an Ass: I lik'd his Offer,

There was no other way to put him off else.

Mem. I will do it ———

Lady, expect my Heart.

Cal. I do, Sir.

Mem. Love it, for 'tis a Heart that ——— and so I leave ye. [Exit Memnon.]

Cle. Either he is stark mad,

Or else I think he means it.

Cal. He must be stark mad

Or else he'll never do it, 'tis Vain-Glory

And want of Judgment that provokes this in him;

Sleep and Society cures all: His Heart?

No, no, good Gentleman, there's more belongs to't,

Hearts are at higher prices; let's go in

And there examine him a little better.

Shut all the Doors behind for fear he follow;

I hope I've lost a Lover, and am glad on't. [Exeunt.]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Memnon alone.

Mem. 'TIS but to die. Dogs do it, Ducks with dabling,
 Birds sing away their Souls, and Babies sleep 'em.
 Why do I talk of that is treble Vantage?
 For in the other World she's bound to have me;

Her

Her Princely Word is past: My great Desert too
 Will draw her to come after presently;
 'Tis Justice, and the Gods must see it done too.
 Besides, no Brother, Father, Kindred there
 Can hinder us, all Languages are alike too.
 There Love is ever lasting, ever young,
 Free from (14) Diseases, Ages, Jealousies,
 (15) Bawds, Beldames, Pandars, Purgers. Die? 'tis
 nothing,

Men drown themselves for Joy to draw in Juleps
 When they are hot with Wine: In Dreams we do it.
 And many a handsome Wench that loves the sport well,
 Gives up her Soul so in her Lover's Bosom;
 But I must be incis'd first, cut and open'd,
 My Heart, and handsomely, ta'en from me; stay there,
 Dead once, stay, let me think again, who do I know there?
 For else to wander up and down unwaited on
 And unregarded in my Place and Project,
 Is for a Sowter's Soul, not an old Soldier's.
 My brave old Regiments—Ay there it goes,
 That have been kill'd before me, right.—

Enter Chilax.

Cbi. He's here, and I must trouble him.

Mem. Then those I have conquer'd,
 To make my Train full.

Cbi. Sir.

Mem. My Captains then—

Cbi. Sir, I beseech ye.

Mem. For to meet her there,
 Being a Princess, and a King's sole Sister,
 With great Accommodation, must be car'd for.

Cbi. Weigh but the Soldiers Poverty.

(14) *Diseases, Ages, Jealousies,*] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Symphon both read *Aches*; but I see no sufficient Reason for any Change, *Ages* in the Plural may properly signify *old Age*.

(15) *Bawds, Beldames, Painters, Purgers.*—] I have ventur'd upon a Change here, tho' I allow the former Reading is Sense; but that *Pandars* are more proper Companions to *Bawds* and *Beldames* than *Painters*, I believe all will allow.

Mem.

Mem. Mine own Troop first,
For they shall die.

Cbi. How, what's this?

Mem. Next——

Cbi. Shall I speak louder, Sir?

Mem. A square Battalia——

Cbi. You do not think of us.

Mem. Their Armour's gilded——

Cbi. Good noble Sir.

Mem. And round about such Engines
Shall make Hell shake.

Cbi. Ye do not mock me.

Mem. For, Sir,
I will be strong, as brave——

Cbi. Ye may consider,
You know we've serv'd you long enough.

Mem. No Soldier
That ever landed on the blest *Elyzium*
Did or shall march, as I will.

Cbi. Wou'd you wou'd march, Sir,
Up to the King, and get us——

Mem. (16) King nor *Cæsar*
Shall equal me in that World.

Cbi. What a Devil ails he?

Mem. Next, the rare Beauties of those Towns I fir'd.

Cbi. I speak of Money, Sir.

Mem. Ten thousand Coaches——

Cbi. O Pounds, Sir, Pounds, I do beseech your Lordship,
Let Coaches run out of your Remembrance.

Mem. In which the wanton *Cupids*, and the Graces
Drawn with the Western Winds, kindling Desires;
And then our Poets——

Cbi. Then our Pay.

Mem. For *Chilax* when the Triumph comes; the Princess
Then, for I'll have a Heav'n made——

(16) *King nor Keiser*] Though this possesses all the former Editions, I can see neither Reason nor Humour in the mistaken Spelling here.

(17) *Chi.* Bless your Lordship!

Mem. Stand still, Sir.

Chi. So I do.

Mem. And in it——

Chi. Death, Sir,

You talk you know not what.

Mem. Such rare Devices :

Make me, I say, a Heav'n.

Chi. I say so too, Sir.

Mem. For here shall run a Constellation.

Chi. And there a pissing Conduit.

Mem. Ha!

Chi. With Wine, Sir.

Mem. A Sun there in his height, there such a Planet.

Chi. But where's our Mony, where runs that?

Mem. Ha?

Chi. Mony,

Mony, an't like your Lordship.

Mem. Why all the Carriages shall come behind,

The Stuff, rich Hangings, Treasure; or say we've none.

Chi. I may say so truly,

For hang me if I have a Groat: I've serv'd well

And like an honest Man: I see no reason——

Mem. Thou must needs die, good *Chilax*.

Chi. Very well, Sir.

Mem. I will have honest, valiant Souls about me,
I cannot miss thee.

Chi. Die?

Mem. Yes, die, and *Pelias*,

Eumenes and *Polybius*: I shall think

Of more within these two hours.

Chi. Die, Sir?

Mem. I, Sir,

And ye shall die.

(17) *Chi.* Bless your Lordship!

Stand still, Sir.

Mem. So I do, and in it] The Absurdity of *Chilax* bidding *Memnon* stand still, and his answering, So I do, is I think very obvious, and the Emendation almost self-evident.

Chi.

Cbi. When, I beseech your Lordship ?

Mem. To Morrow see ye do die.

Cbi. A short warning,

Troth, Sir, I'm ill prepar'd.

Mem. I die my self then,

Beside there's Reason——

Cbi. Oh !

Mem. I pray thee tell me,

For thou art a great Dreamer.

Cbi. I can dream, Sir.

(18) If I eat well and sleep ill.

Mem. Was it never

By Dream or Apparition open'd to thee——

Cbi. He's Mad.

Mem. What the other World was, or *Elyzium* ?

Did'st never travel in thy Sleep ?

Cbi. To Taverns,

When I was drunk o'er Night ; or to a Wench,

There's an *Elyzium* for ye, a young Lady

Wrapt round about ye like a Snake : Is that it ?

Or if that strange *Elyzium* that you talk of

Be where the Devil is, I have dreamt of him,

And that I have had him by the Horns, and rid him ;

He trots the Dagger out o'th' sheath.

Mem. *Elyzium*,

The blessed Fields, Man.

Cbi. I know no Fields blessed, but those I have
gain'd by ;

I have dreamt I have been in Heav'n too.

Mem. There, handle that Place ; that's *Elyzium*.

Cbi. Brave singing, and brave dancing,

And rare things.

Mem. All full of Flow'rs.

Cbi. And Pot-herbs.

Mem. Bow'rs for Lovers,

And everlasting Ages of delight.

(18) *If I eat well and sleep well.*] Luxurious eating makes unquiet Slumbers, and unquiet Slumbers create frequent Dreams, but they who *sleep well* dream little : I think therefore I have restored the true Reading, which gives new Humour as well as a new Sense.

Cbi.

Cbi. I slept not so far.

Mem. Meet me on those Banks
Some two days hence.

Cbi. In Dream, Sir?

Mem. No, in Death, Sir.
And there I muster all, and pay the Soldier.
Away, no more, no more.

Cbi. God keep your Lordship:
This is fine dancing for us.

Enter Siphax.

Sip. Where's the General?

Cbi. There's the old sign of *Memnon*, where the Soul is
You may go look, as I have.

Sip. What's the matter?

Cbi. Why question him and see; he talks of Devils,
Hells, Heav'ns, Princes, Pow'rs, and Potentates;
You must to th' Pot too.

Sip. How?

Cbi. Do you know *Elyzium*? A Tale he talks the Wild-
Goose chase of.

Sip. *Elyzium*? I have read of such a Place.

Cbi. Then get ye to him,
Ye are as fine Company as can be fitted.
Your Worship's fairly met.

[*Exit Chilax.*

Sip. Mercy upon us,
What ails this Gentleman?

(19) *Mem.* Incision——

Sip. How his Head works?

Mem. Between two Ribs,
If he cut short or mangle me; I'll take him
And twirl his Neck about.

Sip. Now Gods defend us.

Mem. In a pure Cup transparent, with a writing
To signifie——

(19) *Mem. Provision*—] As I can see no Reason why a Word should stand here without any Idea connecting with the following Sentence, I have substituted the natural Word, which I'm confirm'd in by Mr. *Sympton's* Concurrence in the same Conjecture.

Sip. I never knew him thus :
Sure he's bewitch'd, or poison'd.

Mem. Who's there ?

Sip. I, Sir.

Mem. Come hither, *Siphax*.

Sip. Yes, how does your Lordship ?

Mem. Well, God a mercy Soldier, very well,
But prithee tell me ———

Sip. Any thing I can, Sir.

Mem. What durst thou do to gain the rarest Beauty
The World has ?

Sip. That the World has ? 'tis worth doing.

Mem. Is it so ; but what doing bears it ?

Sip. Why, any thing ; all danger it appears to.

Mem. Name some of those things ; do.

Sip. I would undertake, Sir,
A Voyage round about the World.

Mem. Short, *Siphax*.

A Merchant does it to spice Pots of Ale.

Sip. I wou'd swim in Armour.

Mem. Short still ; a poor Jade
Loaden will take a Stream, and stem it strongly
To leap a Mare.

Sip. The Plague, I durst.

Mem. Still shorter,
I'll cure it with an Onion.

Sip. Surfeits.

Mem. Short still :
They are often Physicks for our Healths, and help us.

Sip. I wou'd stand a Breach.

Mem. Thine Honour bids thee, Soldier :
'Tis shame to find a second Cause.

Sip. I durst, Sir,
Fight with the fellest Monster.

Mem. That's the poorest ;
Man was ordain'd their Master ; durst ye die, Sir ?

Sip. How ? die, my Lord !

Mem. Die, *Siphax* ; take thy Sword,
And come by that Door to her ; there's a price
To buy a lusty Love at.

Sip. I am content, Sir,
To prove no Purchaser.

Mem. Away thou World-worm,
Thou win a matchless Beauty?

Sip. 'Tis to lose't, Sir;
For being dead, where's the Reward I reach at?
The Love I labour for?

Mem. There it begins, Fool,
Thou art meerly cozen'd; for the Loves we now know
Are but the heats of half an hour; (20) and heated
Desires stir'd up by Nature to encrease her;
Licking of one another to a Lust;
Course and base Appetites, Earths meer Inheritors
And Heirs of Idleness and Blood; pure Love,
That that the Soul affects, and cannot purchase,
While she is loaden with our Flesh; that Love, Sir,
Which is the Price of Honour, dwells not here,
Your Ladies Eyes are Lamples to that Virtue,
That Beauty smiles not on a Cheek washt over,
Nor scents the sweet of Ambers; below, *Siphax*,
Below us, in the other World *Elyzium*,
Where's no more dying, no despairing, mourning,
Where all desires are full, deserts down loaden,
There *Siphax*, there, where Loves are ever living.

Sip. (21) Why do we love in this World then?

Mem. To preserve it,
The Maker lost his work else; but mark, *Siphax*,
What Issues that Love bears.

Sip. Why Children, Sir.
I never heard him talk thus; thus divinely
And sensible before.

Mem. It does so, *Siphax*,
Things like ourselves, as sensual, vain, unvented
Bubbles, and breaths of Air, got with an itching

(20) ——— and hated

Desires——] Mr. *Sympton* and I concurred in believing *batea*
to be a Corruption, though we allow it to make good Sense; *heated*
seems much the most natural Word.

(21) *Why do we live in this World then?*] I found my Conjecture
here confirmed by the two old Folios.

As Blisters are, and bred, as much Corruption
 Flows from their Lives, Sorrow conceives and shapes 'em,
 (22) And oftentimes the Death of those we love most.
 The breeders bring them to the World to curse 'em,
 Crying they creep amongst us like young Cats.
 Cares and continual Crosses keeping with 'em,
 They make Time old to tend them, and Experience
 An Afs, they alter so ; they grow and goodly,
 E'er we can turn our Thoughts, like drops of Water
 They fall into the Main, are known no more ;
 This is the love of this World ; I must tell thee,
 For thou art understanding. *Sip.* What you please, Sir.

Mem. And as a faithful Man, nay I dare trust thee,
 I love the Princess. *Sip.* There 'tis, that has fir'd him,
 I knew he had some Inspiration.
 But does she know it, Sir.

Mem. Yes marry does she,
 I've given my Heart unto her.

Sip. If ye love her.

Mem. Nay, understand me, my Heart taken from me,
 Out of my Body, Man, and so brought to her.
 How lik'ft thou that brave Offer ? There's the Love
 I told thee of ; (23) and after Death the living ;
 She must in Justice come Boy, ha ?

Sip. Your Heart, Sir ?

Mem. Ay, by all means, *Siphax.*

Sip. He loves Roast well
 That eats the Spit.

Mem. And since thou'rt come thus fitly,
 I'll do it presently and thou shalt carry it,
 For thou canst tell a Story, and describe it.

(22) *And oftentimes the Death of those we love most.*] As we want a Verb here, I would divide the *oftentimes*, and read, *And often times the Death.* i. e. causes. *Mr. Sympson.*

I do not agree with *Mr. Sympson* here, I don't know that the Verb *to time* ever signifies *to cause*: Besides, I dont find the want of a Verb in the Sentence ; *the Death of the Mother oftentimes conceives and shapes the Child* ; or, *the Child in its Birth often kills the Mother.*

(23) — *and after Death, the living ;*] I doubt whether *loving* be not the true Word here, but as both are nearly equal, as to Sense, I shall not change the Text.

And

And I conjure thee, *Siphax*, by thy Gentry,
Next by the glorious Battels we have fought in,
By all the Dangers, Wounds, Heats, Colds, Distresses,
Thy Love next, and Obedience, nay thy Life.

Sip. But one thing, first, Sir, if she pleas'd to grant it,
Cou'd ye not love her here and live? Consider.

Mem. Ha? Yes, I think I cou'd.

Sip. 'Twou'd be far nearer,
Besides the Sweets here wou'd induce the last Love
And link it in.

Mem. Thou say'st right, but our Ranks here
And Bloods are bars between us; she must stand off too,
As I perceive she does.

Sip. Desert and Duty
Makes even all, Sir.

Mem. Then the King, though I
Have merited as much as Man can, must not let her,
So many Princes covetous of her Beauty;
I wou'd with all my Heart, but 'tis impossible.

Sip. Why, say she marry after.

Mem. No, she dares not;
The Gods dare not do ill; come.

Sip. Do you mean it?

Mem. Lend me thy Knife, and help me off.

Sip. For Heav'n sake,
Be not so stupid mad, dear General.

Mem. Dispatch, I say.

Sip. As ye love that ye look for,
Heav'n and the blessed Life.

Mem. Hell take thee, Coxcomb,
Why dost thou keep me from it? Thy Knife, I say.

Sip. Do but this one thing, on my Knees I beg it,
Stay but two hours 'till I return again.

For I will to her, tell her all your Merits,
Your most unvalu'd Love, and last your Danger;
If she relent, then live still, and live loving,
Happy, and high in favour: if she frown —

Mem. Shall I be sure to know it?

Sip. As I live, Sir,
My quick return shall either bring ye Fortune,

Or leave you to your own Fate.

Mem. Two hours?

Sip. Yes, Sir.

Mem. Let it be kept.—Away, I will expect it.

[*Exeunt Mem. and Sip.*]

Enter Chilax, Fool and Boy.

Cbi. You dainty Wits? Two of ye to a Cater,
To cheat him of a Dinner?

Boy. Ten at Court, Sir,
Are few enough, they are as wise as we are.

Cbi. Hang ye, I'll eat at any time, and any where,
I never make that part of want, preach to me
What ye can do, and when ye list—

Fool. Your Patience,
'Tis a hard Day at Court, a fish Day.

Cbi. So it seems, Sir,
The Fins grow out of thy Face.

Fool. And to purchase
This day the company of one dear Custard,
Or a Mefs of Rice ap *Thomas*, needs a main Wit?
Beef we can bear before us lined with Brewes
And tubs of Pork; vociferating Veals,
And Tongues that ne'er told Lie yet.

Cbi. Line thy Mouth with 'em. [days,

Fool. Thou'ft need, and great need, for these finny Fish-
The Officers Understandings are so flegmatick,
They cannot apprehend us.

Cbi. That's great pity,
For you deserve it, and being apprehended
The whip to boot; Boy, what do you fo near me?
I dare not trust your touch, Boy.

Enter Stremon, and his Boy.

Boy. As I am virtuous,
What, Thieves amongst our selves?

Cbi. *Stremon.*

Stre. Lieutenant.

Cbi. Welcome ashore, ashore.

Fool. What, *Monsieur Musick*?

Stre.

Stre. My fine Fool.

Boy. Fellow Crack, why what a Consort
Are we now blest withal?

Fool. Fooling and fidling,
Nay and we live not now, Boys; what new Songs, Sirrah?

Stre. A thousand, Man, a thousand.

Fool. Itching Airs
Alluding to the old sport.

Stre. Of all sizes. [on't?

Fool. And how does small *Tim Treble* here; the Heart

2 *Boy.* To do you service.

Fool. O *Tim*, the Times, the Times, *Tim*.

Stre. How does the General,
And next, what *Mony's* stirring?

Chi. For the General [mon,

He's here, but such a General! the Time's chang'd, *Stre*—
He was the liberal General, and the loving,
The Feeder of a Soldier, and the Father,
But now become the stupid'st.

Stre. Why, what ails he?

Chi. Nay, if a Horse knew, and his Head's big enough,
I'll hang for't; didst thou e'er see a Dog
Run mad o'th' Tooth-ach, such another toy
Is he now, so he glotes, and grins, and bites.

Fool. Why hang him quickly, and then he can't hurt
Folks.

Chi. One hour raving,
Another smiling, not a word the third hour:
I tell thee, *Stremon*, h'as a stirring Soul,
Whatever it attempts or labours at
Wou'd wear out twenty Bodies in another.

Fool. I'll keep it out of me, for mine's but Buckram,
He wou'd bounce that out in two hours.

Chi. Then he talks
The strangest and the maddest stuff from Reason,
Or any thing ye offer; stand thou there,
I'll show thee how he is, for I'll play *Memnon*
The strangest General that e'er thou heardst of, *Stremon*.

Stre. My Lord.

Chi. Go presently and find me

A black Horse with a blue Tail ; bid the blank Cornet
 Charge through the Sea, and sink the Navy ; softly,
 Our Souls are things not to be waken'd in us
 With larums, and loud bawlings, for in *Elyzium*,
 Stilness and Quietness, and Sweetness, Sirrah,
 I will have, for it much concerns mine Honour,
 (24) Such a strong Preparation for my welcome
 As all the World shall say : For in the Forefront
 So many on white Unicorns, next them
 My Gentlemen, my Cavaliers and Captains,
 Ten deep and trapt with Tenter-hooks to take hold
 Of all occasions : For *Friday* cannot fish out
 The end I aim at ; tell me of *Diocles*,
 And what he dares do ? Dare he meet me naked ?
 Thunder in this Hand ? In his left—— Fool——

Fool. Yes, Sir.

Chi. Fool, I would have thee fly i'th' Air, fly swiftly
 To that place where the Sun sets, there deliver.

Fool. Deliver ? What, Sir ?

Chi. This Sir, this ye Slave, Sir, [All laugh.
 Death ye rude Rogues, ye Scarabe's.

Fool. Hold for Heav'n's sake,
 Lieutenant, sweet Lieutenant. *Chi.* I have done, Sir.

Boy. You've wrung his Neck off. *Chi.* No, Boy, 'tis
 the nature
 Of this strange Passion when it hits, to hale People
 Along by th' Hair, to kick 'em, break their Heads.

Fool. Do ye call this Acting, was your Part to beat me ?

Chi. Yes, I must act all that he does.

Fool. Plague act ye,
 I'll act no more.

Stre. 'Tis but to shew Man.

Fool. Then Man
 He should have shew'd it only, and not done it,
 I am sure he beat me beyond Action,
 Gouts o' your heavy Fist.

(24) *Such a strong Reputation*——] I have ventur'd to insert in the
 Text a Conjecture of Mr. *Sympson's*, as believing he has hit upon the
 true Reading.

Chi. I'll have thee to him,
Thou hast a fine Wit, fine Fool, and canst play rarely.
He'll hug thee, Boy, and stroke thee.

Fool. I'll to the Stocks first,
E'er I be strok'd thus.

Stre. But how came he, *Chilax* !

Chi. I know not that.

Stre. I'll to him.

Chi. He loves thee well,
And much delights to hear thee sing ; much taken
He has been with thy battel Songs.

Stre. If Musick
Can find his Madness ; I'll so fiddle him,
That out it shall by th' Shoulders:

Chi. My fine Fidler,
He'll firk you and ye take not heed too : 'Twill be rare
sport

To see his own Trade triumph over him ; [*Aside.*
His Lute lac'd to his Head, for creeping Hedges ;
For Mony there's none stirring.—Try, good *Stremon*,
Now what your Silver found can do ; our Voices
Are but vain Echoes.

Stre. Something shall be done
Shall make him understand all ; let's to th' Tavern,
I have some few Crowns left yet : my whistle wet once
I'll pipe him such a (25) Paven——

Chi. Hold thy Head up,
I'll cure it with a quart of Wine ; come Coxcomb,
Come Boy take heed of Napkins.

Fool. You'll no more acting ?

Chi. No more, Chicken.

Fool. Go then.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Siphax at one Door, and a Gentleman at the other.

Sip. God save you, Sir ; pray how might I see the
Princess ?

Gent. Why very fitly, Sir, she's even now ready
To walk out this way into th' Park ; stand there,

(25) *Paven*] *Paven* is the Name of a *Spanish* Dance.

Ye cannot miss her sight, Sir.

Sip. I much thank ye.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Enter Calis, Lucippe, and Cleanthe.

Cal. Let's have a care, for I'll assure ye, Wenches,
I wou'd not meet him willingly again ;
For though I do not fear him, yet his fashion
I wou'd not be acquainted much with.

Cle. Gentle Lady,

Ye need not fear, the Walks are view'd and empty ;
But methinks, Madam, this kind Heart of his——

Lucip. Is slow a coming.

Sip. Keep me, ye blest Angels,
What killing power is this ?

Cal. Why, dost thou look for't ?
Dost think he spoke in earnest ?

Lucip. Methinks, Madam,
A Gentleman shou'd keep his Word ; and to a Lady,
A Lady of your Excellencies.

Cal. Out Fool !

Send me his Heart ? What should we do with't ? Dance it ?

Lucip. Dry it and drink it for the Worms.

Cal. Who's that ?

What Man stands there ?

Cle. Where ?

Cal. There.

Cle. A Gentleman,
Which I beseech your Grace to honour so much,
As know him for your Servant's Brother.

Cal. *Siphax* ?

Cle. The same an't please your Grace ; what does he here ?
Upon what business ? And I ignorant ?

Cal. He's grown a handsome Gentleman : Good *Siphax*
You're welcome from the Wars, wou'd ye with us, Sir ?
Pray speak your Will : He blushes ; be not fearful,
I can assure ye for your Sister's sake, Sir,
There's my Hand on it.

Cle. Do you hear, Sir ?

Cal. Sure these Soldiers are all grown senseless.

Cle. Do you know where ye are, Sir ?

Cal.

Cal. Tongue-tyed,
He looks not well too, by my Life, I think——

Cle. Speak, for shame speak.

Lucip. A Man wou'd speak——

Cal. These Soldiers

(26) Are all dull Saints : Consider and take time, Sir ?
Let's forward, Wenches, come, his Palat's down.

Lucip. Dare these Men charge i'th' face of Fire and
Bullets,

And hang their Heads down at a handsome Woman ?
Good Master *Mars*, that's a foul fault.

[*Exeunt Cal. and Lucip.*]

Cle. Fie Beast,

No more my Brother.

Sip. Sister, honour'd Sister.

Cle. Dishonour'd Fool.

Sip. I do confefs.

Cle. Fie on thee.

Sip. But stay till I deliver.

Cle. Let me go, I am asham'd to own thee.

Sip. Fare ye well then, ye must ne'er see me more.

Cle. Why stay, dear *Siphax*.

My Anger's past ; I will hear ye speak.

Sip. O Sister !

Cle. Out with it, Man.

Sip. O I have drunk my Mischief.

Cle. Ha ? What ?

Sip. My Destruction.

(27) In at mine Eyes I have drank it ; O the Princess,
The rare sweet Princess !

Cle. How Fool ? The rare Princess ?

Was it the Princess that thou saidst ?

Sip. The Princess.

Cle. Thou dost not love her sure, thou dar'st not.

(26) *Are all dull Saints : ——*] Mr. *Sympson* doubts whether we should not read *dull Sots* : But I think he has missed a fine Image here. *These Soldiers are like the dull Statues of Saints, they only stand still in speechless Adoration.*

(27) *In all mine Eyes——*] Mr. *Sympson* and I concurred in this slight Correction, and found it confirmed by the old Folio.

Sip.

Sip. Yes,
 By Heav'n. *Cle.* Yes, by Heav'n? I know thou dar'ft not.
 The Princess? 'Tis thy Life the Knowledge of it,
 Presumption that will draw into it all thy Kindred,
 And leave 'em Slaves and Succourless. The Princess?
 Why she's a sacred thing to see and worship,
 Fixt from us as the Sun is, high, and glorious,
 To be ador'd, not doted on; desire things possible,
 Thou foolish young Man, nourish not a Hope
 Will hale thy Heart out.

Sip. 'Tis my Destiny,
 And I know both Disgrace and Death will quit it,
 If it be known.

Cle. Pursue it not then, *Siphax*,
 Get thee good wholsom Thoughts may nourish thee,
 Go home and Pray,

Sip. I cannot.

Cle. Sleep then, *Siphax*.
 And dream away thy Doting.

Sip. I must have her,
 Or you no more your Brother; work *Cleanthe*,
 Work, and work speedily, or I shall die, Wench.

Cle. Die then, I dare forget; farewell.

Sip. Farewel, Sister.
 Farewel for ever, see me buried.

Cle. Stay.
 Pray stay: He's all my Brothers. No way, *Siphax*,
 No other Woman?

Sip. None, none, she or sinking.

Cle. Go and hope well, my Life I'll venture for thee
 And all my Art, a Woman may work Miracles;
 No more, pray heartily against my Fortunes,
 For much I fear a main one.

Sip. I shall do it.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter a Priestess of Venus, and a Boy.

Pri. Find him by any means; and good Child tell him
F He has forgot his old Friend, give him this,
 And say this Night without excuse or business,
 As ever he may find a Friend, come to me,
 He knows the way, and how; be gone.

Boy. I Gallop.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Enter Cleanthe.

Cle. I have been looking you.

Priest. The fair *Cleanthe*,
 What may your business be?

Cle. O holy Mother
 Such business, of such strange weight, now or never.
 As ye have lov'd me, as ye do or may do,
 When I shall find a fit time.

Priest. If by my means
 Your business may be fitted; ye know me,
 And how I am tied unto you; be bold, Daughter,
 To build your best Hopes.

Cle. O but 'tis a strange one,
 Stuck with as many Dangers——

Priest. There's the working,
 Small things perform themselves and give no Pleasures;
 Be confident, through Death I'll serve you.

Cle. Here.

Priest. Fie, no Corruption. *Cle.* Take it; (28) it is
 yours,
 Be not so spiced, 'tis good Gold, I'm sure,
 And Goodness is no gall to th' Conscience;

I

(28) ——'tis yours,

And Goodness is no gall to th' Conscience;] The two last Editions had spoil'd this by dropping an intermediate Line. I have restored the Original from the first Folio, only I've added two Syllables

at

I know ye have ways to vent it : Ye may hold it.

Priest. I'll keep it for ye ; when ?

Cle. To Morrow Morning

I'll visit ye again ; and when Occasion
Offers it self——

Priest. Instruct me, and have at ye.

Cle. Farewel till then ; be sure.

Priest. As your own Thoughts, Lady.

Cle. 'Tis a main Work, and full of Fear. [Exit Cle.]

Priest. Fools only

(29) Make their effects seem fearful ; farewel, Daughter.
This Gold was well got for my old tuff Soldier,
Now I shall be his sweet again ; what business
Is this she has a-foot ? Some lusty Lover
Beyond her Line, the young Wench wou'd fain piddle,
A little to revive her must be thought of,
'Tis e'en so, she must have it ; but how by my means,
A Devil, can she drive it ? I that wait still
Before the Goddess, giving Oracle,
How can I profit her ? 'Tis her own Project,
And if she cast it false, her own fault be it. [Exit.]

Enter Polydore, Eumenes, Captains, and Stremon.

Pol. Why, this is utter Madness.

Eum. Thus it is, Sir.

Pol. Only the Princess fight ?

1 Capt. All we can judge at.

Pol. This must be lookt to timely.

Eum. Yes, and wisely.

Pol. He does not offer at his Life ?

Eum. Not yet, Sir,

That we can hear of.

at the End, which were probably in the Original, to make it a complete Verse. Mr. *Sympson* thinks that *spiced* should be *nice*, but that would spoil the Measure entirely, and I understand *spiced* in the same Sense.

(29) *Fools only*

Make their effects seem fearful ; —] I a little doubt whether this should not be *Affects*, i. e. *Desires* or *Designs* ; but *effects* may signify, *the thing which they desire to effect*. I have not therefore disturb'd the Text.

Pol.

Pol. Noble Gentlemen,
Let me entreat your Watches over him,
Ye cannot do a worthier Work.

2 Capt. We came, Sir,
Provided for that Service.

Pol. Where is *Chilax*?

Stre. A little busie, Sir.

Pol. Is the Fool and Boy here?

Stre. They are, Sir.

Enter Memnon.

Pol. Let 'em be still so; and as they find his humours—

Eum. Now ye may behold him.

Pol. Stand close, and make no Noise;
By his Eyes now, Gentlemen,
I guess him full of Anger.

Eum. Be not seen there.

Mem. The hour's past long ago, he's false, and fearful;
Coward go with thy Caitive Soul, thou Cur Dog,
Thou cold Clod, Wild-fire warm thee, monstrous fearful,
I know the Slave shakes but to think on't.

Pol. Who's that?

Eum. I know not, Sir.

Mem. But I shall catch ye, Rascal,
Your mangy Soul is not immortal here, Sir,
Ye must die, and we must meet; we must, Maggot,
Be sure we must, for not a Nook of Hell,
Not the most horrid Pit shall harbour thee;
The Devil's Tail shan't hide thee, but I'll have thee,
And how I'll use thee? (30) Whips and Firebrands:
Tosting thy Tail against a flame of Wild-fire,
And basting it with Brimstone, shall be nothing,
Nothing at all; I'll teach ye to be treacherous:
Was never Slave so swing'd since Hell was Hell
As I will swinge thy Slave's Soul; and be sure on't.

Pol. Is this Imagination, or some Circumstance?
For 'tis extream strange.

(30) ——— *Whips of Firebrands:*] The slight Emendation here
is confirm'd by both Folios.

Eum.

Eum. So is all he does, Sir.

Mem. Till then I'll leave ye ; who's there ? Where's the Surgeon ?

Demagoras ? Dem. My Lord. *Mem.* Bring me the Surgeon : And wait you too.

Enter Surgeon.

Pol. What wou'd he with a Surgeon ?

Eum. The thing is mustring in his Head : Pray mark.

Mem. Come hither, ha' you brought your Instruments ?

Sur. They are within, Sir.

Mem. Put to the Doors a while there ; ye can incise To a Hair's breadth without Defacing ?

Sur. Yes, Sir.

Mem. And take out fairly from the Flesh ?

Sur. The least thing.

Mem. Well, come hither ; and take off my Doublet, For look ye, Surgeon, I must have ye cut My Heart out here, and handsomly : Nay, stare not, Nor do not start ; I'll cut your Throat else, Surgeon, Come swear to do it.

Sur. Good Sir——

Mem. Sirrah, hold him, I'll have but one blow at his Head.

(31) *Sur.* I'll do it.

Dem. Why what should we do living after you, Sir ? We'll die before you, if ye please.

Mem. No, no.

Sur. Living ? Hang living. Is there ne'er a Cat-hole where I may creep through ? Wou'd I were in the *Indies*. [*Aside.*

Mem. Swear then, and after my Death presently To kill yourselves and follow, as ye are honest, As ye have Faiths, and Loves to me.

(31) *Sur.* I'll do it.

Why what should we do living after you, Sir ?] The latter part of this Sentence seems proper to one of the Officers of *Memnon*, not to the Surgeon, and accordingly we find *Memnon* applies to them to swear that they'd immediately kill themselves and follow him, I have therefore restored it to *Demagoras*.

Dem.

Dem. We'll do it.

Eum. Pray do not stir yet, we are near enough
To run between all Dangers.

Mem. Here I am, Sir ;
Come, look upon me, view the best way boldly,
Fear nothing, but cut home ; if your Hand shake, Sirrah,
Or any way deface my Heart i'th' cutting,
Make the least scratch upon it ; but draw it whole,
Excellent fair, shewing at all Points, Surgeon,
The Honour and the Valour of the Owner,
Mixt with the most immaculate Love I fend it,
Look to't, I'll slice thee to the Soul.

Sur. Ne'er fear, Sir,
I'll do it daintily. Wou'd I were out once.

Mem. I will not have ye smile, Sirrah, when ye do it,
As though ye cut a Lady's Corn ; 'tis scurvy :
Do me it as thou dost thy Pray'rs, seriously.

Sur. I'll do it in a dump, Sir.

Mem. In a Dog, Sir.
I'll have no Dumps, nor Dumplins ; fetch your Tools,
And then I'll tell ye more.

Sur. If I return
To hear more, I'll be hang'd for't.

Mem. Quick, quick.

Dem. Yes, Sir,——
With all the Heels we have.

[*Exeunt Surgeon and Demagoras.*]

Eum. Yet stand.

Pol. He'll do it.

Eum. He cannot, and we here.

Mem. Why when ye Rascals.

Ye dull Slaves : Will ye come, Sir ? Surgeon, Syringe,
Dog-leach, shall I come fetch ye ?

Pol. Now I'll to him.
God save ye, honour'd Brother.

Mem. My dear *Polydore*,

Welcome from Travel, welcome ; and how do ye ?

Pol. Well, Sir ; wou'd you were so.

Mem. I am, I thank ye.

You are a better'd Man much, I the same still,

An old rude Soldier, Sir.

Pol. Pray be plain, Brother,
And tell me but the meaning of this Vision,
For to me it appears no more : So far
From common Course and Reason.

Mem. Thank thee, Fortune,
At length I've found the Man, the Man must do it,
The Man in Honour bound. *Pol.* To do what? *Mem.* Hark,
For I will bless ye with the Circumstance
Of that weak Shadow that appear'd.

Pol. Speak on, Sir.

Mem. It is no Story, for all Ears. [*Walks with him.*]

Pol. The Princess?

Mem. Peace, and hear all. [*Whispers.*]

Pol. How?

Mem. Sure 'tis dangerous, he starts so at it.

Pol. Your Heart? Do you know, Sir?

Mem. Yes, pray thee be softer.

Pol. Me to do it?

Mem. Only reserv'd, and dedicated.

Pol. For shame, Brother,
Know what ye are, a Man.

Mem. None of your *Athens*,
Good sweet Sir, no Philosophy, thou feel'st not
The honourable end, Fool.

Pol. I'm sure I feel [*long?*]
The shame and scorn that follows : (32) have ye serv'd thus
The glory of your Country, in your Conquests?
The envy of your Neighbours, in your Virtues?
Rul'd Armies of your own, giv'n Laws to Nations,
Belov'd and fear'd as far as Fame has travell'd,
Call'd the most fortunate and happy *Memnon*,
To lose all here at home, poorly to lose it?
Poorly, and pettishly, ridiculously
To fling away your Fortune? Where's your Wisdom?

(32) — have ye serv'd thus long

The glory of your Country in your Conquests?] The Omission
of a Note of Interrogation at the End of the first Line had greatly
flattened the Poetry of this Passage; instead of calling *Memnon*, *the*
Glory of his Country, it had only made him, *serve the Glory of his*
Country.

Where's

Where's that you govern'd others by, Discretion?
Do's your Rule lastly hold upon your self?

Fie Brother,

How are ye faln? Get up into your Honour,
The top branch of your Bravery, and from thence,
Look and behold how little *Memnon* seems now.

Mem. Hum! 'Tis well spoken; but (33) dost thou think,
young Scholar,

The Tongues of Angels from my happiness
Th' end I aim at, could turn me? No, they cannot.
This is no Book-case, Brother; will ye do it?
Use no more Art, I am resolv'd.

Pol. Ye may, Sir,

Command me to do any thing that's honest,
And for your noble end: But this, it carries——

Mem. Ye shall not be so honour'd; live an *Afs* still,
And learn to spell for Profit: Go, go study.

Eum. Ye must not hold him up so, he is lost then.

Mem. Get thee to School again, (34) and talk of
Turnips,

And find the natural Cause out, why a Dog
Turns thrice about e'er he lies down: There's Learning.

Pol. Come, I will do it now; 'tis brave, I find it,
And now allow the Reason.

Mem. O do you so, Sir?

Do you find it currant?

Pol. Yes, yes, excellent.

Mem. I told ye.

(33) ——dost thou think, young Scholar,

The Tongues of Angels from my Happiness

Cou'd turn the end I aim at?] Mr. Sympson thinks this an
indissoluble Difficulty. I think the Meaning intended is easy to be
seen, and by a small transposition (which does indeed a little roughen
the Metre) it will be quite clear.

(34) ——and talk of Turnips,] Why *Turnips* should be a Subject
for Scholars to talk of, more than any one thing in the World beside,
I can't see. I believe it a Corruption, but cannot easily guess what
could have been the Original. The only Conjecture I have is *Turn-
spits*, which is as low a Subject in the Science of Mechanism, as the
Reason of a Dog's turning round thrice is in another Part of natural
Philosophy.

Pol. I was foolish : I have here too
The rarest way to find the Truth out ; hark ye ?
Ye shall be rul'd by me.

Mem. It will be : But——

Pol. I reach it,
If the worst fall, have at the worst ; we'll both go.
But two Days, and 'tis thus.

Mem. Ha ? 'Twill do well so.

Pol. Then is't not excellent, do ye conceive it ?

Mem. 'Twill work for certain.

Pol. O 'twill tickle her,
And you shall know then by a Line.

Mem. I like it,
But let me not be fool'd again.

Pol. Doubt nothing,
You do me wrong then, get ye in there private
(35) As I have taught ye.

Mem. Basta, work.

[*Exit Memnon.*

Pol. I will do.

Eum. Have ye found the Cause ?

Pol. Yes, and the strangest, Gentlemen,
That e'er I heard of, anon I'll tell ye : *Stremon,*
Be you still near him to affect his Fancy,
And keep his Thoughts off : Let the Fool and Boy
Stay him, they may do some pleasure too. *Eumenes,*
What if he had a Wench, a handsome Whore brought,
Rarely drest up, and taught to state it ?

Eum. Well Sir.

Pol. His Cause is meerly Heat : And made believe
It were the Princess mad for him ?

Eum. I think

'Twere not amiss.

1 *Capt.* And let him kiss her.

Pol. What else ?

2 *Capt.* I'll be his Bawd an't please you, Young and
Wholesome

(35) *As I have taught ye. Basta.*

Mem. Work. *Basta,* in Italian, *sufficit,* or it's enough,
from whence our Sailors Term *Avast.* But I have given the Word
to *Memnon,* and not to *Polydore,* it being plainly his Answer.

I can assure ye he shall have.

Eum. Faith let him.

Pol. He shall, I hope 'twill help him ; walk a little, I'll tell you how his case stands, and my Project, In which you may be Mourners ; but by all means Stir not you from him, *Stremon.*

Stre. On our Lives, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Priestess, and Chilax.

Priest. O you're a precious Man? Two days in Town And never see your old Friend?

Chi. Prithee pardon me.

Priest. And in my Conscience, if I had not sent.

Chi. No more, I wou'd ha' come ; I must.

Priest. I find ye,

God-a-mercy want, ye never care for me But when your Slops are empty.

Chi. Ne'er fear that, Wench ;

'Shall find good current Coin still ; Is this the old House?

Priest. Have ye forgot it?

Chi. And the Door still standing That goes into the Temple?

Priest. Still.

Chi. The Robes too,

That I was wont to shift in here?

Priest. All here still.

Chi. O ye tuff Rogue, what Troubles have I trotted through?

What fears and frights? Every poor Mouse a Monster That I heard stir, and every Stick I trod on A sharp Sting to my Conscience.

Priest. 'Las poor Conscience,

Chi. And all to liquor thy old Boots, Wench.

Priest. Out Beast : How you talk?

Chi. I am old, Wench,

And talking to an old Man is like a Stomacher, It keeps his Blood warm.

Priest. But pray tell me?

Chi. Any thing.

[*sure?*

Priest. Where did the Boy meet with ye? At a Wench

At one end of a Wench, a cup of Wine, sure?

Cbi. Thou know'st I am too honest.

Priest. That's your Fault,
And that the Surgeon knows.

Cbi. Then farewell,
I will not fail ye soon.

Priest. Ye shall stay Supper ;
I have sworn ye shall, by this ye shall.

Cbi. I will, Wench ;
But after Supper for an Hour, my business—

Priest. And but an Hour ?

Cbi. No by this Kiss, that ended
I will return, and all Night in thine Arms, Wench—

Priest. No more, I take your meaning ; come, 'tis Sup-
per time. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Calis, Cleanthe, and Lucippe.

Cal. Thou art not well.

Cle. Your Grace sees more a great deal
Than I feel. (Yet I lie) O Brother !

Cal. Mark her,
Is not the quickness of her Eye consum'd, Wench ?
The lively red and white ?

Lucip. Nay, she is much alter'd,
That on my understanding, all her Sleeps, Lady,
Which were as found and sweet——

Cle. Pray do not force me,
Good Madam, where I am not, to be ill ;
Conceit's a double Sickness ; on my Faith your Highness
Is meer mistaken in me.

[*A Dead March within of Drum and Sagbutts.*

Cal. I am glad on't.
Yet this I've ever noted, when thou wast thus,
It still forerun some strange Event : My Sister
Died when thou wast thus last : Hark, hark, ho,
What mournful Noise is this comes creeping forward ?
Still it grows nearer, nearer, do ye hear it ?

Enter Polydor, and Captains, Eumenes Mourning.

Lucip. It seems some Soldier's Funeral : See, it enters.

Cal. What may it mean ?

Pol. The Gods keep ye, fair *Calis*.

Cal. This Man can speak, and well; he stands and views us;

Wou'd I were ne'er worse look'd upon: How humbly His Eyes are cast now to the Earth! Pray mark him, And mark how rarely he has rankt his Troubles: See now he weeps; they all weep; a sweeter Sorrow I never look'd upon, nor one that braver Became his Grief. Your Will with us?

Pol. Great Lady, ——— [Plucks out the Cup.
Excellent Beauty.

Cal. He speaks handsomely.
What a rare Rhetorician his Grief plays!
That Stop was admirable.

Pol. See, see thou Princess,
Thou great Commander of all Hearts.

Cal. I have found it, oh how my Soul shakes!

Pol. See, see the noble Heart
Of him that was the noblest: See, and glory
(Like the proud God himself) in what thou'st purchas'd,
Behold the Heart of *Memnon*: Does it start ye?

Cal. Good Gods, what has his wildness done?

Pol. Look boldly,
You boldly said you durst; look, wretched Woman,
Nay fly not back, fair Folly, 'tis too late now,
Virtue and blooming Honour bleed to Death here,
Take it, the Legacy of Love bequeath'd ye,
Of cruel Love, a cruel Legacy;
What was the will that wrought it then? Can ye weep?
Imbalm it in your truest Tears, (if Women
Can weep Truth, or ever Sorrow sunk yet
Into the Soul of your Sex;) 'tis a Jewel
The World's worth cannot weigh down, take it, Lady:
And with it all (I dare not curse) my Sorrows,
And may they turn to Serpents.

Eum. How she looks
Still upon him! See, now a Tear steals from her.

2 Capt. But still she keeps her Eye firm.

Pol. Next read this:

But since I see your Spirit somewhat troubled

I'll do it for ye.

2 *Capt.* Still she eyes him mainly.

Pol. Go, happy Heart, for thou shalt lie
Intomb'd in her for whom I Die,
Example of her Cruelty.

Tell her, if she chance to chide
Me for slowness, in her Pride,
That it was for her I dy'd.

If a Tear escape her Eye,
'Tis not for my Memory,
But thy Rites of Obsequy.

The Altar was my loving Breast,
My Heart the sacrificed Beast,
And I was my self the Priest.

Your Body was the sacred Shrine,
Your cruel Mind the Power Divine,
Pleas'd with Hearts of Men, not Kine.

Eum. Now it pours down.

Pol. I like it rarely :— Lady.

Eum. How greedily she swallows up his Language ?

2 *Capt.* Her Eye inhabits on him.

Pol. Cruel Lady,

Great as your Beauty scornful ; had your Pow'r
But equal poise on all Hearts, all Hearts perish'd ;
But *Cupid* has more Shafts than one, more Flames too,
And now he must be open-ey'd, 'tis Justice :
Live to enjoy your longing ; live and laugh at
The Losses and the Miseries we suffer ;
Live to be spoken when your Cruelty
Has cut off all the Virtue from this Kingdom,
(36) Turn'd Honour into Earth, and faithful Service—
Cal. I swear his Anger's excellent.

(36) *Turn'd Honour into Earth, and faithful Service.*] Every Reader must see the Absurdity of making the Period end here.

Pol. Truth, and most try'd Love,
(37) Into Disdain and Downfall.

Cal. Still more pleasing.

Pol. Live then, I say, famous for civil Slaughters,
Live and lay out your Triumphs, gild your Glories,
Live and be spoken—this is she, this Lady,
This goodly Lady, yet most killing Beauty,
This with the two-edg'd Eyes, the Heart for hardness
Outdoing Rocks; and Coldness, Rocks of Crystal.
This with the swelling Soul, more coy of Courtship
Than the proud Sea is when the Shores embrace him;
Live till the Mothers find ye, read your Story,
And sow their barren Curses on your Beauty,
Till those that have enjoy'd their Loves despise ye,
Till Virgins pray against ye: (38) Old Age fire ye.
And ev'n as waited Coals glow in their dying,
So may the Gods reward ye in your Ashes.
But y'are the Sister of my King; more Prophecies
Else I should utter of ye, true Loves and Loyal
Bless themselves ever from ye. So I leave ye.

Cal. Prithee be angry still, young Man: Good fair Sir,
Chide me again. What wou'd this Man do pleas'd,
That in his Passion can bewitch Souls? Stay.

Eum. Upon my Life she loves him.

Cal. Pray stay. *Pol.* No.

Cal. I do command ye.

Pol. No, ye cannot, Lady,
I have a spell against ye, Faith and Reason.
Ye are too weak to reach me: I have a Heart too,
But not for Hawks Meat, Lady.

(37) *Into Disdain and Downfall.*] Mr. Sympson would read
Into Despair, but I see no Reason for a Change.

(38) —*Old Age find ye,*] He had a little before said, *Live till the Mothers find ye*, i. e. know and are acquainted with your Character. But here, *Old Age find ye*, if it be genuine, must signify, *May old Age overtake you, and then may your Ashes be kindled into un-availing Flames of Love.* It is very unusual in one Sentence to use the same Expression in two such very different Senses, although it will bear both. I think it therefore corrupt, and have ventured to change it for a Word that adds, I think, much Spirit and Strength to the Passage, and might therefore probably have been the true one.

Cal.

Cal. Even for Charity

Leave me not thus afflicted : You can teach me.

Pol. How can you preach that Charity to others
That in your own Soul are an Atheist,
Believing neither Pow'r nor Fear? I trouble ye,
The Gods be good unto ye.

Cal. Amen.

[*She Swoons.*]

Lucip. Lady.

Cle. O Royal Madam ! Gentlemen, for Heav'n-sake !

[*They come back.*]

Pol. Give her fresh Air, she comes again : Away, Sirs,
And here stand close till we perceive the working.

Eum. Ye have undone all.

Pol. So I fear.

2 Capt. She loves ye.

Eum. And then all Hope's lost this way.

Pol. Peace, she rises.

Cle. Now for my purpose, Fortune.

Cal. Where's the Gentleman?

Lucip. Gone, Madam.

Cal. Why gone?

Lucip. H'as dispatch'd his business.

(39) *Cal.* He came to speak with me,

Lucip. He did.

Cal. He did not.

For I had many Questions.

Lucip. On my Faith, Madam,
He talk'd a great while to ye.

Cal. Thou conceiv'st not,

He talk'd not as he shou'd do ; O my Heart.

Away with that sad Sight ; Didst thou e'er love me ?

(39) *Cal.* He came to speak with me.

He did.

Cle. He did not.

Cal. For I had many Questions.] Mr. Symphon says, that the Princess contradicts both herself as well as her Maids so ridiculously, that she is grown Childish of a sudden ; but he happened not to observe that this Absurdity is entirely owing to the Mistakes of the Press. Where the Dialogue is very short, nothing is so common as to misplace the Speakers : This is I believe the fifth time it has already happened in this Play only, and which I hope I have restored.

Lucip.

Lucip. Why do you make that Question?

Cal. If thou didst,

Run, run Wench, run: Nay see how thou stirst.

Lucip. Whither?

Cal. If 'twere for any thing to please thy self
Thou wou'dst run to th' Devil: But I am grown——

Cle. Fie, Lady.

Cal. I ask none of your Fortunes, nor your Loves,
None of your bent Desires I slack, ye are not
In love with all Men, are ye? one for shame
You'll leave your honour'd Mistres? why do ye stare so?
What is it that ye see about me, tell me?
Lord what am I become? I am not wild, sure,
Heav'n keep that from me: O *Cleanthe* help me,
Or I am sunk to Death.

Cle. Ye have offended,
And mightily; Love is incenst against ye,
And therefore take my Counsel; to the Temple,
For that's the speediest Physick: Before the Goddess
Give your repentant Prayers: Ask her Will,
And from the Oracle attend your Sentence,
She's mild and merciful.

Cal. I will: O *Venus*
Even as thou lov'st thy self!

Cle. Now for my Fortune. [*Exeunt Calis and Women.*]

Pol. What shall I do?

Capt. Why make your self.

Pol. I dare not,
No, Gentlemen, I dare not be a Villain,
Though her bright Beauty wou'd entice an Angel.
I will to th' King, my last hope. Get him a Woman,
As we before concluded; and as ye pass
Give out the *Spartans* are in Arms; and terrible;
And let some Letters to that end be feign'd too
And sent to you, some Posts too to the General;
And let me work: Be near him still.

Eum. We will, Sir.

Pol. Farewel: And pray for all. What e'er I will ye
Do it, and hope a fair end.

Eum. The Gods speed ye,

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter Stremon, Fool, Boy, and Servants.

Serv. He lies quiet.

Strem. Let him lie, and as I told ye
Make ready for this Shew: H'as divers times
Been calling upon *Orpheus* to appear
And shew the Joys—Now I will be that *Orpheus*,
And as I play and sing, like Beasts and Trees
I'd have you shap'd and enter: Thou a Dog, Fool,
I have sent about your Sutes: The Boy a Bush,
An Afs you, you a Lion.

Fool. I a Dog?

I'll fit you for a Dog. Bow wow.

Strem. 'Tis excellent,
Steal in and make no noise.

Fool. Bow wow.

Strem. Away Rogue.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Priestess, and Chilax.

Priest. Good sweet Friend be not long.

Chi. Thou think'st each Hour ten
'Till I be ferreting.

Priest. You know I love ye.

Chi. I will not be above an Hour; let thy Robe be ready,
And the Door be kept.

[*Cleanthe knocks within.*]

Priest. Who knocks there?
Yet more busines?

Enter Cleanthe.

Chi. Have ye more Pensioners? the Princess Woman?
Nay then I'll stay a little; what Game's a-foot now?

Cle. Now is the time.

Chi. A rank Bawd by this Hand too,
She grinds o' both sides: Hey Boys.

Priest. How, your Brother *Sipbax*?
Loves he the Princess?

Cle. Deadly, and you know
He is a Gentleman descended nobly.

Chi. But a rank Knave as ever pist.

Cle.

Cle. Hold Mother,
Here's more Gold, and some Jewels.

(40) *Chi.* Here's more Villany!
I'm glad I came to th' hearing.

Priest. Alas, Daughter,
What would ye have me do?

Chi. Hold off, ye old Whore;
There's more Gold coming; all's mine, all.

Cle. Do ye shrink now?
Did ye not promise faithfully, and told me
Through any Danger?

Priest. Any I can wade through.

Cle. Ye shall and easily, the Sin not seen neither,
Here's for a better Stole, and a new Vail, Mother:

(41) Come, ye shall be my Friend; if all hit.

Chi. Hang me.

Cle. I'll make ye richer than the Goddeffs.

Priest. Say then,
I'm yours, what must I do?

Cle. I'th' Morning,
But very early, will the Princess visit
The Temple of the Goddeffs, being troubled
With strange things that distract her: From the Oracle
(Being strongly too in love) she will demand
The Goddeffs Pleasure, and a Man to cure her.
That Oracle you give: Describe my Brother,
You know him perfectly.

(40) *Chi.* *Here's Villany!*] The old Folio reads, *Here's no Villany*, but that is false in fact. My Reading both compleats the Sense and the Antithesis to the foregoing Sentence. Mr. Sympson.

(41) *Come, ye shall be my Friend:*

Chi. *If all hit, hang me,*

I'll make ye richer than the Goddeffs.] Here again the Speakers are strangely jumbled, and it is the only Place in the Play where all the Editions don't blindly follow one another in the same false Track. In this the first Folio reads,

Come, ye shall be my Friend; if all hit.

Chi. *Hang me,*

I'll make you richer than the Goddeffs.

The two following Editions endeavouring to correct the Mistake only made it greater. Mr. Sympson too saw the Mistake in the last Line.

Priest.

Priest. I have seen him often. [with

Cle. And charge her take the next Man she shall meet
When she comes out : You understand me.

Priest. Well.

Cle. Which shall be he attending ; this is all,
And easily without suspition ended,
(42) Nor none dare disobey, 'tis Heav'n that does it,
And who dares cross it then, or once suspect it?
The Venture is most easie.

Priest. I will do it.

Cle. As ye shall prosper ?

Priest. As I shall prosper.

Cle. Take this too, and farewell ; but first hark hither.

Chi. What a young Whore's this to betray her Mistress?
A thousand Cuckolds shall that Husband be
That marries thee, thou art so mischievous.
I'll put a Spok among your Wheels.

Cle. Be constant.

Priest. 'Tis done.

Chi. I'll do no more at drop shot then. [*Exit Chilax.*]

Priest. Farewel, Wench. [*Exeunt Priest and Cleanthe.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter a Servant, and Stremon at the Door.

Serv. HE stirs, he stirs.

Strem. Let him, I'm ready for him,
He shall not this Day perish, if his Passions
May be but fed with Musick ; are they ready ?

Enter Memnon.

Serv. All, all : See where he comes.

Strem. I'll be straight for him. [*Exit Stremon.*]

(42) *Nor none dare disobey,—*] The Use of two Negatives in this manner (which we now esteem very incorrect) is so common in *Spenser*, *Shakespeare*, and our Authors, that it cannot be looked on as an Error of the Press, although *Shakespeare* himself mentions the Rule of two Negatives making an Affirmative.

Enter

Enter Eumenes, and Captains.

Serv. How sad he looks and fullen! [*Stand close.*
Here are the Captains : My Fear's past now.

Mem. Put case i'th' other World
She do not love me neither ? I'm old 'tis certain.

Eum. His Spirit is a little quieter.

Mem. My Blood lost, and Limbs stiff ; my Embraces,
Like the cold stubborn Bark's hoary, and heatless,
My Words worse : My Fame only and Atchievements,
Which are my Strength, my Blood, my Youth, my
Fashion,

Must woo her, win her, wed her ; that's but Wind,
And Women are not brought to Bed with Shadows :
I do her wrong, much wrong ; she's young and blessed,
Sweet as the Spring, and as his Blossoms tender,
And I a nipping North-wind, my Head hung
With Hails, and frosty Isicles : Are the Souls so too
When they depart hence, lame and old, and loveless ?
No sure, 'tis ever Youth there ; Time and Death
Follow our Flesh no more : And that forc'd Opinion
That Spirits have no Sexes, I believe not.

Enter Stremon, like Orpheus.

There must be Love, there is Love : What art thou ?

S O N G.

Strem. Orpheus I am, come from the Deeps below,
To thee, fond Man, the Plagues of Love to show :
To the fair Fields where Loves Eternal dwell
There's none that come, but first they pass through Hell :
Hark, and beware, unless thou hast lov'd ever
Below'd again, thou shalt see those Joys never.

Hark how they groan that dy'd despairing,
O take heed then :
Hark how they howl for over-daring :
All these were Men.

They

*They that be Fools, and dye for Fame,
They lose their Name ;
And they that bleed
Hark how they speed.*

*Now in cold Frosts, now scorching Fires
They sit, and curse their lost Desires :
Nor shall these Souls be free from Pains and Fears,
Till Women waft them over in their Tears.*

Mem. (43) How should he know my Passage is deny'd me?
Or which of all the Devils dare?
Eum. This Song
Was rarely form'd to fit him.

S O N G.

Orph. Charon, O Charon,
Thou Waster of the Souls to Bliss or Bane.

Cha. *Who calls the Ferryman of Hell?*

Orph. Come near,
And say who lives in Joy, and who in Fear.

Cha. *Those that die well, eternal Joy shall follow ;
Those that die ill, their own foul Fate shall swallow.*

Orph. *Shall thy black Bark those guilty Spirits stow
That kill themselves for Love?*

Cha. O no, no, no,
*My Cordage cracks when such great Sins are near,
No Wind blows fair, nor I my self can steer.*

Orph. *What Lovers pass and in Elyzium reign?*

Cha. *Those gentle Loves that are belov'd again.*

Orph. *This Soldier loves, and fain would die to win ;
Shall he go on?*

Cha. No, 'tis too foul a Sin.
*He must not come aboard ; I dare not row ;
Storms of Despair and guilty Blood will blow.*

Orph. *Shall Time release him, say?*

Cha. No, no, no, no.

(43) *How should I know—*] Corrected by Mr. Symphon.

Nor Time nor Death can alter us, nor Pray'r ;
 (44) My Boat is Destiny's, and who then dare
 But those appointed come aboard ? Live still,
 And Love by Reason, Mortal, not by Will.

Orph. And when thy Mistress shall close up thine Eyes,

Cha. Then come aboard and pass ;

Orph. Till when be wise.

Cha. Till when be wise.

Eum. How still he sits : I hope this Song has settled him.

1 Capt. He bites his Lip, and rowles his fiery Eyes, yet
 I fear for all this ———

2 Capt. Stremon, still apply to him.

Strem. Give more room, sweetly strike, divinely
 Such Strains as old Earth moves at.

(45) Orph. O'th' Pow'r I have both over Beast and Plant,
 Thou Man alone feel'st miserable want. [Musick.
 Strike you rare Spirits that attend my Will,
 And lose your savage wildness by my Skill.

Enter a Mask of Beasts.

This Lion was a Man of War that dy'd,
 As thou wou'dst do, to gild his Lady's Pride :
 This Dog a Fool that hung himself for Love :
 This Ape, with daily hugging of a Glove,
 Forgot to eat and died. This goodly Tree,
 An Usher that still grew before his Lady,
 Wither'd at Root. This, for he cou'd not woo,
 A grumbling Lawyer : This py'd Bird a Page,
 That melted out because he wanted Age.
 Still these lie howling on the Stygian Shore,
 O love no more, O Mortal, love no more.

[Exit Mermon.

Eum. He steals off silently, as though he'd sleep.

(44) My Boat is Destiny—] Mr. Sympson has, I believe, restored
 the Original here.

(45) Orph. The Pow'r I have both over Beast and Plant,
 Thou Man alone feel'st miserable want.] This appeared quite
 unintelligible to Mr. Sympson. I think there is nothing but an of
 wanting to make it clear, which I have therefore added.

No more, but all be near him, feed his Fancy
 Good *Stremon* still; this may lock up his Folly.
 Yet Heav'n knows I much fear him. Away softly.

[*Exeunt Captains.*]

Fool. Did I not do most doggedly ?

Stre. Most rarely.

Fool. He's a brave Man, when shall we dog again ?

Boy. Untye me first for God's sake.

Fool. Help the Boy ;

He's in a Wood poor Child : Good hony *Stremon*

Let's have a Bear-baiting ; ye shall see me play

The rarest for a single Dog : At head all ;

And if I do not win immortal Glory,

Play Dog play Devil.

Stre. Peace for this time.

Fool. Prithee

Let's sing him a black Santis, then let's all howl

In our own beastly Voices ; Tree keep your time,

Untye there ; bow, wow, wow.

Stre. Away ye Afs, away.

Fool. Why, let us do something

To satisfie the Gentleman, he's mad ;

A Gentleman-like humour, and in fashion,

And must have Men as mad about him.

Stre. Peace,

And come in quickly, 'tis ten to one else

He'll find a staff to beat a Dog ; no more words,

I'll get ye all employment ; soft, soft, in all. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chilax and Cloe.

Chi. When cam'st thou over, Wench ?

Cloe. But now this Evening,

And have been ever since looking out *Siphax*,

I'th' Wars he would have look'd me : Sure h'as gotten

Some other Mistrifs ?

Chi. A thousand, Wench, a thousand,

They are as common here as Caterpillers

Among the Corn, they eat up all the Soldiers.

Cloe. Are they so hungry ? Yet by their leave, *Philax*,

I'll have a snatch too.

Chi.

Cbi. Dost thou love him still, Wench?

Clo. Why shou'd I not? He had my Maidenhead
And all my Youth.

Cbi. Thou art come the happiest,
In the most blessed time, sweet Wench, the fittest,
If thou dar'st make thy Fortune: By this Light, *Cloe*,
And so I'll kiss thee: And if thou wilt but let me,
For 'tis well worth a kindness.

Clo. What shou'd I let ye?

Cbi. Enjoy thy Miniken.

Clo. Thou art still old *Cbilax*.

Cbi. Still, still, and ever shall be: If, I say,
Thou wo't strike the stroke (I cannot do much harm,
Wench.

Clo. Nor much good.)

Cbi. *Siphax* shall be thy Husband,
Thy very Husband, Woman, thy Fool, thy Cuckold,
Or what thou'lt make him: I am over-joy'd,
Ravish'd, clean ravish'd with this Fortune; kiss me,
Or I shall lose my self.

Clo. My Husband, said ye?

Cbi. Said I? And will say, *Cloe*: Nay, and do it,
And do it home too; Peg thee as close to him
(46) As Boards are with a Pin to one another;
I have it, I can do it: Thou want'st Cloaths too,
And he'll be hang'd unless he marry thee
E'er he maintain thee: Now he has Ladies, Courtiers
More than his back can bend at, multitudes;
We're taken up for Threshers. Will ye bite?

Clo. Yes.

Cbi. And let me——

Clo. Yes, and let ye——

Cbi. What!

Clo. Why that ye wot of.

Cbi. I cannot stay, take your Instructions
And something toward Household, come, whatever

(46) *As Birds are with a Pin—*] Mr. *Sympson* thinks it probable
that *Boards* is the true Word; and though the other is not Nonsense,
I have changed it, as thinking his Conjecture a very happy one.

I shall advise ye, follow it exactly,
And keep your times I point ye ; for I'll tell ye
A strange way you must wade through.

Clo. Fear not me, Sir.

Cbi. Come then, and let's dispatch this modicum,
Come, I have but an hour to stay, a short one,
Besides more Water for another Mill,
An old weak over-shot I must provide for,
There's an old Nunnery at hand.

Clo. What's that ?

Cbi. A bawdy House.

Clo. A pox consume it.

Cbi. If the Stones 'tis built on
Were but as brittle as the Flesh lives in it,
Your Curse came handsomly : Fear not, there's Ladies,
(47) And other good sad People : Your pinkt Citizens
Think it no shame to shake a Sheet there : Come, Wench.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleanthe and Siphax.

Cle. A Soldier and so fearful ?

Sip. Can ye blame me ;
When such a weight lies on me ?

Cle. Fye upon ye,
I tell ye, ye shall have her : Have her safely,
And for your Wife ; with her own Will.

Sip. Good Sister——

Cle. What a distrustful Man are you ? To morrow,
To morrow Morning——

Sip. Is it possible ?
Can there be such a Happiness ?

Cle. Why hang me
If then ye be not married : If to morrow Night
Ye do not——

Sip. O dear Sister——

Cle. What ye wou'd do,
What ye desire to do ; lie with her : Devil,
What a dull Man are you ?

(47) *And other good sad People : ——] Sad here signifies the same
with sage, wise or sober.*

Sip.

Sip. Nay I believe now,
And shall she love me ?

Cle. As her Life, and stroke ye.

Sip. O I will be her Servant.

Cle. 'Tis your Duty.

Sip. And she shall have her whole Will.

Cle. Yes 'tis reason,

She is a Princess, and by that Rule boundless.

Sip. What wou'd you be ? For I wou'd have ye, Sister,
Chuse some great Place about us : As her Woman
Is not so fit.

Cle. No, no, I shall find Places.

Sip. And yet to be a Lady of her Bed-chamber
I hold not so fit neither,
Some great Title, believe it, shall be look'd out.

Cle. Ye may, a Dutches

Or such a Toy, a small thing pleases me, Sir.

Sip. What you will, Sister : If a neighbour Prince,
When we shall come to reign——

Cle. We shall think on't,

Be ready at the time, and in that place too,
And let me work the rest ; within this half hour
The Princess will be going, 'tis almost Morning,
Away and mind your business.

Sip. Fortune blefs us.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Polydor and Lords.

Pol. I do beseech your Grace to banish me.

King. Why, Gentleman, is she not worthy Marriage ?

Pol. Most worthy, Sir, where Worth again shall
meet her,

But I like thick Clouds (48) sailing slow and heavy,
Although by her drawn higher, yet shall hide her.
I dare not be a Traitor ; and 'tis Treason,
But to imagine. As you love your Honour——

(48) — *sailing slow and heavy,*] Mr. Sympson would read *low*, to make the Antithesis stronger to the next Line. But I rather prefer the old Text, or at least think it too good to need any Change.

King. 'Tis her first Maiden doting, and if crost,
I know it kills her.

1 Lord. How knows your Grace she loves him?

King. Her Woman told me all (beside his story)
Her Maid *Lucippe*, on what reason too,
And 'tis beyond all but enjoying.

Pol. Sir,

Ev'n by your Wisdom; by that great Discretion
Ye owe to Rule and Order——

2 Lord. This Man's Mad sure,
To plead against his Fortune——

1 Lord. And the King too,
Willing to have it so?

Pol. By those dead Princes
From whose Descents ye stand a Star admir'd at,
Lay not so base allay upon your Virtues;
Take heed, for Honour's sake take heed: The Bramble
No wise Man ever planted by the Rose,
It cankers all her Beauty; nor the Vine,
When her full Blushes court the Sun, dares any
Choke up with wanton Ivy. Good my Lords,
Who builds a Monument, the Basis Jasper,
And the main Body Brick?

2 Lord. Ye wrong your Worth,
Ye are a Gentleman descended nobly.

1 Lord. In both Bloods truly noble.

King. Say ye were not,
My Will can make ye so.

Pol. No, never, never;
'Tis not Descent, nor Will of Princes does it,
'Tis Virtue which I want, 'tis Temperance,
Man, honest Man: Is't fit your Majesty
Should call my Drunkenness, my Rashness, Brother?
Or such a blessed Maid my breach of Faith,
(For I am most lascivious) and fell Angers
(In which I am also mischievous) her Husband?
O Gods preserve her! I am wild as Winter,
Ambitious as the Devil; out upon me,
I hate my self, Sir; if ye dare bestow her
Upon a Subject, ye have one deserves her.

King.

King. But him she does not love: I know your meaning.
This young Man's Love unto his noble Brother
Appears a Mirrour; what must now be done, Lords?
For I am gravel'd; if she have not him
She dies for certain, if his Brother miss her,
Farewel to him, and all our Honours.

I Lord. He is dead, Sir,
Your Grace has heard of that, and strangely.

King. No,
I can assure you no, there was a trick in't,
Read that, and then know all; what ails the Gentleman?
Hold him; how do ye, Sir? [*Polydor is sick o'th' sudden.*]

Pol. Sick on the sudden,
Extremely, wondrous ill.

King. Where did it take ye? [fake.]

Pol. Here in my Head, Sir, and my Heart; for Heav'n

King. Conduct him to his Chamber presently,
And bid my Doctors——

Pol. No, I shall be well, Sir,
I do beseech your Grace, even for the Gods sake,
Remember my poor Brother, I shall pray then——

King. Away, he grows more weak still: I will do it,
Or Heav'n forget me ever. Now your Counsels,
[Exit Pol.]

For I am at my wits end; what with you, Sir?

Enter Messenger with a Letter.

Mess. Letters from warlike Pelius.

King. Yet more Troubles?

(49) The Spartans are in Arms, and like to win all:
Supplies are sent for, and the General;
This is more cross than t'other; come let's to him,
For he must have her, 'tis necessity,

(49) *The Spartans are in Arms, —*] Mr. Sympson would have these two Lines spoke by the Messenger, as thinking that the King had not time to inspect his Letters: But as a small Pause was sufficient to see the general Purport of them, and as Messengers who bring Letters seldom are to deliver the full Contents of them before-hand, I make no Change here. The two Lines may be even suppos'd to be the Beginning of the Letter.

Or we must lose our Honours ; let's plead all,
 For more than all is needful, shew all reason
 If love can hear o' that side, if she yield
 We have fought best, and won the noblest Field. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Eumenes, Captains and Stremon.

1 *Capt.* I have brought the Wench, a lusty Wench,
 And somewhat like the Princess.

Eum. 'Tis the better, let's see her,
 And go you in and tell him, that her Grace
 Is come to visit him : How sleeps he, *Stremon* ?

Stre. He cannot, only thinks, and calls on *Polydor*,
 Swears he will not be fool'd ; sometimes he rages,
 And sometimes sits and muses. [*Exit Stremon.*]

(50) *Enter Cloe, and Captain.*

Eum. He's past all help sure :
 How do ye like her ?

2 *Capt.* By th' Mass a good round Virgin,
 And at first sight resembling ; she's well cloath'd too.

Eum. But is she found ?

2 *Capt.* Of Wind and Limb, I warrant her.

Eum. You are instructed, Lady ?

Cloe. Yes, and know, Sir,
 How to behave my self, ne'er fear.

Eum. *Polybius*,
 Where did he get this Vermin ?

1 *Capt.* Hang him Badger, [*Mates*]
 There's not a hole free from him, Whores and Whores
 Do all pay him Obedience.

Eum. Indeed i'th' War
 His quarter was all Whore, Whore upon Whore,
 And lin'd with Whore ; beshrew me 'tis a fair Whore.

1 *Capt.* She has smockt away her Blood ; but fair or
 foul,
 Or blind or lame, that can but lift her Leg up,

(50) *Enter Whore and Captain.*] When the *Whore* goes out it is
 said, *Exit Cloe*, and *Cloe* was certainly designed by the Author, as the
 filthy Description of her in this Scene makes the Fate of *Siphax*, in
 marrying her instead of the Princess, much more comick.

Comes

Comes not amifs to him, he rides like a night Mare,
All Ages, all Religions.

Eum. Can ye ftate it ?

Cloe. I'll make a fhift.

Eum. He muft lie with ye, Lady.

Cloe. Let him, he's not the firft Man I have lain with,
Nor fhall not be the laft.

Enter Memnon.

2 Capt. He comes, no more words,
She has her Leffon throughly ; how he views her ?

Eum. Go forward now, fo, bravely, ftand !

Mem. Great Lady,

How humbly I am bound——

Cloe. You fhall not kneel, Sir,
Come, I have done you wrong ; ftand up my Soldier,
And thus I make amends—— [*Kiffes him.*]

Eum. A Plague confound ye,
Is this your State ?

2 Capt. 'Tis well enough.

Mem. O Lady,

Your Royal Hand, your Hand, my deareft Beauty,
Is more than I muft purchafe : Here divine one,
I dare revenge my wrongs. Ha !

1 Capt. A damn'd foul one.

Eum. The Lees of Bawdy brewis, mourning Gloves !
All fpoil'd by Heav'n.

Mem. Ha ? who art thou ?

2 Capt. A fhame on ye,
Ye clawing fcabby Whore.

Mem. I fay, who art thou ?

Eum. Why 'tis the Princefs, Sir.

Mem. The Devil, Sir,

(51) 'Tis fome rogue thing.

Cloe. If this abufe be Love, Sir,
Or I that laid afide my Modesty——

(51) *'Tis fome roguy thing.*] The badnefs of the Verfe here made me confult the old Folio, from which I have reftored the Original. The Ufe of a Subftantive *adjeftively* is very common with the beft old Poets : but the two laft Editors do not feem to have known of it.

Eum. So far thou'lt never find it.

Mem. Do not weep,
For if ye be the Princess, I will love ye,
Indeed I will, and honour ye, fight for ye, [thou?
Come, wipe your Eyes; by Heav'n she stinks; who art
Stinks like a poyson'd Rat behind a Hanging;
Woman, who art thou? Like a rotten Cabbage.

2 Capt. You're much to blame, Sir, 'tis the Princess.

Mem. How?

She the Princess?

Eum. And the loving Princess.

1 Capt. Indeed the doating Princess.

Mem. Come hither once more,
The Princess smells like Morning's breath, pure Amber,
Beyond the courted *India* in her Spices.
Still a dead Rat by Heaven; thou a Princess?

Eum. What a dull Whore is this?

Mem. I'll tell ye presently,
For if she be a Princess, as she may be
And yet stink too, and strongly, I shall find her.
Fetch the *Numidian* Lyon I brought over,
If she be sprung from Royal Blood, the Lyon
Will do you Reverence, else——

Cloe. I beseech your Lordship——

(52) *Mem.* He'll tear her all to pieces.

Cloe. I am no Princess, Sir.

Mem. Who brought thee hither?

2 Capt. If ye confess, we'll hang ye.

Cloe. Good my Lord——

Mem. Who art thou then?

Cloe. A poor retaining Whore, Sir,
To one of your Lordship's Captains.

Mem. Alas poor Whore,
Go, be a Whore still, and stink worse: *Ha, ha, ha.*
[Exit Cloe.
What Fools are these, and Coxcombs? [Exit Memnon.

(52) *Eum.* *He'll tear her all to pieces.*] This is given to *Eumenes* in all the Editions, when it is evidently the Conclusion of *Memnon's* Speech.

Eum.

Eum. I am right glad yet,
He takes it with such lightness.

1 *Capt.* Methinks his Face too
Is not so clouded as it was ; how he looks ?

Eum. Where's your dead Rat ?

2 *Capt.* (53) The Devil dine upon her.
Lyons ? Why what a Medicine had he gotten
To try a Whore ?

Enter Stremon.

Stre. Here's one from *Polydor* stays to speak with ye.

Eum. With whom ?

Stre. With all ; where has the General been ?
He's laughing to himself extremely.

Eum. Come,
I'll tell thee how ; I'm glad yet he's so merry. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Chilax and Priestesses, Calis, Lady and Nun.

Chi. **W**HAT Lights are those that enter there, still
nearer ?

Plague o' your rotten Itch, do you draw me hither
Into the Temple to betray me ? Was there no place
To satisfy your Sin in— Gods forgive me,
Still they come forward.

Priest. Peace ye Fool, I have found it,
'Tis the young Princess *Calis*.

Chi. 'Tis the Devil,
To claw us for our catterwauling.

(53) *The Devil dine upon her*

Loins ; why what a Medicine had he gotten] As the first
Sentence is quite compleat without the Addition of *Loins*, and the
second will be much improv'd by the Word *Lyons* introducing it, it
immediately occurred to me that that was the true Word, and upon
consulting the first Folio I found it so. The second Folio was the
Introducer of the corrupt Word, and the Octavo generally follows that
in all its Errors. I found this Reading also in Mr. *Theobald's* Margin.

Priest.

Priest. Retire softly.

I did not look for you these two Hours, Lady.

Beshrew, your haste: That way.

[*To Chilax.*

Chi. That goes to the Altar?

Ye old blind Beast.

Priest. I know not, any way;
Still they come nearer.

I'll in to th' Oracle.

Chi. That's well remembered, I'll in with ye.

Priest. Do.

[*Exeunt Priestess and Chilax.*

Enter Calis and her Train with Lights, singing:
Lucippe and Cleanthe.

S O N G.

*O fair sweet Goddess Queen of Loves,
Soft and gentle as thy Doves,
Humble ey'd, and ever ruing
Those poor Hearts, their Loves pursuing:
O thou Mother of Delights,
Crownner of all happy Nights,
Star of dear Content, and Pleasure,
Of mutual Loves the endless Treasure,
Accept this Sacrifice we bring,
Thou continual Youth and Spring,
Grant this Lady her Desires,
And every hour we'll crown thy Fires.*

Enter a Nun.

Nun. *You about her all retire.
Whilst the Princess feeds the Fire,
When your Devotions ended be
To th' Oracle I will attend ye.*

[*Exit Nun, and draws the Curtain close to Calis.*

Enter Stremon and Eumenes.

Stre. He will abroad.

Eum. How does his humour hold him?

Stre. He's now grown wondrous sad, weeps often too,
Talks of his Brother to himself, starts strangely.

Eum.

Eum. Does he not curse ?

Stre. No.

Eum. Nor break out in Fury,
Offering some new Attempt ?

Stre. Neither ; to th' Temple
Is all we hear of now : What there he will do——

Eum. I hope repent his Folly ; let's be near him.

Stre. Where are the rest ?

Eum. About a business
Concerns him mainly ; if Heav'n cure his Madness,
He's made for ever, *Stremon.*

Stre. Does the King know it ?

Eum. Yes, and much troubled with it, he's now gone
To seek his Sister out.

Stre. Come, let's away then. [*Exeunt Eum. and Stre.*]

Enter Nun, she opens the Curtain to Calis.

Calis at the Oracle.

Nun. Peace to your Prayers, Lady, will it please ye
To pass on to the Oracle ?

Cal. Most humble. [*Chilax and Priestess in the Oracle.*]

Chi. Do ye hear that ?

Priest. Yes, lie close.

Chi. A Wildfire take ye,
What shall become of me ? I shall be hang'd now :
Is this a time to shake ? a Halter shake ye,
Come up and juggle, come.

Priest. I'm monstrous fearful.

Chi. Up ye old gaping Oyster, up and answer ;
A mouldy Mange upon your Chops, ye told me
I was safe here till the Bell rung.

Priest. I was prevented,
And did not look these three hours for the Princess.

Chi. Shall we be taken ?

Priest. Speak for loves sake, *Chilax* ;
I cannot, nor I dare not.

[*that.*]

Chi. I'll speak Treason, for I had as lieve be hang'd for

Priest. Good *Chilax.*

Chi. Must it be sung or said ? What shall I tell 'em ?
They're here ; here now preparing.

Priest.

Priest. O my Conscience !

[now ?

Cbi. Plague o' your spurgall'd Conscience, does it tire
Now when it should be tuffest ? I cou'd make thee——

Priest. Save us, we're both undone else.

Cbi. Down ye Dog then,
Be quiet, and be stanch, no Inundations.

Nun. Here kneel again, and *Venus* grant your Wisheſ.

Calis. (54) O divineſt Star of Heaven,
Thou in Pow'r above the ſeven :
Thou ſweet Kindler of Deſires,
'Till they grow to mutual Fires :
Thou, O gentle Queen, that art
Curer of each wounded Heart :
Thou the Fuel, and the Flame ;
Thou in Heav'n, and here the ſame :
Thou the Wooer, and the Woo'd :
Thou the Hunger, and the Food :
Thou the Pray'r, and the Pray'd ;
Thou what is, or ſhall be ſaid :
Thou ſtill young, and golden treſſed,
Make me by thy Answer bleſſed.

Cbi. When ?

Priest. Now ſpeak handſomly, and ſmall by all means,
I have told ye what. [Thunder.

Cbi. But I'll tell you a new Tale,
Now for my Neck-verſe ; I have heard thy Pray'rs,
And mark me well.

Mufick. *Venus* deſcends.

Nun. The Goddeſs is diſpleaſed much,
The Temple ſhakes and totters ; ſhe appears,
Bow, Lady, bow.

Venus. Purge me the Temple round,
And live by this example henceforth ſound.
Virgin, I have ſeen thy Tears,
Heard thy Wiſheſ, and thy Fears ;

(54) O divine Star of Heav'n,] Former Editions.

*Thy holy Incense flew above,
Hark therefore to thy doom in Love ;
Had thy Heart been soft at first,
Now thou had'st allay'd thy Thirst ;
Had thy stubborn Will but bended,
All thy Sorrows here had ended ;
Therefore to be just in Love,
A strange Fortune thou must prove,
And, for thou'st been stern and coy,
A dead Love thou shalt enjoy.*

Cal. O gentle Goddeſs!

Ven. Riſe, thy Doom is ſaid,

And fear not, I will pleaſe thee with the dead. [*Ascends.*]

Nun. Go up into the Temple, and there end
Your holy Rites, the Goddeſs ſmiles upon ye.

[*Exeunt Cal. and Nun.*]

Enter Chilax in his Robe.

Chi. I'll no more Oracles, nor Miracles,
Nor no more Church Work, I'll be drawn and hang'd firſt.
Am not I torn a pieces with the Thunder?
Death, I can ſcarce believe I live yet, it gave
Me on the Buttocks, a cruel, a huge bang,
I had as lieve ha' had 'em ſcratcht with Dog-whips:
Be quiet henceforth, now ye feel the end on't,
I wou'd adviſe ye my old Friends, the good Gentlewoman
Is ſtrucken dumb, and there her Grace ſits mumping
Like an old Ape eating Brawn; ſure the good Goddeſs
Knew my intent was honeſt, to ſave the Princeſs,
And how we young Men are entic'd to Wickedneſs
By theſe lewd Women, I had paid for't elſe too.
I'm monſtrous holy now, and cruel fearful,
O 'twas a plaguy thump, charg'd with a vengeance.

Enter Siphax, walks ſoftly over the Stage, and goes in.

Wou'd I were well at home: the beſt is, 'tis not Day:
Who's that? ha? *Siphax!* I'll be with you anon, Sir;
Ye ſhall be Oracled I warrant ye,
And thunder'd too, as well as I; your Lordſhip

Enter

Enter Memnon, Eumenes, Stremon, and two carrying Torches.

Must needs enjoy the Princess, yes : ha ! Torches ?
And *Memnon* coming this way ? He's Dog-mad,
And ten to one appearing thus unto him,
He worries me. I must go by him.

Eum. Sir ?

Mem. Ask me no further Questions. What art thou ?
How dost thou stare ? Stand off ; nay look upon me,
I do not shake, nor fear thee—— [Draws his Sword.

Cbi. He will kill me :

This is for Church Work.

Mem. Why dost thou appear now ?
Thou wert fairly slain : I know thee, *Diocles*,
And know thine Envy to mine Honour : But——

Cbi. Stay, *Memnon*,

I am a Spirit, and thou canst not hurt me.

Eum. This is the Voice of *Chilax*.

Stre. What makes him thus ?

Cbi. 'Tis true, that I was slain in Field, but foully,
By Multitudes, not Manhood : Therefore mark me,
I do appear again to quit mine Honour,
And on thee single.

Mem. I accept the Challenge.
Where ?

Cbi. On the *Stygian* Banks.

Mem. When ?

Cbi. Four Days hence.

Mem. Go, noble Ghost, I will attend.

Cbi. I thank ye.

Stre. Ye've fav'd your Throat, and handsomely :
Farewel, Sir. [Exit *Chilax*.

Mem. Sing me the Battels of *Pelusium*,
In which this Worthy died.

Eum. This will spoil all, and make him worse
Than e'er he was : Sit down, Sir,
And give yourself to rest.

S O N G.

Arm, arm, arm, arm, the Scouts are all come in,
 Keep your Ranks close, and now your Honours win.
 Behold from yonder Hill the Foe appears,
 Bows, Bills, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, and Spears,
 (55) Like a dark Wood he comes, or Tempest pouring,
 O view the Wings of Horse the Meadows scowring,
 The Van-guard marches bravely, hark, the Drums——dub,
 They meet, they meet, and now the Battel comes : dub.
 See how the Arrows fly,
 That darken all the Sky ;
 Hark how the Trumpets sound,
 Hark how the Hills rebound——

Tara, tara, tara, tara, tara.

Hark how the Horses charge : In Boys, Boys in——
 The Battel totters ; now the Wounds begin ;
 O how they cry,
 O how they Die !

Room for the Valiant Memnon arm'd with Thunder,
 See how he breaks the Ranks asunder :

They Fly, they Fly, Eumenes has the Chase,
 And brave Polybius makes good his Place.

To the Plains, to the Woods,

To the Rocks, to the Floods,

They fly for Succour : follow, follow, follow ;

Hark how the Soldiers hollow.

Hey, hey.

Brave Diocles is Dead,

And all his Soldiers fled,

The Battel's won, and lost,

That many a Life hath cost.

Mem. Now forward to the Temple.

[Exeunt.

(55) Like a dark Wood he comes, or Tempest pouring,] Mr. Symphon would read *Cloud* for *Wood* ; but I much prefer the old Reading. The closeness and firmness of an Army, the Groves of Spears, and the dark Horror of the Soldiers Looks, are all finely imaged in this Simile of a dark Wood moving. One might indeed quote several Authors, Greek, Roman and English, in support of both Readings, but that is not at present my Province.

Enter Chilax.

Chi. Are ye gone?
 How have I 'scap'd this Morning! By what Miracle!
 Sure I am ordain'd for some brave end.

Enter Cloe.

Clo. How is it?
Chi. Come, 'tis as well as can be.
Clo. But is it possible
 This shou'd be true you tell me?
Chi. 'Tis most certain.
Clo. Such a gross Ass to love the Princess?
Chi. Peace,
 Pull your Robe close about ye: You are perfect
 In all I taught ye?
Clo. Sure.
Chi. Gods give thee good luck.
 'Tis strange my Brains should still be beating Knavery
 For all these Dangers, but they're needful Mischiefs,
 And such are Nuts to me; and I must do 'em.
 You will remember me——
Clo. By this Kiss, *Chilax.*
Chi. No more of that, I fear another Thunder.
Clo. We are not i'th' Temple, Man.

Enter Siphax.

Chi. Peace, here he comes,
 Now to our business handfomly; away now.
 [*Exeunt Chilax and Cloe.*]
Sip. 'Twas sure the Princess, for he kneel'd unto her,
 And she lookt every way: I hope the Oracle
 Has made me happy; me I hope she lookt for.

Enter Chilax and Cloe at the other Door:

Fortune, I will so honour thee, Love, so adore thee.
 She's here again, looks round about her, again too,
 'Tis done, I know 'tis done, 'tis *Chilax* with her,
 And I shall know of him. Who's that?

Chi.

Cbi. Speak softly,
The Princess from the Oracle.

Sip. She views me,
By Heav'n she beckons me.

Cbi. Come near, she wou'd have ye.

Sip. O Royal Lady. [Kisses her Hand.

Cbi. She wills ye read that, for belike she's bound to
Silence

For such a time : She's wondrous gracious to ye.

Sip. Heav'n make me thankful.

Cbi. She wou'd have ye read it. [He reads.

Sip. *Siphax*, the Will of Heav'n hath cast me on thee
To be thy Wife, whose Will must be obey'd :

Use me with Honour, I shall love thee dearly,
And make thee understand thy Worths hereafter ;

Convey me to a secret Ceremony,
That both our Hearts and Loves may be united,
And use no Language, till before my Brother
We both appear, where I will shew the Oracle,
For till that time I'm bound, I must not answer.

Sip. O happy I ?

Cbi. Ye are a made Man.

Sip. But *Chilax*,
Where are her Women !

Cbi. None but your Grace's Sister,
Because she wou'd have it private to the World yet,
Knows of this Business.

Sip. I shall thank thee, *Chilax*,
Thou art a careful Man.

Cbi. Your Graces Servant.

Sip. I'll find a fit place for thee.

Cbi. If you will not,
There's a good Lady will, she points ye forward,
Away and take your Fortune ; not a word Sir,
So, you are greas'd, I hope.

[Exeunt *Siphax* and *Cloe*, manet *Chilax*.

Enter *Stremon*, *Fool*, and *Boy*.

Cbi. *Stremon*, *Fool*, *Picus*,
Where have you left your Lord ?

Stre. I'th' Temple, *Cbilax*.

Cbi. Why are ye from him ?

Stre. Why, the King is with him,
And all the Lords.

Cbi. Is not the Princess there too ?

Stre. Yes.

And the strangest Coil amongst 'em ; She weeps bitterly :
The King entreats, and frowns, my Lord like Autumn
Drops off his hopes by handfuls, all the Temple
Sweats with this Agony.

Cbi. Where's young *Polydor* ?

Stre. Dead, as they say, o'th' fudden.

Cbi. Dead ?

Stre. For certain,

But not yet known abroad.

Cbi. There's a new trouble,
A brave young Man he was ; but we must all Die.

Stre. Did not the General meet you this Morning
Like a tall Stallion Nun ?

Cbi. No more o' that, Boy.

Stre. You had been Ferreting.

Cbi. That's all one, Fool ;

My Master Fool, that taught my Wits to Traffick,
What has your Wisdom done ? How have you profited ?
Out with your Audit : Come, you are not empty,
Put out mine Eye with twelve Pence ? (56) Do you
shake ? Here,

What think you of this shaking ? Here's Wit, Coxcomb,
Ha Boys ? Ha my fine Rascals, here's a Ring,

[*Pulls out a Purse.*

How right they go !

Fool. O let me ring the fore Bell.

Cbi. (57) And here are Thumpers, Chequins, golden
Rogues,
Wit, Wit, ye Rascals.

(56) ——— *Do you shaker ?*] As I know no such Word as this, I believe it an accidental Corruption from a Junction of two Words which should have been separate.

(57) *And here are Thumpers, Chequins, golden Rogues,*] This was given to the Fool, which belongs to *Cbilax*.

Fool.

Fool. I have a Sty here, *Chilax*.

Chi. I have no Gold to cure it, not a Penny,
Not one cross, Cavalier; we are dull Soldiers,
Gross heavy-headed Fellows; fight for Victuals?

Fool. Why, ye are the Spirits of the Time.

Chi. By no means.

Fool. (58) The valiant Frie.

Chi. Fie, fie, no.

Fool. Be-lee me, Sir.

Chi. I wou'd I cou'd, Sir.

Fool. I will satisfie ye.

Chi. But I will not content you; alas poor Boy,
Thou shew'st an honest Nature, weep'st for thy Master,
There's a red Rogue to buy thee Handkerchiefs.

Fool. He was an honest Gentleman, I have lost too.

Chi. You have indeed your labour, Fool; but *Stremon*,
Dost thou want Mony too? No Virtue living?
No firking out at Fingers ends?

Stre. It seems so.

Chi. Will ye all serve me?

Stre. Yes, when ye are Lord General,
For less I will not go.

Chi. There's Gold for thee then,
Thou hast a Soldier's Mind. Fool——

Fool. Here, your first Man.

Chi. I will give thee for thy Wit, for 'tis a fine Wit,
A dainty diving Wit, hold up, just nothing,
Go Graze i' th' Commons, yet I am merciful——
There's six-pence: Buy a Saucer, steal an old Gown,
And beg i' th' Temple for a Prophet. Come away Boys,
Let's see how things are carried; Fool, up Sirrah,
You may chance get a Dinner: Boy, your Preferment
I'll undertake, for your brave Master's sake,
You shall not perish.

Fool. *Chilax*.

Chi. Please me well, Fool,
And you shall light my Pipes: Away to the Temple.

(58) *The valiant frie.*] I have ventured to change this for what
I think the true Word,

But stay, the King's here, sport upon sport, Boys.

Enter King, Lords, Siphax kneeling, Cloe with a Vail.

King. What wou'd you have, Captain?
Speak suddenly, for I am wondrous busie.

Sip. A Pardon, Royal Sir.

King. For what ?

Sip. For that

Which was Heav'n's Will, shou'd not be mine alone, Sir ;
My marrying with this Lady.

King. It needs no Pardon,
For Marriage is no Sin.

Sip. Not in it self, Sir ;
But in presuming too much : Yet Heav'n knows,
So does the Oracle that cast it on me,
And——— the Princess, Royal Sir.

King. What Princess ?

Sip. O be not angry, my dread King, your Sister.

King. My Sister ; she's i'th' Temple, Man.

Sip. She is here, Sir.

Lord. The Captain's mad, she's kneeling at the Altar.

King. (I know she is ;) with all my Heart, good Captain,
I do forgive ye both : Be unvail'd, Lady. [*Puts off her Vail.*
Will ye have more forgiveness ? The Man's frantick,
Come, let's go bring her out : God give ye joy, Sir.

Sip. How, *Cloe* ? My old *Cloe* ? [*Exeunt King, Lords.*

Cloe. Ev'n the same, Sir.

Chi. Gods give your Manhood much content.

Stre. The Princess

Looks something musty since her coming over.

Fool. 'Twere good you'd brush her over.

Sip. Fools and Fidlers

Make sport at my abuse too ?

Fool. O 'tis the Nature

Of us Fools to make bold with one another ;
But you are wise, brave Sir.

Chi. Cheer up your Princess,
Believe it Sir, the King will not be angry ;
Or say he were ; why, 'twas the Oracle.

The Oracle, an't like your Grace, the Oracle.

Stre. And who, most mighty *Siphax*?

Sip. With mine own Whore.

Clo. With whom else shou'd ye marry, speak your
Conscience,

Will ye transgress the Law of Arms, that ever
Rewards the Soldier with his own Sins?

Sip. Devils [ness,

Clo. Ye had my Maiden-head, my Youth, my Sweet-
Is it not Justice then? — *Sip.* I see it must be,

But by this Hand, I'll hang a Lock upon thee.

Clo. You shall not need, my Honesty shall do it.

Sip. If there be Wars in all the World —

Clo. I'll with ye,

For you know I have been a Soldier.

Sip. (59) Come, curse on — When I need another
Oracle —

Cbi. Send for me *Siphax*, I'll fit ye with a Princess,
And so to both your Honours — *Fcol.* And your Graces —

Sip. The Devil grace you all.

Clo. God-a-mercy *Cbilax*.

Cbi. Shall we laugh half an hour now?

Stre. No, the King comes,

And all the Train.

Cbi. Away then, our Act's ended. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Calis, Memnon, Cleanthe, and Lords.

King. You know he does deserve ye, loves ye dearly,
You know what bloody Violence h'ad us'd
Upon himself, but that this Brother crost it,
You know the same Thoughts still inhabit in him
And covet to take birth: Look on him, Lady,
The Wars have not so far consum'd him yet,
Cold Age disabled him, or Sickness funk him,
To be abhorr'd: Look on his Honour, Sister,
That bears no stamp of Time, no Wrinkles on it,
No sad Demolishment, nor Death can reach it:
Look with the Eyes of Heav'n that nightly waken,

(59) *Come, curse on: When I need another Oracle.*] This Line
was misplaced to *Cloe*. Mr. *Sympton* concurred with me in restoring
it, and correcting the Pointing.

(60) To view the Wonders of the Glorious Maker,
 And not the Weakness: Look with your virtuous Eyes,
 And then clad Royalty in all his Conquests,
 His matchless Love hung with a thousand Merits,
 Eternal Youth attending, Fame and Fortune,
 Time and Oblivion vexing at his Virtues,
 He shall appear a Miracle: Look on our Dangers,
 Look on the publick Ruin. *Cal.* O, dear Brother.

King. Fie, let us not like proud and greedy Waters,
 Gain to give off again: This is our Sea,
 And you his *Cynthia*, govern him, take heed,
 (61) His Floods have been as high and full as any,
 And gloriously he's now got up to girdle
 The Kingdoms he hath purchas'd; noble Sister,

Take

(60) *To view the Wonders of the Glorious Maker,*

And not the Weakness: —] This Passage seems very absurd. Does it mean, *to see the Beauties of the Creation, and not the Weakness of it, though it daily verges towards its Dissolution?* But according to the Grammatical Construction, the *Weakness* is the *Weakness of the Glorious Maker*, and not of the Creation. The only tolerable Reading which I can suggest, to avoid this Absurdity, is,

And see no Weakness.

But I don't like this well enough to admit it into the Text.

(61) *His Floods have been as high and full as any,*

And gloriously now is got up to the Girdle,

The Kingdoms he hath purchas'd;] The Emendation of this

Passage gave me greater Pleasure than usual, as it retrieved a fine Poetical Image, which by the Corruption of the Press appeared utter Obscurity to Mr. *Sympson*, and was left untouched by Mr. *Theobald*. By observing the Tendency of the Metaphor, the two following Passages occurred. *Cymbeline*, Act III. Scene I. speaking of the Island of *Britain*,

————— *which stands*

Like Neptune's Park, ribbed and paled in

With Rocks unscalable, and roaring Waters.

I thought therefore that Waters girdling a Kingdom was a similar Metaphor; and then recollected, that in the *Two Noble Kinsmen* (which was wrote by *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher* in Conjunction) Act V. Scene I. Walls are called *The stony Girths of Cities*. I therefore was fully satisfy'd that I had hit upon the true Reading; and long afterwards I met in the *Captain* with the very Expression, Act II. Scene I. speaking of Soldiers,

*That whilst the Wars were, serv'd like Walls and Ribs
 To girdle in the Kingdom.*

The

Take not your Virtue from him, O take heed
We ebb not now to nothing, take heed *Calis*.

Cal. The Will of Heav'n not mine, which must not
alter,

And my eternal Doom, for ought I know,
Is fixt upon me ; alas, I must love nothing,
Nothing that loves again must I be blest with :
The gentle Vine climbs up the Oak and clips him,
And when the stroke comes, yet they fall together.
Death, Death must I enjoy, and live to love him,
O noble Sir ! *Mem.* Those Tears are some reward yet,
(62) Pray let me wed your Sorrows.

Cal. Take 'em Soldier,
They're fruitful ones, lay but a sigh upon 'em,
And straight they will conceive to infinites ;
I told ye what ye'd find 'em.

Enter a Funeral, Captains following, and Eumenes.

King. How now, what's this ? more drops to th' Ocean ?
Whose Body's this ? *Eum.* The noble *Polydor*,
This speaks his Death. *Mem.* My Brother dead ?

Cal. O Goddess !
O cruel, cruel *Venus*, here's my Fortune.

King. Read, Captain.

Mem. Read aloud : Farewel my Follies.

[*Eumenes reads ; to the Excellent Princess Calis.*

Eum. Be wife, as you are Beauteous, love with Judgment,
And look with clear Eyes on my noble Brother,
Value Desert and Virtue, they are Jewels,
Fit for your Worth and Wearing : Take heed, La cy

The Line in *Cymbeline*, *With Rocks unskaleable*, in all Editions before Sir *Thomas Hanmer's* stood, *With Oaks unskaleable*. This appeared very absurd, as the *Britons* were not then famed for large Ships ; I therefore had the Honour of communicating the Emendation to Sir *Thomas*, and find that the ingenious Mr. *Warburton* concurred with me in it.

(62) *Pray let me wend your Sorrows.*] Mr. *Symphon* and I were both forced to have recourse to the old Folio to regain the true Word here.

The

The Gods reward Ingratitude most grievous ;
 Remember me no more, or if you must,
 Seek me in noble *Memnon's* Love, I dwell there.
 I durst not live, because I durst not wrong him,
 I can no more, make me eternal Happy
 With looking down upon your Loves. Farewel.

Mem. And didst thou die for me?

King. Excellent Virtue !

What will ye now do ?

Cal. Dwell for ever here, Sir.

Mem. For me, dear *Polydor* ? O worthy young Man !
 O Love, Love, Love, Love above Recompence !
 Infinite Love, Infinite Honesty !

Good Lady leave, you must have no share here,
 Take home your Sorrows : Here's enough to store me,
 Brave glorious Griefs ! Was ever such a Brother ?
 Turn all the Stories over in the World yet,
 And search through all the Memories of Mankind,
 And find me such a Friend. H'as out-done all,
 Outstript 'em sheerly, all, all, thou hast *Polydor*,
 To die for me ; why, as I hope for Happiness,
 'Twas one of the rarest Thought on Things, the bravest,
 And carried beyond Compass of our Actions.

I wonder how he hit it, a young Man too,
 In all the blossoms of his Youth and Beauty,
 In all the fulness of his Veins and Wishes

Woo'd by that Paradise, that wou'd catch Heav'n ;

(63) It startles me extremly, thou blest Ashes,
 Thou faithful Monument, where Love and Friendship
 Shall, while the World is, work new Miracles.

Cal. O ! let me speak too.

Mem. No, not yet. Thou Man,
 (For we are but Man's Shadows,) only Man,
 I have not Words to utter him ; speak Lady,
 I'll think a while,

Cal. The Goddess grants me this yet,
 I shall enjoy the Dead : No Tomb shall hold thee
 But these two Arms, no Trickments but my Tears :
 Over thy Hearse my Sorrows like sad Arms

(63) *It starts me extremly, —*] Former Editions.

Shall hang for ever : On the tuffest Marble
 Mine Eyes shall weep thee out an Epitaph,
 Love at thy Feet shall kneel, his smart Bow broken ;
 Faith at thy Head, Youth and the Graces Mourners.
 O sweet young Man !

King. Now I begin to melt too.

Mem. Have ye enough yet, Lady ? room for a Gamester.
 To my fond Love, and all those idle Fancies
 A long Farewel ; thou diedst for me, dear *Polydor*,
 To give me Peace, thou hast eternal Glory,
 I stay and talk here ; I will kiss thee first,
 And now I'll follow thee. [*Polydor rises.*]

Pol. Hold, for Heav'ns sake ! *Mem.* Ha !
 Does he live ?

Dost thou deceive me ? *Pol.* Thus far,
 Yet for your Good and Honour.

King. Now dear Sister.

Cal. The Oracle is ended, noble Sir,
 Dispose me now as you please.

Pol. You are mine then ?

Cal. With all the joys that may be.

Pol. Your consent, Sir ? *King.* Ye have it freely.

Pol. Walk along with me then,
 And as you love me, love my will. *Cal.* I will so.

Pol. Here, worthy Brother, take this virtuous Prin-
 cess,

Ye have deserv'd her nobly, she will love ye,
 And when my Life shall bring ye Peace, as she does,
 Command it ye shall have it. *Mem.* Sir, I thank ye.

King. I never found such Goodness in such Years.

Mem. Thou shalt not over-do me, though I die for't,
 O how I love thy Goodness, my best Brother,
 You've giv'n me here a Treasure to enrich me,
 Wou'd make the worthiest King alive a Beggar,
 What may I give you back again ?

Pol. Your Love, Sir.

Mem. And you shall have it, ev'n my dearest Love,
 My first, my noblest Love, take her again, Sir,
 She's yours, your Honesty has over-run me,

She

(64) She loves ye, lov'st her not? Excellent Princess,
Enjoy thy Wish, and now get Generals.

Pol. As ye love Heav'n, love him, she's only yours, Sir.

Mem. As ye love Heav'n, love him, she's only yours, Sir;
My Lord, the King. *Pol.* He will undo himself, Sir,
And must without her perish; who shall fight then?
Who shall protect your Kingdom?

Mem. Give me Hearing,
And after that, Belief; were she my Soul
(As I do love her equal) all my Victories,
And all the living Names I've gain'd by War,
And loving him that good, that virtuous Man,
That only worthy of the Name of Brother,
I wou'd resign all freely, 'tis all Love
To me, all Marriage Rites, the joy of Issues
To know him Fruitful, that has been so Faithful.

King. This is the noblest difference; take your choice,
Sister.

Cal. I see they are so brave, and noble both,
I know not which to look on. *Pol.* Chuse discreetly,
And Virtue guide ye, there all the World, in one Man,
Stands at the mark. *Mem.* There all Man's Honesty,
The Sweetness of all Youth—— *Cal.* O Gods!

Mem. My Armour,
By all the Gods she's yours; my Arms, I say,
And I beseech your Grace, give me Employment,
That shall be now my Mistress, there my Courtship.

King. Ye shall have any thing.

Mem. Virtuous Lady,
Remember me, your Servant now; Young Man,
You cannot over-reach me in your Goodness;
O Love! How sweet thou look'st now? And how gentle?
I should have flubber'd thee, and stain'd thy Beauty;
Your Hand, your Hand, Sir?

King. Take her, and Heav'n bless her.

Mem. So!

(64) *She loves ye, lose her not.*——] So the two last Editions, but I have replaced the Reading of the old Folio, as better Sense and from better Authority.

Pol. 'Tis your Will, Sir, nothing of my Merit ;
And as your Royal Gift, I take this Blessing. [descs.

Cal. And I from Heav'n this Gentleman. Thanks God-

Mem. So ye are pleas'd now, Lady ?

Cal. Now or never.

Mem. My cold stiff Carcass wou'd have frozen ye,
Wars, Wars.

King. Ye shall have Wars.

Mem. My next brave Battel

I Dedicate to your bright Honour, Sister,
Give me a Favour, that the World may know
I am your Soldier.

Cal. This, and all fair Fortunes.

Mem. And he that bears this from me, must strike boldly.
[Cleanthe kneeling.

Cal. I do forgive thee : Be honest ; no more, Wench.

King. Come now to Revels ; this blest Day shall prove
The happy Crown of noble Faith and Love.

[*Exeunt.*





EPILOGUE.

Here lyes the Doubt now ; let our Plays be good,
Our own Care sailing equal in this Flood,
Our Preparations new, new our Attire,
Yet here we are becalm'd still, still i' th' Mire,
Here we stick fast ; Is there no way to clear
This Passage of your Judgment, and our Fear,
No mitigation of that Law ? Brave Friends,
Consider we are yours, made for your ends,
And every thing preserves it self, (65) each Will
If not perverse, and crooked, utters still
The best of that it ventures in : Have care
Ev'n for your Pleasures sake, of what we are,
And do not ruin all ; you may frown still,
But 'tis the nobler way to check the Will.

(65) ——— each Will

If not perverse, and crooked, utter still

The best of that it ventures in : —] This seems very obscure,

and indeed is Nonsense without the Change of *utter* to another Mood, which I found the two last Editions only guilty of. The Obscurity, if any now remains, arises from the Metaphor of the Ship and the Sea being so long intermitted and here again resumed : *Each Will that is not very crooked and perverse speaks well of the Ship in which he sends any Venture.* The Metaphor is brought ev'n from the Prologue, and will be clearer by reading the Epilogue and that together.

T H E

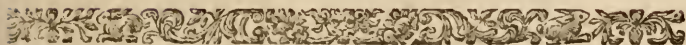


T H E

LOYAL SUBJECT,

A

Tragi - Comedy.



ROYAL SUBJECT

King - George



PROLOGUE.

WE need not, noble Gentlemen, to invite
Attention, pre-instruct you who did write
This worthy Story, being confident
The Mirth join'd with grave Matter, and Intent
To yield the Hearers Profit, with Delight,
Will speak the Maker : And to do him right,
Wou'd ask a Genius like to his ; the Age
Mourning his Loss, and our now widowed Stage
In vain lamenting. I cou'd add, so far
Behind him the most modern Writers are,
That when they wou'd commend him, their best Praise
Ruins the Buildings which they strive to raise
To his best Memory. So much a Friend
Presumes to write, secure 'twill not offend
The living that are modest, with the rest
That may repine he cares not to contest.
This Debt to Fletcher paid ; it is profess'd
By us the Actors, we will do our best
To send such favouring Friends, as hither come
To grace the Scene, pleas'd, and contented home.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Great Duke of Moscovia.
Archas, *the Loyal Subject, General of the Moscovites.*

Theodore, *Son to Archas; valorous, but impatient.*

Putskie, *alias Briskie, a Captain, Brother to Archas.*

Alinda, *alias Archas, Son to Archas.*

Burris, *an honest Lord, the Duke's Favourite.*

Boroskie, *a malicious seducing Councillor to the Duke.*

Ensign to Archas, *a stout merry Soldier.*

Soldiers.

Gentlemen.

Guard.

Servants.

W O M E N.

Olympia, *Sister to the Duke.*

Honora, }
Viola, } *Daughters of Archas.*

Potesca, }
Ladies, } *Servants to Olympia.*

Bawd, a Court Lady.

S C E N E M O S C O.

T H E



T H E

LOYAL SUBJECT:

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Theodore, and Putskie.

T H E O D O R E.



Captain, your Friend's prefer'd, the Princess
has her,
Who, I assure my self, will use her nobly;
A pretty sweet one 'tis indeed.

Put. Well bred, Sir,

I do deliver that upon my Credit,
And of an honest Stock.

The. It seems so, Captain,
And no doubt will do well.

Put. Thanks to your Care, Sir;
But tell me, noble Colonel, why this Habit
Of discontent is put on through the Army?
And why your valiant Father, our great General,
The Hand that taught to strike, the Love that led all,
Why he, that was the Father of the War,
He that begot, and bred the Soldier,
Why he sits shaking of his Arms, like Autumn,
His Colours folded, and his Drums cas'd up?

The Tongue of War for ever ty'd within us ?

The. It must be so : Captain you are a Stranger,
But of a small time here a Soldier,
Yet that time shews ye a right good and great one,
Else I cou'd tell ye Hours are strangely alter'd :
The young Duke has too many Eyes upon him,
Too many Fears 'tis thought too, and to nourish those,
Maintains too many Instruments.

Put. Turn their Hearts,
Or turn their Heels up, Heav'n : 'Tis strange it should be :
The old Duke lov'd him dearly.

The. He deserv'd it ;
And were he not my Father, I durst tell ye
The memorable Hazards he has run through
Deserv'd of this Man too ; highly deserv'd too ;
(1) Had they been less, they had been safer, *Putskie,*
And sooner reach'd Regard.

Put. There you struck sure, Sir.

The. Did I never tell thee of a Vow he made,
Some Years before the old Duke dy'd ?

Put. I have heard ye
Speak often of that Vow ; but how it was ;
Or to what end, I never understood yet.

The. I'll tell thee then : And then thou'lt find the
Reason.

The last great Muster, ('twas before ye serv'd here,
Before the last Duke's death, whose honour'd Bones
Now rest in Peace) this young Prince had the ordering,
(To Crown his Father's Hopes) of all the Army :
Who, to be short, put all his Pow'r in Practice ;
Fashion'd, and drew 'em up : But alas, so poorly,
So raggedly and loofely, so unfoldier'd,
The good Duke blush'd, and call'd unto my Father,
Who then was General : Go, *Archas,* speedily,
And chide the Boy, before the Soldiers find him,
Stand thou between his Ignorance and them,
Fashion their Bodies new to thy Direction ;

(1) *Had they been less, they had been safer, Putskie,*] Former Editions.

Then draw thou up, and shew the Prince his Errors,
My Sire obey'd, and did so ; with all Duty
Inform'd the Prince, and read him all Directions :
This bred Distaste, Distaste grew up to Anger,
And Anger into wild Words broke out thus.
Well, *Archas*, if I live but to command here,
To be but Duke once, I shall then remember.
I shall remember truly, trust me, I shall,
And by my Father's Hand—— the rest his Eyes spoke.
To which my Father answer'd (somewhat mov'd too)
And with a Vow he seal'd it : Royal Sir,
Since for my Faith and Fights, your Scorn and Anger
Only pursue me ; if I live to that Day,
That Day so long expected to Reward me,
By his so ever noble Hand you swore by,
And by the Hand of Justice, never Arms more
Shall rib this Body in, nor Sword hang here, Sir.
The Conflicts I will do you service then in,
Shall be repentant Prayers. So they parted.
The time is come ; and now ye know the Wonder.

Put. I find a Fear too, which begins to tell me,
The Duke will have but poor and slight Defences,
If his hot Humour reign, and not his Honour :
How stand you with him, Sir ?

The. A perdue Captain,
Full of my Father's Danger.

Put. He has rais'd a young Man,
They say a slight young Man, I know him not,
For what Desert ?

The. Believe it, a brave Gentleman,
(2) Worthy the Duke's Respect, a clear sweet Gentleman,
And of a noble Soul : come let's retire us,
And wait upon my Father, who within this hour
You'll find an alter'd Man.

Put. I am sorry for't, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

(2) Worth the Duke's Respect, —] This and the former Change
plainly necessary to the Metre.

S C E N E II.

Enter Olympia, and two Gentlewomen.

Olym. Is't not a handsome Wench ?

2 Wom. She is well enough, Madam :

(3) I've seen a better Face, and a straighter Body.

Olym. And yet she is a pretty Gentlewoman.

What thinkest thou, *Petesca* ?

Pet. 'Las, Madam,

I have no skill, she has a black Eye, which
Is of the least too, and the dullest Water :
And when her Mouth was made, for certain, Madam,
Nature intended her a right good Stomach.

Olym. She has a good Hand.

2 Wom. 'Tis good enough to hold fast,
And strong enough to strangle the Neck of a Lute.

Olym. What think ye of her Colour ?

Pet. If't be her own

'Tis good black Blood : Right Weather-proof I warrant it.

2 Wom. What a strange Pace she's got ?

Olym. That's but her Breeding.

Pet. And what a manly Body ? methinks she looks
As though she'd pitch the Bar, or go to Buffets.

2 Wom. Yet her Behaviour's utterly against it,
For methinks she's too bashful.

Olym. Is that hurtful ?

2 Wom. Ev'n equal to too bold : Either of 'em, Madam,
May do her Injury when time shall serve her.

Olym. You discourse learnedly ; call in the Wench.

[*Exit Gent.*

What envious Fools are you ? Is the Rule general,
That Women can speak handsomly of none,
But those they're bred withal ?

Pet. Scarce well of those, Madam,

(3) *I've seen a better Face, and a straighter Body ;
And yet she is a pretty Gentlewoman* } This last Line seems
candid, and by no means of a Piece with the rest of what this second
Woman utters of *Arinda* ; I have therefore given it to *Olympia*, to
whom, I believe, it of right belongs.

If they believe they may out-shine 'em any way :
Our Natures are like Oyl, compound us with any thing,
Yet still we strive to swim o' th' top :

Suppose there were here now,
Now in this Court of *Mosco*, a stranger Princess,
Of Blood and Beauty equal to your Excellence,
As many Eyes and Services stuck on her ;
What wou'd you think ?

Olym. I'd think she might deserve it.

Pet. Your Grace shall give me leave not to believe ye ;
I know you are a Woman, and so humour'd :
I'll tell ye, Madam, I cou'd then get more Gowns on ye,
More Caps and Feathers, more Scarfs, and more Silk-
stockings

With rocking you asleep with nightly Railings
Upon that Woman, than if I had nine Lives
I cou'd wear out. By this Hand ye would scratch
Her Eyes out. *Olym.* Thou art deceiv'd, Fool ; Now let
Your own Eye mock ye.

Enter Gentlewoman, and Alinda.

Come ye hither Girl :

Hang me and she be not a handsom one. *Pet.* I fear
'Twill prove indeed so. *Olym.* Did you ever serve yet
In any Place of Worth ? *Alin.* No, Royal Lady.

Pet. Hold up your Head ; fie.

Olym. Let her alone, stand from her.

Alin. It shall be now,

Of all the Blessings my poor Youth has pray'd for,
The greatest and the happiest to serve you ;
And might my Promise carry but that Credit
To be believ'd, because I am yet a Stranger,
Excellent Lady, when I fall from Duty,
From all the Service that my (4) Life can lend ye,
May everlasting Misery then find me.

Olym. What think ye now ? I do believe, and thank ye ;
And sure I shall not be so far forgetful,

(4)———*Life can lend me.*] Former Editions.

To see that honest Faith die unrewarded :

What must I call your Name ?

Alin. Alinda, Madam.

Olym. Can ye sing ?

Alin. A little, when my Grief will give me leave, Lady.

Olym. What Grief canst thou have, Wench ? Thour't
not in Love ?

Alin. If I be Madam, it is only with
Your Goodness ; For as yet I never saw
That Man I sigh'd for. *Olym.* Of what Years are you ?

Alin. My Mother oft has told me,
That very Day and Hour this Land was blest
With your most happy Birth, I first saluted
This World's fair Light. Nature was then so busie,
And all the Graces to adorn your Goodness,
I stole into the World poor and neglected.

Olym. Something there was, when I first look'd upon
thee,
Made me both like and love thee : now I know it ;
And you shall find that knowledge shall not hurt you :
I hope ye are a Maid ?

Alin. I hope so too, Madam ;
I'm sure for any Man. And were I otherwise,
Of all the Services my Hopes could point at,
I durst not touch at yours.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, and Gentlemen.

Pet. The great Duke, Madam.

Duke. Good Morrow, Sister.

Olym. A good Day to your Highness.

Duke. I'm come to pray you use no more Persuasions
For this old stubborn Man : Nay to command ye :
His Sail is swell'd too full : He's grown too Insolent,
Too self-affected, proud : Those poor slight Services
H'as done my Father, and my self, have blown him
To such a Pitch, he flies to stoop our Favours.

Olym. I'm sorry, Sir : I ever thought those Services
Both Great and Noble.

Bur. However, may it please ye
But to consider 'em a true Heart's Servants,

Done out of Faith to you, and not self-fame.
 Do but consider, Royal Sir, the Dangers ;
 When you have slept secure, the Mid-night Tempests,
 That, as he marcht, sung through his aged Locks ;
 When you have fed at full, the Wants and Famines ;
 The Fires of Heav'n, when you have found all temperate,
 Death with his thousand Doors —

Duke. I have consider'd ;

No more : And that I will have, shall be.

Olym. For the best,

I hope all still.

Duke. What handfom Wench is that there ?

Olym. My Servant, Sir.

Duke. Prithee observe her, *Burris*,

Is she not wondrous handfom ? speak thy Freedom.

Bur. Sh' appears no less to me, Sir.

Duke. Of whence is she ?

Olym. Her Father I am told is a good Gentleman,
 But far off dwelling : Her desire to serve me [her.
 Brought her to th' Court, and here her Friends have left

Duke. She may find better Friends :

Ye're welcome, fair one,

I have not seen a Sweeter : By your Lady's leave :

Nay stand up, Sweet ; we'll have no Superstition :

You've got a Servant ; you may use him kindly,

And he may honour ye : Good Morrow, Sister.

[*Exeunt Duke, and Burris.*

Olym. Good Morrow to your Grace. How the Wench
 blushes ?

How like an Angel now she looks ?

Wom. At first Jump.

Jump into the Duke's Arms ? We must look to you,
 Indeed we must, the next Jump we are Journeymen.

Pet. I see the Ruin of our Hopes already ;

Wou'd she were at home again, milking her Father's
 Cows.

Wom. I fear she'll milk all the great Courtiers first.

Olym. This has not made ye proud ?

Alin. No certain, Madam.

Olym. It was the Duke that kist ye.

Alin.

Alin. 'Twas your Brother,
And therefore nothing can be meant but Honour.

Olym. But say he love ye ?

Alin. That he may with safety :
A Prince's Love extends to all his Subjects.

Olym. But say in more particular ?

Alin. Pray fear not :
For Virtue's sake deliver me from Doubts, Lady.
'Tis not the name of King, nor all his Promises,
His Glories, and his Greatness, stuck about me,
Can make me prove a Traitor to your Service.
You are my Mistrefs, and my noble Master,
Your Virtues my Ambition, and your Favour
The end of all my Love, and all my Fortune :
And when I fail in that Faith —

Olym. I believe thee,
Come, wipe your Eyes ; I do : Take you Example —

Pet. I wou'd her Eyes were out.

Wom. If the Wind stand in this Door,
We shall have but cold Custom : Some trick or other,
And speedily.

Pet. Let me alone to think on't.

Olym. Come, be you near me still.

Alin. With all my Duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Archas, Theodore, Putskie, *Ancient and Soldiers,*
carrying his Armour piece-meal, his Colours wound up,
and his Drums in Cases.

The. This is the heaviest March we e'er trod, Captain.

Put. This was not wont to be : These honour'd Pieces
The fiery God of War himself would smile at,
Buckl'd upon that Body, were not wont thus,
Like Relicks to be offer'd to long Rust,
And heavy-ey'd Oblivion brood upon 'em.

Arch. There set 'em down : And glorious War farewell ;
Thou Child of Honour and ambitious Thoughts,
Begot in Blood, and nurs'd with Kingdoms Ruins ;

Thou

Thou golden Danger, courted by thy Followers
Through Fires and Famines ; for one Title from thee
Prodigal Mankind spending all his Fortunes ;
A long farewell I give thee. Noble Arms,
You Ribs for mighty Minds, you Iron Houses,
Made to defie the Thunder-claps of Fortune,
Rust and consuming Time must now dwell with ye :
And thou good Sword that knew'st the way to Conquest,
Upon whose fatal edge Despair and Death dwelt,
That when I shook thee thus, fore-shew'd Destruction,
Sleep now from Blood, and grace my Monument.
Farewel my Eagle ; when thou flew'st, whole Armies
Have stoopt below : At Passage I have seen thee,
Ruffle the *Tartars*, as they fled thy Fury ;
And bang 'em up together, as a Tassiel,
Upon the stretch, a Flock of fearful Pigeons.
I yet remember when the *Volga* curl'd,
The aged *Volga*, when he heav'd his Head up,
And rais'd his Waters high, to see the Ruins,
The Ruins our Swords made, the bloody Ruins,
Then flew this Bird of Honour bravely, Gentlemen,
But these must be forgotten : So must these too,
And all that tend to Arms, by me for ever.
Take 'em you holy Men ; my Vow take with 'em,
Never to wear 'em more : Trophies I give 'em,
And sacred Rites of War t' adorn the Temple :
There let 'em hang, to tell the World their Master
Is now Devotion's Soldier, fit for Pray'r.
Why do ye hang your Heads ? Why look you sad, Friends ?
I am not dying yet.

The. Ye are indeed to us, Sir.

Put. Dead to our Fortunes, General.

Arch. You'll find a better,

A greater and a stronger Man to lead ye,
And to a stronger Fortune. I am old, Friends,
Time and the Wars together make me stoop, Gentlemen,
Stoop to my Grave : My Mind unfurnish'd too,
Empty and weak as I am : My poor Body,
Able for nothing now but Contemplation,
And that will be a task too to a Soldier :

Yet

Yet had they but encourag'd me, or thought well
 Of what I've done, I think I shou'd have ventur'd
 For one knock more, I shou'd have made a shift yet
 To've broke one staff more handsomly, and have died
 Like a good Fellow, and an honest Soldier,
 In th' head of ye all, with my Sword in my Hand,
 And so have made an end of all with Credit.

The. Well, there will come an hour, when all these
 Injuries,

These secure slights———

Arch. Ha! No more of that, Sirrah,
 Not one word more of that, I charge ye.

The. I must speak, Sir.

And may that Tongue forget to found your Service,
 That's dumb to your Abuses.

Arch. Understand, Fool,
 That voluntary I sit down.

The. You are forc'd, Sir,
 Forc'd for your Safety: I too well remember
 The Time and Cause, and I may live to curse 'em:
 You made this Vow, and whose Unnobleness,
 Indeed forgetfulness of good———

Arch. No more,
 As thou art mine, no more.

The. Whose Doubt and Envies———
 But th' Devil will have his due.

Put. Good gentle Colonel.

The. And though Disgraces, and contempt of Honour
 Reign now, the Wheel must turn again.

Arch. Peace, Sirrah,
 Your Tongue's too saucy: Do you stare upon me?
 Down with that Heart, down suddenly, down with it,
 Down with that Disobedience; tie that Tongue up.

The. Tongue?

Arch. Do not provoke me to forget my Vow, Sirrah,
 And draw that fatal Sword again in anger.

Put. For Heav'n's sake, Colonel.

Arch. Do not let me doubt
 Whose Son thou art, because thou canst not suffer:
 Do not play with mine Anger; if thou dost,

By all the Loyalty my Heart holds——

The. I have done, Sir,

Pray pardon me.

Arch. I pray be worthy of it :

Beshrew your Heart, you've vext me.

The. I am sorry, Sir.

Arch. Go to, no more of this : Be true and honest,
I know ye're Man enough, mold it to just Ends,
(5) And let not my Disgraces.—Then I'm miserable,
When I have nothing left me but thy Angers.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, Boroskie, *Attend. and Gent.*

Put. And't please ye, Sir, the Duke.

Duke. Now, what's all this ?

The meaning of this ceremonious Emblem ?

Arch. Your Grace shou'd first remember——

Bor. There's his Nature.

Duke. I do, and shall remember still that Injury,
That at the Muster ; where it pleas'd your Greatness
To laugh at my poor Soldiership, to scorn it ;
And more to make me seem ridiculous,
Took from my Hands my Charge.

Bur. O think not so, Sir.

Duke. And in my Father's fight.

Arch. Heav'n be my Witness,
I did no more, (and that with Modesty,
With Love and Faith to you) than was my Warrant,
And from your Father seal'd, nor durst that Rudeness,
And Impudence of scorn fall from my 'haviour ;
I ever yet knew Duty.

Duke. We shall teach ye ;

I well remember too, upon some Words I told ye,
Then at that time, some angry Words ye answer'd ;

(5) *And let not my Disgraces, then I am miserable,*

When I have nothing left me but thy Angers.] The first Part of this must either be a broken Sentence, as I have made it, or *let* must be wrong. The Sense might be, *Do not increase my Disgraces, by what will make me most miserable, your lawless Angers.* The only Reading that occurs in this Sense is, *And what not my Disgraces ;* but I don't think it a very natural Word.

If ever I were Duke, you were no Soldier.
 You've kept your word, and so it shall be to you,
 From henceforth I dismiss you; take your ease, Sir.

Arch. I humbly thank your Grace; this wasted Body,
 Beaten and bruis'd with Arms, dry'd up with troubles,
 Is good for nothing else but quiet now, Sir,
 And holy Pray'rs; in which, when I forget
 My thanks to Heav'n for all your bounteous Favours,
 May that be Deaf, and my Petitions perish.

Bor. What a smooth humble Cloak he'as cas'd his
 Pride in?

And how he 'as pull'd his Claws in? There's no trusting—

Bur. Speak for the best.

Bor. Believe I shall do ever.

Duke. To make ye understand, we feel not yet
 Such dearth of Valour, and Experience,
 Such a declining Age of doing Spirits,
 That all shou'd be confin'd within your Excellence,
 And you, or none be honour'd: Take, *Boroskie*,
 The place he has commanded, lead the Soldier;
 A little time will bring thee to his Honour,
 Which has been nothing but the World's Opinion,
 The Soldiers Fondness, and a little Fortune,
 Which I believe his Sword had the least share in.

The. O that I durst but answer now.

Put. Good Colonel.

The. My Heart will break else. Royal Sir, I know not
 What you esteem Mens Lives, whose hourly Labours,
 And loss of Blood, Consumptions in your Service,
 Whose Bodies are acquainted with more Miseries,
 And all to keep you safe, than Slaves or Dogs are.
 His Sword the least share gain'd?

Duke. You will not fight with me?

The. No, Sir, I dare not,
 You are my Prince, but I dare speak to ye,
 And dare speak Truth, which none of their Ambitions
 That be Informers to you, dare once think of;
 Yet Truth will now but anger ye; I'm sorry for't,
 And so I take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Duke. Ev'n when you please, Sir.

Arch.

Arch. Sirrah, see me no more.

Duke. And so may you too :

You have a House i'th' Country, keep you there, Sir,
And when you've rul'd your self, teach your Son Manners,
For this time I forgive him.

Arch. Heav'n forgive all ;

And to your Grace a happy and long Rule here.
And you, Lord General, may your Fights be prosperous.
In all your Course may Fame and Fortune court you.
Fight for your Country, and your Prince's Safety ;
Boldly, and bravely face your Enemy,
And when you strike, strike with that killing Virtue,
As if a general Plague had seiz'd before ye ;
Danger, and Doubt, and Labour cast behind ye ;
And then come home an old and noble Story.

Bur. A little Comfort, Sir.

Duke. As little as may be :

Farewel, you know your Limit. [Exeunt Duke &c.]

Bur. Alas, brave Gentleman.

Arch. I do, and will observe it suddenly.

My Grave ; ay, that's my Limit ; 'tis no new thing,
Nor that can make me start, or tremble at it,
To buckle with that old grim Soldier now :
I've seen him in his sowrest shapes, and dreadfull'st ;
Ay, and I thank my Honesty, have stood him :
That Audit's cast ; farewel my honest Soldiers,
Give me your Hands ; farewel ; farewel good *Ancient*,
A stout Man, and a true, (6) thou'rt come in Sorrow.
Blessings upon your Swords, may they ne'er fail ye ;
You do but change a Man ; your Fortune's constant ;
That by your ancient Valours is ty'd fast still ;
Be valiant still, and good : And when ye fight next,
When flame and fury make one Face of Horror,
When the great Rest of all your Honour's up,

(6) ——— *thou art come in Sorrow.*] As this is Sense, I don't change it ; but, as it appears flat, think it probable the Original might have been

————— *thou'rt drown'd in Sorrow.*

The *Ancient's* Speech afterwards plainly shews that he was then shedding Tears, *I'll cry no more.*

When you wou'd think a Spell to shake the Enemy,
Remember me ; my Prayers shall be with ye :
So once again farewell.

Put. Let's wait upon ye.

Arch. No, no, it must not be ; I have now left me
A single Fortune to my self, no more,
Which needs no Train, nor Compliment ; good Captain,
You are an honest and a sober Gentleman,
And one I think has lov'd me.

Put. I am sure on't.

Arch. Look to my Boy, he's grown too headstrong
for me.

And if they think him fit to carry Arms still,
His Life is theirs ; I have a House i'th' Country,
And when your better hours will give you Liberty,
See me : You shall be welcome. Fortune to ye. [*Exit.*]

Anc. I'll cry no more, that will do him no good,
And 'twill but make me dry, and I've no Mony.
I'll fight no more, and that will do them harm ;
And if I can do that, I care not for Mony. [*too*]
I cou'd have curst reasonable well, and I have had the luck
To have 'em fit sometimes. Whosoever thou art,
That like a Devil didst possess the Duke
With these malicious Thoughts ; mark what I say to thee,
A Plague upon thee, that's but the Preamble.

Sol. O take the Pox too.

Anc. They'll cure one another :
I must have none but kills, and those kill stinking.
Or look ye, let the single Pox possess them,
Or Pox upon Pox.

Put. That's but ill i'th' Arms, Sir.

Anc. 'Tis worse i'th' Legs, I wou'd not wish it else :
And may those grow to Scabs as big as Mole-hills,
And twice a Day, the Devil with a Curry-Comb
Scratch 'em, and scrub 'em : I warrant him he has 'em.

Sol. May he be ever Lowzy.

Anc. That's a pleasure,
The Beggar's Lechery ; sometimes the Soldier's :
May he be ever lazy, stink where he stands,
And Maggots breed in's Brains.

2 *Sol.* Ay, marry Sir,
May he fall mad in Love with his Grandmother,
And kissing her, may her Teeth drop into his Mouth,
And one fall cross his Throat, then let him gargle.

Enter a Post.

Put. Now, what's the matter ?

Post. Where's the Duke, pray Gentlemen ?

Put. Keep on your way, you cannot miss.

Post. I thank ye.

[*Exit.*

Anc. If he be married, may he dream he's Cuckol'd,
And when he wakes believe, and swear he saw it,
Sue a Divorce, and after find her honest :
Then in a pleasant Pigsty, with his own Garters,
And a fine running knot, ride to the Devil.

Put. If these wou'd do——

Anc. I'll never trust my Mind more,
If all these fail.

1 *Sol.* What shall we do now, Captain ?
For by this honest Hand I'll be torn in pieces ;
Unless my old General go, or some that love him,
And love us equal too, before I fight more.
I can make a Shoo yet, and draw it on too,
If I like the Leg well.

Anc. Fight ? 'Tis likely !

No, there will be the sport Boys, when there's need on's.

They think the other Crown will do, will carry us.

And the brave golden Coat of Captain *Cankro* ;

Boroskie ! What a noise his very Name carries ?

'Tis Gun enough to fright a Nation,

He needs no Soldiers ; if he do, for my part [too,

I promise ye he's like to seek 'em ; so I think you think

And all the Army ; No, honest, brave old *Archbas*,

We cannot so soon leave thy Memory,

So soon forget thy Goodness : He that does,

The scandal and the scum of Arms be counted.

Put. You much rejoice me now you have hit my
meaning.

I durst not pres ye till I found your Spirits :

Continue thus.

Anc. I'll go and tell the Duke on't.

Enter second Post.

Put. No, no, he'll find it soon enough, and fear it,
When once occasion comes. Another Packet!
From whence, Friend, come you?

2 Post. From the Borders, Sir.

Put. What news, Sir, I beseech you?

2 Post. Fire and Sword, Gentlemen;
The *Tartar's* up, and with a mighty force
Comes forward, like a Tempest; all before him
Burning and killing.

Anc. Brave Boys, brave News, Boys.

2 Post. Either we must have present help——

Anc. Still braver.

2 Post. Where lies the Duke?

Sol. He's there.

2 Post. 'Save ye, Gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

Anc. We are safe enough, I warrant thee.

Now the time's come.

Put. Ay, now 'tis come indeed, and now stand firm,
Boys,

And let 'em burn on merrily.

Anc. This City would make a fine marvelous Bonfire:
'Tis old dry Timber, and such Wood has no Fellow.

2 Sol. Here will be trim piping anon and whining,
Like so many Pigs in a Storm,
When they hear the news once.

Enter Boroskie, and a Servant.

Put. Here's one has heard it already;
Room for the General.

Bor. Say I am fallen exceeding sick o'th' fudden,
And am not like to live.

Put. If ye go on, Sir,
For they will kill ye certainly; they look for ye.

Anc. I see your Lordship's bound, take a Suppository;
'Tis I, Sir; a poor cast Flag of yours. The foolish *Tartars*
They burn and kill, and't like your Honour, kill us,
Kill us with Guns, with Guns my Lord, with Guns, Sir.

What

What says your Lordship to a Chick in sorrel Sops ?

Put. Go, go thy ways old True-penny ?

Thou hast but one fault : Thou art ev'n too valiant.

Come, t' th' Army Gentlemen, and let's make them acquainted.

Sol. Away, we are for ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Alinda, and two Gentlewomen.

Alin. Why, whither run ye Fools ; will ye leave my Lady ?

Pet. The *Tartar* comes, the *Tartar* comes.

Alin. Why, let him,

I thought you had fear'd no Men : Upon my Conscience You have try'd their Strengths already ; stay for shame.

Pet. Shift for thy self, *Alinda.*

[*Exit.*]

Alin. Beauty blefs ye :

Into what Groom's Feather-bed will you creep now ?

And there mistake the Enemy ; sweet Youths ye are,

And of a constant Courage ; are you afraid of foining ?

Enter Olympia.

Olym. O my good Wench, what shall become of us ?

The Posts come hourly in, and bring new Danger ;

The Enemy is past the *Volga*, and bears hither

With all the Blood and Cruelty he carries.

My Brother now will find his Fault.

Alin. I doubt me,

Somewhat too late too, Madam. But pray fear not,

All will be well, I hope. Sweet Madam, shake not.

Olym. How cam'ft thou by this Spirit ? our Sex trembles.

Alin. I am not unacquainted with these Dangers ;

And you shall know my Truth ; for e'er you perish,

A hundred Swords shall pass through me : 'Tis but dying,

And Madam we must do't : The manner's all :

You have a Princely Birth, take Princely Thoughts to you,

And take my Counsel too ; go presently,

With all the haste ye have, (I will attend ye)

With all the possible speed, to old Lord *Archas*,
 He honours ye; with all your Art persuade him,
 ('Twill be a dismal Time else) woo him hither,
 But hither Madam, make him see the Danger;
 For your new General looks like an Ass;
 There's nothing in his Face but Loss.

Olym. I'll do it.

And thank thee, sweet *Alinda*: O my Jewel,
 How much I'm bound to love thee! by this Hand, Wench,
 If thou wert a Man——

Alin. I wou'd I were to fight for you.
 But haste, dear Madam.

Olym. I need no Spurs, *Alinda*.

S C E N E V.

Enter Duke, 2 Posts, Attendants, and Gentlemen.

Duke. The Lord General sick now? is this a time
 For Men to creep into their Beds? What's become, Post,
 Of my Lieutenant?

Post. Beaten, and't please your Grace,
 And all his Forces sparkled.

Enter a Gentleman.

Duke. That's but cold News.
 How now, what good News? are the Soldiers ready?

Gen. Yes, Sir, but fight they will not, nor stir from
 that Place

They stand in now, unless they have Lord *Archas*
 To lead 'em out; they rail upon this General,
 And sing Songs of him, scurvy Songs, to worse Tunes:
 And much they spare not you, Sir: Here they swear
 They'll stand and see the City burnt, and dance about it,
 Unless Lord *Archas* come, before they fight for't:
 It must be so, Sir.

Duke. I cou'd wish it so too;
 And to that end I have sent Lord *Burris* to him;
 But all I fear will fail, we must die, Gentlemen,
 And one stroke we'll have for't.

Enter

Enter Burris.

What bring'st thou, *Burris*?

Bur. That I am loth to tell ; he will not come, Sir ;
I found him at his Prayers, there he tells me,
'The Enemy shall take him, fit for Heav'n :
I urg'd t' him all our Dangers, his own Worths,
'The Country's Ruin ; nay I kneel'd and pray'd him ;
He shook his Head, let fall a Tear, and pointed
Thus with his Finger to the Ground ; a Grave
I think he meant ; and this was all he answer'd.
Your Grace was much to blame :

Where's the new General ? *Duke.* He is sick, poor Man.

Bur. He's a poor Man indeed, Sir : Your Grace must
needs

Go to the Soldier. *Duke.* They have sent me Word
They will not stir, they rail at me,
And all the spight they have—[*Shout within.*] What Shout
is that there ?

Is th' Enemy come so near ?

Enter Archas, Olympia, and Alinda.

Olym. I've brought him, Sir,
At length I've woo'd him thus far.

Duke. Happy Sister,
O blessed Woman !

Olym. Use him nobly, Brother ;
You never had more need : And, Gentlemen,
All the best Pow'rs ye have to Tongues turn presently,
To winning and persuading Tongues : All my Art ;
Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd ;
Let it be yours to Arm him : And, good my Lord,
Though I exceed the Limit you allow'd me,
Which was the happiness to bring ye hither,
And not to urge ye farther ; yet, see your Country,
Out of your own sweet Spirit now behold it :
Turn round, and look upon the Miseries,
On every side the Fears ; O see the Dangers ;
We find 'em soonest, therefore hear me first, Sir.

Duke. Next hear your Prince : You've said you lov'd
him, *Archas,*

And thought your Life too little for his Service ;
Think not your Vow too great now, now the Time is,
And now you're brought to th' Test, touch right now
Soldier,

Now shew the manly pureness of thy Mettle ;
Now if thou beest that valued Man, that Virtue,
That great Obedience-teaching all, now stand it.
7 What I have said forgive, my Youth was hasty,
And what you said your self forget, you were angry.
If Men cou'd live without their Faults, they were Gods,
Archas.

He weeps, and holds his Hands up: To him, *Burris.*

Bur. You've shew'd the Prince his Faults ;
And like a good Chirurgeon you have laid
That to 'em makes 'em smart ; he feels it,
Let 'em not fester now, Sir ; your own Honour,
The Bounty of that Mind, and your Allegiance,
'Gainst which, I take it, Heav'n gives no Command, Sir,
Nor seals no Vow, can better teach ye now
What ye've to do, than I, or this necessity ;
Only this little's left ; wou'd ye do nobly,
And in the Eye of Honour truly triumph ?
Conquer that Mind first, and then Men are nothing.

Alin. Last, a poor Virgin kneels ; for Love's sake,
General,

If ever you have lov'd ; for her sake, Sir,
For your own Honesty, which is a Virgin,
Look up, and pity us, be Bold and Fortunate,
You are a Knight, a good and noble Soldier,
And when your Spurs were giv'n ye, your Sword buckl'd,

(7) *What I have said forget, my Youth was hasty,*

And what you said your self forgive, you were angry] I have ventured to transpose the Words *forget* and *forgive*, and believe I only restore them to their true Places, which they had lost in all the former Editions. The Prince, at such a Time, might well ask forgiveness of a Subject ; and he desires *Archas* not to persevere in the Vow he had made in his Anger ; which *forget* expresses much better than *forgive*.

Then

Then were you sworn for Virtue's Cause, for Beauty's,
For Chastity to strike; strike now, they suffer;
Now draw your Sword, or else you're Recreant,
Only a Knight i'th' Heels, i'th' Heart a Coward;
Your first Vow Honour made, your last but Anger.

Arch. How like my virtuous Wife this thing looks,
speaks too?

So wou'd she chide my Dulness. Fair one, I thank ye.
My gracious, Sir, your Pardon, next your Hand:
Madam, your Favour, and your Prayers; Gentlemen,
Your Wishes, and your Loves; and pretty sweet one,
A favour for your Soldier.

Olym. Give him this, Wench.

Alin. Thus do I tie on Victory.

Arch. My Armour,
My Horse, my Sword, (8) my tough Staff, and my
Fortune,

And *Olin* now I come to shake thy Glory.

Duke. Go, Brave and Prosperous, our Loves go with
thee.

Olym. Full of thy Virtue, and our Pray'rs attend thee.

Bur. &c. Loaden with Victory, and we to honour
thee.

Alin. Come home the Son of Honour, ——— and I'll
serve ye. [Exeunt.

(8) *My touch-staff*] Mr. *Sympson* conjectured *tough-Staff*, and it is confirmed by the first Folio. I therefore admit it; tho' the late Reading still appears Sense. *Archus's* Truncheon may be call'd the *Touch-staff* of his Glory and Victories.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Duke, Burris, and two Gentlemen.

Duke. NO News of *Archas* yet?

Bur. But now, an't please ye,
A Post came in, Letters he brought none with him,
But this deliver'd. He saw the Armies join,
The Game of Blood begun, and by our General,
Who never was acquainted but with Conquest,
So bravely fought, he saw the *Tartars* shaken,
And there he said he left 'em.

Duke. Where's *Boroskie*?

1 Gent. He's up again, an't please ye.

Bur. Sir, methinks

This News should make ye lightsome, bring Joy to ye,
It strikes our Hearts with general Comfort. Gone?

[*Exit Duke.*

What shou'd this mean, so suddenly? He's well?

2 Gent. We see no other.

1 Gent. Wou'd the rest were well too,
That put these Starts into him.

Bur. I'll go after him.

2 Gent. 'Twill not be fit, Sir: H'as some Secret in him
He would not be disturb'd in. Know you any thing
Has crost him since the General went?

Bur. Not any:

If there had been, I am sure I should have found it:
Only I have heard him oft complain for Mony:
Mony he says he wants.

1 Gent. It may be that then.

Bur. To him that has so many ways to raise it,
And those so honest, it can't be.

Enter Duke, and Boroskie.

1 Gent. He comes back,
And Lord *Boroskie* with him.

Bur.

Bur. There the Game goes.
I fear some new thing hatching.

Duke. Come hither, *Burriss*.
Go see my Sister, and commend me to her,
And to my little Mistress give this Token;
Tell her I'll see her shortly.

Bur. Yes, I shall, Sir. [Exeunt *Bur.* and *Gent.*

Duke. Wait you without. I wou'd yet try him further.

Bor. 'Twill not be much amiss. Has your Grace
heard yet

Of what he has done i'th' Field?

Duke. A Post but now
Came in, who saw 'em join, and has deliver'd,
The Enemy gave Ground before he parted.

Bor. 'Tis well.

[ing,

Duke. Come, speak thy Mind Man. 'Tis not for fight-
A Noise of War, I keep thee in my Bosom;
Thy Ends are nearer to me; from my Childhood
Thou'st brought me up: And like another Nature,
Made good all my Necessities. Speak boldly.

Bor. Sir, what I utter, will be thought but Envy,
Though I intend, high Heav'n knows, but your Honour,
When vain and empty People shall proclaim me——
Good Sir, excuse me.

Duke. Do you fear me for your Enemy?
Speak on your Duty.

Bor. Then I must, and dare, Sir. [not,
When he comes home, take heed the Court receive him
Take heed he meet not with their Loves and Praises,
That Glass will shew him ten times greater, Sir,
(And make him strive to make good that Proportion)
Than e'er his Fortune bred him; he is honourable,
At least I strive to understand him so,
And of a Nature, if not this way Poison'd, [duc'd, Sir;
Perfect enough, easie, and sweet, but those are soon se-
He's a great Man, and what that Pill may work,
Prepar'd by general Voices of the People,
Is the end of all my Counsel. Only this, Sir,
Let him retire a while, there's more hangs by it
Than you know yet: There if he stand a while well,

But

But till the Soldier cool, whom, for their Service
 You must pay now most liberally, most freely,
 And showr your self into 'em; 'tis the Bounty
 They follow with their Loves, and not the Bravery.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Duke. But where's the Mony? how now?

2 Gent. Sir, the Colonel,
 Son to Lord *Archas*, with most happy News
 Of the *Tartars* Overthrow, without here
 Attends your Grace's Pleasure.

Bor. Be not seen, Sir,
 He's a bold Fellow, let me stand his Thunders,
 To th' Court he must not come: No Blessing here, Sir,
 No Face of Favour, if you love your Honour.

Enter Theodore.

Duke. Do what you think is meetest; I'll retire, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Bor. Conduct him in, Sir,— welcome, noble Colonel.

The. That's too much from your Lordship: Pray where's
 the Duke?

Bor. We hear you've beat the *Tartar*.

The. Is he busie, Sir?

Bor. Have ye ta'en *Olin* yet?

The. I wou'd fain speak with him.

Bor. How many Men have ye lost?

The. Do's he lye this way?

Bor. I'm sure you fought it bravely.

The. I must see him.

Bor. You cannot yet, ye must not, what's your Com-
 mission?

The. No Gentleman o'th' Chamber here?

Bor. Why, pray ye, Sir,

Am not I fit to entertain your business?

The. I think you are not, Sir; I'm sure ye shall not.
 I bring no Tales nor Flatteries: In my Tongue, Sir,
 I carry no fork'd Stings.

Bor. You keep your Bluntness.

The. You are deceiv'd: It keeps me: I had felt else

Some

Some of your Plagues e'er this : But, good Sir, trifle not,
I've business to the Duke.

Bor. He's not well, Sir,
And cannot now be spoke withal.

The. Not well, Sir ?
How wou'd he ha' been, if we had lost ? Not well, Sir ?
I bring him News to make him well : His Enemy
That wou'd have burnt his City here, and your House too,
Your brave Gilt-house, my Lord, your Honour's hangings,
Where all your Ancestors, and all their Battels,
Their Silk and Golden Battels are Decipher'd :
That wou'd not only have abus'd your Buildings,
Your goodly Buildings, Sir, and have drunk dry your
Butteries,
Purloin'd your Lordship's Plate, the Duke bestow'd on you,
For turning handsomly o'th' Toe, and trim'd your Virgins,
Trim'd 'em of a new cut, and't like your Lordship,
'Tis ten to one, your Wife too, and the Curse is
You'd had no Remedy against these Rascals, [too,
No Law, and't like your Honour ; wou'd have kill'd you
And roasted ye, and eaten ye, e'er this Time :
Notable Knaves, my Lord, unruly Rascals :
These Youths have wety'd up, put Muzzels on 'em,
And par'd their Nails, that honest civil Gentlemen,
And such most noble Persons as your self is,
May live in Peace, and rule the Land with a twine Thread.
These News I bring.

Bor. And were they thus deliver'd ye ?

The. My Lord, I am no Pen-man, nor no Orator,
My Tongue was never oyl'd, with—*Here and't like ye,*
There I beseech ye ; weigh, I am a Soldier,
And Truth I covet only, no fine Terms, Sir ;
I come not to stand treating here ; my business
Is with the Duke, and of such general Blessing——

Bor. You have overthrown the Enemy, we know it,
And we rejoice in't ; ye've done like honest Subjects,
You have done handsomely and well.

The. But well, Sir ?
But handsomely and well ? what, are we Juglers ?
I'll do all that in cutting up a Capon.

But

But handsomely and well? Does your Lordship take us
For the Duke's Tumblers? we have done bravely, Sir,
Ventur'd our Lives like Men.

Bor. Then bravely be it.

The. And for as brave Rewards we look, and Graces,
We've Sweat and Bled for't, Sir.

Bor. And ye may have it,
If you will stay the giving. Men that thank themselves first
For any good they do, take off the Lustre,
And blot the Benefit.

The. Are these the Welcomes,
The Bells that ring out our Rewards? pray heartily,
Early and late, there may be no more Enemies:
Do my good Lord, pray seriously, and sigh too,
For if there be——

Bor. They must be met, and fought with.

The. By whom? by you? they must be met and flatter'd.
Why, what a Devil ails ye to do these things?
With what assurance dare ye mock men thus?
You have but single Lives, and those I take it
A Sword may find too: Why do ye dam the Duke up?
And choak that course of Love, that like a River
Should fill our empty Veins again with Comforts?
But if ye use these knick knacks,
This fast and loose, with faithful Men and honest,
You'll be the first will find it.

Enter Archas, Soldiers, Putskie, Ancient and others.

Bor. You're too Untemperate.

The. Better be so, and Thief too, than unthankful:
Pray use this old Man so, and then we're paid all. [ye,
The Duke thanks ye for your Service, and the Court thanks
And wonderful desirous they're to see ye;
Pray Heav'n we've room enough to march for Maygames,
Pageants, and Bone-fires for your welcome home, Sir.
Here your most noble Friend the Lord *Boroskie*,
A Gentleman too tender of your Credit,
And ever in the Duke's Ear, for your good, Sir,
Crazy and Sickly, yet to be your Servant,
Has leapt into the open Air to meet ye.

Bor.

Bor. The best is, your Words wound not; you are welcome home, Sir;

Heartily welcome home, and for your Service,
The noble Overthrow you gave the Enemy,
The Duke salutes ye too with all his Thanks, Sir.

Anc. Sure they will now regard us.

Put. There's a Reason:

But by the changing of the Colonel's Countenance,
The rolling of his Eyes like angry Billows,
I fear the Wind's not down yet, *Ancient.*

Arch. Is the Duke well, Sir?

Bor. Not much unhealthy,
Only a little grudging of an Ague, [fearful,
Which cannot last. He has heard, which makes him
And loth as yet to give your Worth due welcome,
The Sicknefs hath been somewhat hot i'th' Army,
Which happily may prove more Doubt than Danger,
(9) And more his Fear than Faith; yet howsoever,
An honest Care——

Arch. Ye say right, and it shall be;
For though upon my Life 'tis but a Rumor,
A meer Opinion, without Faith or Fear in't;
For, Sir, I thank Heav'n, we ne'er stood more healthy,
Never more high and lusty; yet to satisfie,
We cannot be too curious, or too careful
Of what concerns his State, we'll draw away, Sir,
And lodge at further Distance, and less Danger.

Bor. It will be well.

Anc. It will be very scurvy:
I smell it out, it stinks abominably,
Stir it no more.

Bor. The Duke, Sir, wou'd have you too,
For a short Day or two, retire t' your own House,

(9) *And more his Fear than Fate——*] Mr. Symphon calls this absolute Nonsense, and reads *Faith*, which is prov'd by *Archas's* Answer, who says it is

A meer Opinion, without Faith or Fear in it.

I admit the Conjecture, but cannot think the old Reading absolute Nonsense.

Whither himself will come to visit ye,
And give ye Thanks.

Arch. I shall attend his Pleasure.

Anc. A Trick, a lousie Trick : So ho, a Trick Boys.

Arch. How now, what's that ?

Anc. I thought i had found a Hare, Sir,
But 'tis a Fox, an old Fox, shall we hunt him ?

Arch. No more such Words.

Bor. The Soldier's grown too sawcy,
You must tie him straiter up.

Arch. I do my best, Sir ;

But Men of free-born Minds sometimes will flie out.

Anc. May not we see the Duke ?

Bor. Not at this time, Gentlemen,
Your General knows the Cause.

Anc. We have no Plague, Sir,
Unless it be in our Pay, nor no Pox neither ;
Or if we had, I hope that good old Courtier
Will not deny us place there.

Put. Certain my Lord,
Considering what we are, and what we have done ;
If not, what need ye may have, 'twou'd be better,
A great deal nobler, and taste honester
To use us with more sweetness ; Men that dig
And lash away their Lives at the Cart's tail [too,
Double our Comforts ; Meat, and their Masters Thanks
When they work well, they have ; Men of our Quality,
When they do well, and venture for't with Valour,
Fight hard, lye hard, feed hard, when they come home,
Sir,

And know these are deserving things, things worthy,
Can you then blame 'em if their Minds a little
Be stir'd with Glory ? 'tis a Pride becomes 'em,
A little season'd with Ambition,
To be respected, reckon'd well, and honour'd
For what they have done : When to come home thus
poorly,

And met with such unjointed Joy, so looked on,
As if we had done no more but drest a Horfe well ;
So entertain'd, as if, I thank ye Gentlemen,

Take

Take that to drink, had pow'r to please a Soldier?
Where be the Shouts, the Bells rung out, the People?
The Prince himself?

Arch. Peace: I perceive your Eye, Sir,
Is fixt upon this Captain for his Freedom,
And happily you find his Tongue too forward;
As I am Master of the Place I carry,
'Tis fit I think so too; but were I this Man,
No stronger tie upon me, than the Truth
And Tongue to tell it, I shou'd speak as he do's,
And think with Modesty enough, such Saints
That daily thrust their Loves and Lives through hazards,
And fearless for their Country's Peace march hourly
Through all the Doors of Death, and know the darkeſt,
Shou'd better be cononiz'd for their Service:
What labour wou'd these Men neglect, what Danger
Where Honour is, though seated in a Billow,
Rising as high as Heav'n, wou'd not these Soldiers,
Like to so many Sea-gods charge up to it? [Sir;
D' you see these Swords? Time's Scythe was ne'er so sharp,
Nor ever at one Harvest mow'd such handfuls:
Thoughts ne'er so sudden, nor Belief so sure
When they are drawn; and were it not sometimes
I swim upon their Angers to allay 'em,
And, like a calm, depress their fell Intentions;
They are so deadly sure, nature wou'd suffer——
And whose are all these Glories? why, their Prince's,
Their Country's, and their Friends? Alas, of all these,
And all the happy ends they bring, the Blessings,
They only share the Labours: A little Joy then,
And out-side of a welcome, at an upshot
Would not have done amiss, Sir; but howsoever
Between me and my Duty, no crack, Sir,
Shall dare appear: I hope by my Example
No Discontent in them: Without doubt, Gentlemen,
The Duke will both look suddenly and truly
On your Deserts: Methinks 'twere good they were
paid, Sir.

Bor. They shall be immediately; I stay for Mony;
And any Favour else——

Arch.

Arch. We are all bound to ye ;
And so I take my leave, Sir ; when the Duke pleases
To make me worthy of his Eyes——

Bor. Which will be suddenly,
I know his good Thoughts to ye.

Arch. With all Duty,
And all Humility, I shall attend, Sir.

Bor. Once more you're welcome home : These shall
be satisfied.

The. Be sure we be : And handsomely.

Arch. Wait you on me, Sir.

The. And honestly : No juggling.

Arch. Will ye come, Sir ?

[*Exit.*

Bor. Pray do not doubt.

The. We are no Boys.

[*Exit.*

Enter a Gentleman, and two or three with Money.

Bor. Well, Sir.

Gent. Here's Money from the Duke, and't please your
Lordship.

Bor. 'Tis well.

Gent. How fowre the Soldiers look ?

Bor. Is't told ?

Gent. Yes, and for every Company a double Pay,
And the Duke's Love to all.

Anc. That's worth a Duckat.

Bor. You that be Officers, see it discharg'd then,
Why don't you take it up ?

Anc. 'Tis too heavy :

'Body o' me, I have strain'd mine Arm.

Bor. Do you scorn it ?

Anc. Has your Lordship any Dice about ye ? sit round
Gentlemen,

And come on seven for my share.

Put. Do you think, Sir,
This is the end we fight for ? can this Dirt draw us
To such a stupid Tameness, that our Service
Neglected and look'd lamely on, and skew'd at,
With a few honourable Words, and this, is righted ?
Have not we Eyes and Ears, to hear and see, Sir,

And

And Minds to understand the flights we carry ?
 I come home old, and full of Hurts ; Men look on me,
 As if I had got 'em from a Whore, and shun me ;
 I tell my Grievs, and fear my Wants, I am answer'd,
 Alas 'tis pity ! pray dine with me on Sunday.
 These are the Sores we are sick of, the Minds Maladies,
 And can this cure 'em ? You shou'd have us'd us nobly,
 And for our doing well, as well proclaim'd us
 To the World's Eye, have shew'd and fainted us,
 Then ye had paid us bravely : Then we had shin'd, Sir,
 Not in this gilded stuff, but in our Glory :
 You may take back your Mony.

Gent. This I fear'd still.

Bor. Consider better, Gentlemen.

Anc. Thank your Lordship :

And now I'll put on my considering Cap :
 My Lord, that I am no Courtier, you may guess it
 By having no sute to you for this Mony :
 For though I want, I want not this, nor shall not,
 While you want that Civility to rank it
 With those Rights we expected ; Mony grows, Sir,
 And Men must gather it, all is not put in one Purse.
 (10) And I'm no Carter, I cou'd ne'er whistle yet :
 But that I am a Soldier, and a Gentleman,
 And a fine Gentleman, and't like your Honour,
 And a most pleasant Companion : *All you that are witty.*

Come list to my Ditty : Come set in Boys,

With your Lordship's Patience.

[*Song.*

How do you like my Song, My Lord ?

Bor. Ev'n as I like your self ; *but 'twould be a great
 deal better,*

You would prove a great deal wiser, and take this Mony,
 In your own Phrase I speak now, Sir, and 'tis well
 You've learn'd to sing ; for since you prove so liberal,

(10) *And that I am no Carter, I cou'd never whistle yet :*] I take the Word *that* to have crept in from the Line beneath, for it seems to hurt both Sense and Measure. His saying, he was no *Carter*, seems to relate to the weight of the Mony, which required a Cart to carry it.

T' refuse such means as this, maintain your Voice still,
'Twill prove your best Friend.

Anc. 'Tis a singing Age, Sir,
A merry Moon here now : I'll follow it :
Fidling, and fooling now, gains more than fighting.

Bor. What is't you blench at? What would you ask?
Speak freely.

Sol. And so we dare. A Triumph for the General.

Put. And then an Honour special to his Virtue.

Anc. That we may be prefer'd that have serv'd for it,
(11) And cram'd up into favour like the worshipful,
At least upon the City's charge made drunk
For one whole Year; we've done 'em ten Years service;
'That we ma' enjoy our Lechery without grudging,
And mine, or thine be nothing, all things equal,
And catch as catch may, be proclaim'd: That when we
borrow,

And have no will to pay again, no Law
Lay hold upon us, nor no Court controul us.

Bor. Some of these may come to pass; the Duke may
do 'em,
And no doubt will: The General will find too,
And so will you, if you but stay with Patience: I have
no Pow'r.

Put. Nor Will. Come, Fellow-Soldiers.

Bor. Pray be not so distrustful.

Put. There are ways yet,
And honest ways; we are not brought up Statues.

Anc. If your Lordship
Have any silk Stockings, that have holes i'th' Heels,
Or ever an Honourable Cassock that wants Buttons,
I could have cur'd such Maladies: Your Lordship's custom
And my good Lady's, if the Bones want setting
In her old Bodice——

Bor. This is Disobedience.

(11) *And cram'd up into favour——*] Mr. Theobald has left *cram'd* in his Margin instead of *cram'd*; but, I believe, he might have been easily persuaded to have given it up, as the old Metaphor is much more proper and more comick.

Anc. Eight Pence a Day, and hard Eggs.

Put. Troop off, Gentlemen,

Some Coin we have, while this lasts, or our Credits,
We'll never sell our General's worth for six Pence.

Ye are beholding to us.

Anc. Fare ye well, Sir,

And buy a Pipe with that : Do you see this Scarf, Sir ?

By this Hand I'll cry Brooms in't, birchen Brooms, Sir,

Before I eat one bit from your Benevolence.

Now to our old Occupations again.

By your leave, Lord.

[*Exeunt.*

Bor. You will bite when ye are sharper ; take up the
Mony.

This Love I must remove, this Fondness to him,

This tenderness of Heart ; I have lost my way else.

There is no sending, Man, they will not take it,

They are yet too full of Pillage,

They'll dance for't ere't be long :

Come, bring it after.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, refus'd their Mony ?

Bor. Very bravely,

And stand upon such terms 'tis terrible.

Duke. Where's *Archas* ?

Bor. He's retir'd, Sir, to his House,

According to your Pleasure, full of Duty

To outward shew : But what within——

Duke. Refuse it ?

Bor. Most confidently : 'Tis not your Revenues

Can feed them, Sir, and yet they have found a General

That knows no Ebb of Bounty : There they eat, Sir,

And loath your Invitations.

Duke. 'Tis not possible,

He's poor as they.

Bor. You'll find it otherwise.

Pray make your Journey thither presently,

And as ye go I'll open ye a wonder.

Good Sir, this Morning.

Duke. Follow me, I'll do it.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Olympia, Alinda, Burris, and Gentlewomen.

Olym. But do you think my Brother loves her ?

Bur. Certain, Madam,
He speaks much of her, and sometimes with wonder,
Oft wishes she were nobler born.

Olym. Do you think him honest ?

Bur. Your Grace is nearer to his Heart, than I am,
Upon my life I hold him so.

Olym. 'Tis a poor Wench,
I wou'd not have her wrong'd : Methinks my Brother——
But I must not give Rules to his Affections ;
Yet if he weigh her worth——

Bur. You need not fear, Madam.

Olym. I hope I shall not. Lord *Burris*,
I love her well ; I know not, there is something
Makes me bestow more than a care upon her :
I do not like that Ring from him to her,
I mean to Women of her way ; such Tokens
Rather appear as Baits, than Royal Bounties :
I wou'd not have it so.

Bur. You will not find it ;
Upon my Troth I think his most Ambition
Is but to let the World know h'as a handsome Mistress.
Will your Grace command me any service to him ?

Olym. Remember all my Duty.

Bur. Blessings crown ye :
What's your will, Lady ?

Alin. Any thing that's honest ;
And if you think it fit, so poor a Service,
Clad in a ragged Virtue, may reach him,
I do beseech your Lordship speak it humbly.

Bur. Fair one I will : In the best Phrase I have too,
And so I kiss your Hand. [Exit.

Alin. Your Lordship's Servant.

Olym. Come hither Wench, what art thou doing with
that Ring ?

Alin.

Alin. I am looking on the Posie, Madam.

Olym. What is't ?

Alin. (12) *The Jewel's set within.*

Olym. But where the Joy, Wench,
When that invisible Jewel's lost? Why dost thou smile so?
What unhappy Meaning hast thou ?

Alin. Nothing, Madam,
But only thinking what strange spells these Rings have,
And how they work with some.

Pet. I fear with you too.

Alin. This cou'd not cost above a Crown.

Pet. 'Twill cost you

The shaving of your Crown, if not the washing.

Olym. But he that sent it, makes the Virtue greater.

Alin. Ay, and the Vice too, Madam. Goodness blefs
me :

How fit 'tis for my Finger !

2 Wom. No doubt you'll find too

A Finger fit for you.

Alin. Sirrah, *Petesca,*

What wilt thou give me for the good that follows this ?
But thou hast Rings enough, thou art provided :
Heigh ho, what must I do now ?

Pet. You'll be taught that,

The easiest part that e'er you learnt, I warrant you.

Alin. Ay me, ay me.

Pet. You will divide too, shortly,
Your Voice comes finely forward.

Olym. Come hither, Wanton,
'Thou art not surely as thou say'st.

Alin. I wou'd not :

But sure there is a Witchcraft in this Ring, Lady,
Lord how my Heart leaps !

Pet. 'Twill go pit a pat shortly.

Alin. And now methinks a thousand of the Duke's
Shapes.

(12) *The Jewel's set within.*] This is the Posie of the Ring, being
a Compliment to the Wearer.

2 Wom. Will no less serve ye?

Alin. In ten thousand Smiles.

Olym. Heav'n bless the Wench.

Alin. With Eyes that will not be deny'd to enter ;
And such soft sweet Embraces ; take it from me,
I am undone else, Madam : I'm lost else.

Olym. What ails the Girl?

Alin. How suddenly I'm alter'd !
And grown my self again ! do not you feel it ?

Olym. Wear that, and I'll wear this :
I'll try the Strength on't.

Alin. How cold my Blood grows now !
Here's sacred Virtue.

When I leave to honour this,
Every hour to pay a Kiss,
When each Morning I arise,
(13) I forget a Sacrifice :
When this Figure in my Faith,
And the pureness that it hath,
I pursue not with my Will,
Nearer to arrive at still :
When I lose, or change this Jewel,
Fly me Faith, and Heav'n be cruel.

Olym. You've half confirm'd me, keep but that way sure,
And what this Charm can do, let me endure. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Archas, Theodore, Honora and Viola.

Arch. Carry your self discreetly, it concerns me,
The Duke's come in, none of your froward Passions,
Nor no distasts to any. Prithee *Theodore*,
By my life, Boy, 'twill ruin me.

The. I have done, Sir,

(13) Or *I forget a Sacrifice:*] Mr. Symphon and I both struck out the *Or*, as injuring the Measure, and utterly spoiling the Sense.

(14) So there be no foul Play. He brings along with him——

Arch. What's that to you ?

Let him bring what please him,
And whom, and how.

The. So they mean well——

Arch. Is't fit you be a Judge, Sirrah ?

The. 'Tis fit I feel, Sir.

Arch. Get a Banquet ready,

And trim yourselves up handsomly. *The.* To what end ?
Do you mean to make 'em Whores ? Hang up a Sign then,
And set 'em out to Livery.

Arch. Whose Son art thou ?

The. Yours, Sir, I hope : But not of your Disgraces.

Arch. Full twenty thousand Men I have commanded,
And all their Minds, with this calm'd all their Angers ;
And shall a Boy, of mine own Breed, own Blood too,
One crooked stick——

The. Pray take your way, and thrive in't,
I'll quit your House ; if Taint or black Dishonour
Light on ye, 'tis your own, I've no share in't.
Yet if it do fall out so, as I fear it,
And partly find it too ——

Arch. Hast thou no Reverence ?

No Duty in thee ?

The. This shall shew I obey ye :

I dare not stay : I would have shew'd my Love too,
And that you ask as Duty, with my Life, Sir,
Had you but thought me worthy of your Hazards,
Which Heav'n preserve ye from, and keep the Duke too :
And there's an end o' my wishes, God be with ye. [*Exit.*]

Arch. Stubborn, yet full of, that we all love, Honesty.

(14) *So there be no foul Play he brings along with him.*] Mr. Symphon has corrected the Pointing here, and seems much to have improved the Sense. *Theodore* would say, that the Duke brings *Boraskie* along with him, but is interrupted by his Father.

Enter Burris.

Lord *Burris*, where's the Duke ?

Bur. In the great Chamber, Sir,
And there stays 'till he see you. Ye've a fine House here.

Arch. A poor contented Lodge, unfit for his Presence,
Yet all the joy it hath.

Bur. I hope a great one, and for your good, brave Sir.

Arch. I thank ye, Lord :
And now my service to the Duke.

Bur. I'll wait on ye. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Duke, Boroskie, Gentlemen and Attendants.

Duke. May this be credited ?

Bor. Disgrace me else,
And never more with Favour look upon me.

Duke. It seems impossible.

Bor. It cannot chuse, Sir,
'Till your own Eyes behold it ; but that it is so,
And that by this means the too haughty Soldier
Has been so cram'd and fed, he cares not for ye ;
Believe, or let me perish : Let your Eyes
As you observe the House, but where I point it,
Make stay, and take a view, and then you've found it.

Enter Archas, Burris, Honora, Viola, and Servant.

Duke. I'll follow your Direction. Welcome *Archas*,
You're welcome home, brave Lord, we're come to visit ye,
And thank ye for your Service.

Arch. 'Twas so poor, Sir,
In true respect of what I owe your Highness,
It merits nothing.

Duke. Are these fair ones yours, Lord ?

Arch. Their Mother made me think so, Sir.

Duke. Stand up, Ladies.

Beshrew my Heart they're fair ones ; methinks fitter
The lustre of the Court, than thus live darken'd.
I'd see your House, Lord *Archas*, it appears to me
A handsome Pile.

Arch.

Arch. 'Tis neat, but no great Structure ;
I'll be your Grace's Guide, give me the Keys there.

Duke. Lead on, we'll follow ye : Begin with the Gallery,
I think that's one.

Arch. 'Tis so, and't please ye, Sir,
The rest above are Lodgings all.

Duke. Go on, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Theodore, Putskie, and Ancient.

Put. The Duke gone thither, do you say ?

The. Yes marry do I,
And all the Ducklings too ; but what they'll do there —

Put. I hope they'll crown his Service.

The. (15) With a Costard ;
This is no weather for Rewards : They crown his Service ?
Rather they go to shave his Crown : I was rated out of
Doors,

As if I'd been a Dog had worried Sheep,
For making but a doubt.

Put. They must now grace him.

The. Mark but the end.

Anc. I'm sure they shou'd Reward him, they can't
want him.

The. They that want Honesty, want any thing.

Put. The Duke's so noble in's own Thoughts —

The. That I grant ye,
If those might only sway him : But 'tis most certain,
So many new born Flies his light gave life to,
Buzze in his Beams, Flesh-flies, and Butterflies,
Hornets, and humming Scarabs, that not one honey Bee
That's loaden with true Labour, and brings home
Encrease and Credit, can 'scape rissing,
And what she sucks for sweet, they turn to bitterness.

Anc. Shall we go see what they do, and talk our mind
to 'em ?

(15) *With a Custard*] So the former Editions, instead of *Costard*.
To crown a Man with a Costard, is to break his Head : *Costard* in
this Phrase meaning a Crab-tree Stick.

Put.

Put. That we have done too much, and to no purpose.

Anc. Shall we be hang'd for him?

I have a great mind to be hang'd now

For doing some brave thing for him; a worse end will take me,

And for an action of no worth; not honour him?

Upon my Conscience, ev'n the Devil, the very Devil

(Not to bely him) thinks him an honest Man; [years,

I am sure he has sent him Souls any time these twenty

Able to furnish all his Fish-markets.

The. Leave thy talking,

And come, let's go to Dinner and drink to him;

We shall hear more ere Supper time. If he be honour'd,

He has deserv'd it well, and we shall fight for't.

If he be ruin'd, so, we know the worst then,

And for my self, I'll meet it.

Put. I ne'er fear it.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

*Enter Duke, Archas, Boroskie, Burris, Gentlemen
and Attendants.*

Duke. They're handsome Rooms all, well contriv'd
and fitted,

Full of convenience; the Prospect's excellent.

Arch. Now will your Grace pass down, and do me but
the honour

To taste a Country Banquet?

Duke. What Room's that?

I wou'd see all now; what Conveyance has it?

I see you've kept the best part yet; pray open it.

Arch. Ha! I misdoubted this: 'Tis of no receipt, Sir,
For your Eyes most unfit —

Duke. I long to see it, [Painting,
Because I'd judge of the whole piece: Some excellent
Or some rare Spoils you'd keep to entertain me
Another time, I know.

Arch. In troth there is not,
Nor any thing worth your sight; below I have

Some

Some Fountains, and some Ponds.

Duke. I wou'd see this now.

Arch. *Boroskie*, thou'rt a Knave. It contains nothing
But Rubbish from the other Rooms, Unnecessaries:
Will't please you see a strange Clock?

Duke. This or nothing:
Why shou'd you bar it up thus with Defences
Above the rest, unless it contained something
More excellent, and curious of keeping?
Open't, for I will see it.

Arch. The Keys are lost, Sir:
Does your Grace think, if it were fit for you,
I cou'd be so unmannerly?

Duke. I will see it, and either shew it——

Arch. Good Sir—— [dantly,

Duke. Thank ye, *Archbas*, you shew your Love abun-
Do I use to intreat thus? Force it open.

Bur. That were inhospitable; you are his Guest, Sir,
(16) And 'tis his greatest Joy to entertain ye.

Duke. Hold thy peace, Fool; will ye open it?

Arch. Sir, I cannot. I must not, if I could.

Duke. Go, break it open.

Arch. I must withstand that force. Be not too rash,
Gentlemen.

Duke. Unarm him first, then if he be not obstinate
Preserve his Life.

Arch. I thank your Grace, I take it;
And now take you the Keys, go in, and see, Sir; [tor,
There feed your Eyes with wonder, and thank that Tray-
That thing that sells his Faith for Favour. [Exit Duke.

Bur. Sir, what moves ye?

Arch. I have kept mine pure. Lord *Burris*, there's
a *Judas*,
That for a Smile will sell ye all. A Gentleman?
The Devil has more Truth, and has maintain'd it;
A Whore's Heart more belief in't.

(16) *And with its greatest joy——*] Former Editions, corrected
by Mr. Symfson.

*Enter Duke.**Duke.* What's all this, *Archbas*?

I cannot blame you to conceal it so,

This most inestimable Treasure. *Arch.* Yours, Sir.*Duke.* Nor do I wonder now the Soldier flights me.*Arch.* Be not deceiv'd ; he has no favour here, Sir,
Nor had you known this now, but for that Pick-thank,
That lost Man in his Faith, he has reveal'd it,
To suck a little Honey has betray'd it.

(I swear he smiles upon me) thou forsworn too,

Thou crackt, uncurrant Lord. I'll tell ye all, Sir :

Your Sire, before his Death, knowing your Temper

To be as bounteous as the Air, and open,

As flowing as the Sea to all that follow'd ye,

Your great Mind fit for War and Glory, thriftily

Like a great Husband, to preserve your Actions,

Collected all this Treasure ; to our Trusts,

To mine I mean, and to that long-tongu'd Lord's there,

He gave the Knowledge and the Charge of all this,

Upon his Death-bed too : And on the Sacrament

He swore us thus, never to let this Treasure

Part from our secret keepings, 'till no hope

Of Subject could relieve ye, all your own wasted,

No help of those that lov'd ye cou'd supply ye,

And then some great Exploit afoot ; my honesty

I wou'd have kept 'till I had made this useful,

(I shew'd it, and I stood it to the Tempest,)

And useful to the end 'twas left : I'm cozen'd,

And so are you too, if you spend this vainly ;

This Worm that crept into ye has abus'd ye,

Abus'd your Father's care, abus'd his Faith too :

Nor can this mass of Mony make him Man more,

A flea'd Dog has more Soul, an Ape more Honesty ;

All mine ye have amongst it, farewell that,

I cannot part with't nobler ; my Heart's clear,

My Conscience smooth as that, no rub upon't.

But O thy Hell!

Bor. I seek no Heav'n from you, Sir.*Arch.*

Arch. Thy gnawing Hell, *Boroskie*, it will find thee :
Wou'd ye heap Coals upon his Head has wrong'd ye,
Has ruin'd your Estate? Give him this Mony,
Melt it into his Mouth.

Duke. What little Trunk's that?
That there o'th' top, that's lockt?

Bor. You'll find it rich, Sir, richer I think than all.

Arch. You were not covetous,
Nor wont to weave your Thoughts with such a courseness ;
Pray rack not Honesty.

Bor. Be sure you see it. *Duke.* Bring out the Trunk.

Enter with the Trunk.

Arch. You'll find that Treasure too, all I have left
me now.

Duke. What's this, a poor Gown?
And this a piece of *Seneca*?

Arch. Yes sure, Sir,
More worth than all your Gold, yet ye've enough on't,
And of a Mine far purer, and more precious ;
This sells no Friends, nor searches into Counsels,
And yet all counsel, and all Friends live here, Sir ;
Betrays no Faith, yet handles all that's trusty :
Will't please you leave me this?

Duke. With all my Heart, Sir.

Arch. What says your Lordship to't?

Bor. I dare not rob ye.

Arch. Poor miserable Men, you've robb'd your selves
both ;

This Gown, and this unvalu'd Treasure, your brave Father,
Found me a Child at School with, in his progress.

Where such a love he took to some few answers,

Unhappy Boyish Toys hit in my Head then,

That suddenly I made him, thus as I was,

(For here was all the Wealth I brought his Highness)

He carried me to Court, there bred me up,

Bestow'd his Favours on me, taught me Arms first,

With those an honest Mind ; I serv'd him truly,

And where he gave me trust, I think I fail'd not ;

Let the world speak : I humbly thank your Highness.

You

You have done more, and nobler, eas'd mine Age, Sir ;
And to this care a fair *Quietus* giv'n. Now to my Book
again.

Duke. You have your wish, Sir,
Let some bring off the Treasure.

Bor. Some is his, Sir.

Arch. None, none, a poor unworthy Reaper,
The Harveft is his Grace's.

Duke. Thank you, *Archbas.*

Arch. But will not you repent, Lord ? when this is gone.
Where will your Lordship ? ———

Bor. Pray take you no care, Sir.

Arch. Does your Grace like my House ?

Duke. Wondrous well, *Archbas,*
You've made me richly welcome.

Arch. I did my best, Sir.

Is there ought else may please your Grace. *Duke.* Your
Daughters

I had forgot, fend them to Court. *Arch.* How's that, Sir ?

Duke. I said your Daughters ; see it done : I'll have 'em
Attend my Sister, *Archbas.*

Arch. Thank your Highness.

Duke. And suddenly. [*Exit.*

Arch. Through all the ways I dare
I'll serve your Temper, though you try me far. [*Exit.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, and Servant.

The. I Wonder we hear no News.

Put. Here's your Father's Servant,
He comes in haste too, now we shall know all, Sir.

The. How now ?

Ser. I am glad I have met you, Sir ; your Father
Intreats you presently make haste unto him.

The. What News ?

Ser. None of the best, Sir, I'm ashamed to tell it,
Pray ask no more.

The.

The. Did not I tell ye, Gentlemen?
Did not I Prophecy? He's undone then.

Ser. Not so, Sir, but as near it——

Put. There's no help now;
The Army's scatter'd all, through Discontent,
Not to be rallied up in haste to help this.

Anc. Plague of the Devil; have ye watch'd your Seasons?
We shall watch you e'er long.

The. Farewel, there's no cure,
We must endure all now: I know what I'll do.

[*Exeunt Theodore, and Servant.*]

Put. Nay, there's no striving, they've a hand upon us.
A heavy and a hard one.

Anc. Now I have it,
We've yet some Gentlemen, some Boys of mettle,
(What, are we bob'd thus still, colted, and carted?)
And one mad trick we'll have to shame these Vipers?
Shall I bless 'em?

Put. Farewel; I have thought my way too. [*Exit.*]

Anc. Were never such rare Cries in Christendom,
As *Mosco* shall afford: We'll live by fooling
Now fighting's gone, and they shall find and feel it. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Archas, Honora, and Viola.

Arch. No more, it must be so; do you think I'd
send ye,
Your Father and your Friend——

Viol. Pray Sir, be good to us,
Alas, we know no Court, nor seek that Knowledge;
(17) We are content, like harmless things at home,
Children of your Content, bred up in quiet,
Only to know ourselves, to seek a Wisdom

From

(17) *We are content with harmless things at home,
Children of your Content, bred up in quiet,
Only to know ourselves,—*] It was very evident to me from the
whole turn of the Sentence that *with* in the first Line was a Corruption,

From that we understand, easie and honest ;
 To make our Actions worthy of your Honour,
 Their ends as innocent as we begot 'em ;
 What shall we look for, Sir, what shall we learn there,
 That this more private sweetness cannot teach us ?
 Virtue was never built upon Ambition,
 Nor the Souls Beauties bred out of Bravery :
 What a terrible Father wou'd you seem to us,
 Now you have moulded us, and wrought our Tempers
 To easie and obedient Ways, uncrooked,
 Where the fair Mind can never lose nor loiter,
 Now to divert our Natures, now to stem us
 Roughly against the tide of all this Treasure ?
 Wou'd y' have us proud ? 'Tis sooner bred than buried ;
 Wickedly proud ? For such things dwell at Court, Sir.

Hon. Wou'd y' have your Children learn t' forget their
 Father ?

And when he dies dance on his Monument ?
 Shall we seek Virtue in a Satin Gown ;
 Embroider'd Virtue ? Faith in a well-curl'd Feather
 And set our Credits to the tune of Green-sleeves ?
 This may be done ; and if you like, it shall be.
 You shou'd have sent us thither when we were younger,
 Our Maiden-heads at a higher rate ; our Innocence
 Able to make a Mart indeed : We're now too old, Sir,
 Perhaps they'll think too cunning too, and slight us ;
 Besides, we're altogether unprovided,
 Unfurnisht utterly of the Rules should guide us :
 This Lord comes, licks his Hand and protests to me ;
 Compares my Beauty to a thousand fine things ;
 Mountains, and Fountains, (18) Trees, and Stars, and
 Goblins ; Now

tion, and that *Viola* calls herself and *Sister* *harmless things at home*, not
 the things they were content *with*. I therefore proposed to read,

*We are content, (being harmless things at home,
 Children of your Content, bred up in Quiet,
 Only to know ourselves. —————*

But turning to the first Folio, I found my Conjecture so far confirmed,
 that I had hit upon the Author's Sense, tho' not upon the true Word,
 which I have now inserted in the Text.

(18) ——— *Trees, and Stars, and Goblins ;*] Mr. *Sympson* thinks *Gob-*
lins so odd a thing for a Courtier to compare a lady's Beauty to, and
so

Now have not I the Faith for to believe him ;
 He offers me the honourable courtesie,
 To lye with me all Night ; what a misery is this ?
 I am bred up so foolishly, alas, I dare not,
 And how madly these things will shew there.

Arch. I send ye not,
 Like Parts infected, to draw more Corruption ;
 Like Spiders to grow great, with growing Evil :
 With your own Virtues season'd, and my Pray'rs,
 The Card of Goodness in your Minds, that shows ye
 When ye sail false ; the Needle toucht with Honour,
 That through the blackest Storms still points at Hap-
 piness ;
 Your Bodies the tall Barks rib'd round with Goodness,
 Your Heav'nly Souls the Pilots, thus I send' you ;
 Thus I prepare your Voyage ; found before ye,
 And ever as you sail through this World's Vanity,
 Discover Sholes, Rocks, Quicksands, cry out to ye,
 Like a good Master, Tack about for Honour.
 The Court is Virtue's School, at least it should be ;
 Nearer the Sun the Mine lies, the Metal's purer :
 Be it granted, if the Spring be once infected,
 Those Branches that flow from him must run muddy ;
 Say you find some Sins there, and those no small ones,
 And they like lazy Fits begin to shake ye :
 Say they affect your Strengths, my happy Children
 Great things through greatest hazards are atchiev'd still,
 And then they shine, then Goodness has his Glory,
 His Crown fast rivetted, then time moves under,

so unfit to be joined to *Fountains, Stars* and the rest, that he would strike it out as corrupt, and read *Godlins*, or *little Gods*. The Conjecture is ingenious, if any Instance could be produced of our Poets or any of their Contemporaries using the word *Godlins*, or if there was any necessity of a Change. *Gobliins* is sometimes used for *Fairies*, and may not improperly stand for such *Angels* as the lewd Courtier often compares his Mistress to: but it more often stands for Bugbears, or frightful Apparitions, which Courtiers often make their Mistresses like, when they talk of the *Flames, Darts*, and killing Qualities of their Eyes. Wherever the Poet's Design was, it was certainly to convey a ludicrous Idea.

(19) Where, through the mist of Errors, like the Sun,
Through thick and pitchy Clouds, he breaks out nobly.

Hon. I thank you Sir, you have made me half a Soldier,
I will to Court most willingly, most fondly.

And if there be such stirring things amongst 'em,
Such Travellers into *Virginia*

As Fame reports, if they can win me, take me.

I think I have a close Ward, and a sure one;

An honest Mind I hope, 'tis Petticoat-proof,

Chain-proof, and Jewel-proof; I know 'tis Gold-proof,

A Coach and four Horses cannot draw me from it:

As for your handsome Faces and fil'd Tongues,

Curl'd Millers Heads, (20) I have another Ward for them,

And yet I'll flatter too, as fast as they do,

And lye, but not as Lewdly. Come, be valiant, Sister,

She that dare n't stand the push o' th' Court dares nothing,

(21) And yet come off unras'd: like you, we both, Sir,

Affect

(19) *Where, through the midst of Errors,—*] This is the second time that this unmeaning Expletive *midst* had intruded into the Place of a very sensible Metaphor. In *Wit without Money*, *Valentine* tells his Brother the *Collegian* that he had been brought up *Amongst the midst of Small-beer Brew-houses*. Where the true word was evidently *Mist*. Mr. *Sympson* concurred with me in the Correction of it in this Play.

(20) *I have another Word for them,—*] Former Editions. Mr. *Sympson* and I concurred in the Emendation.

(21) *And yet come off ungrac'd: Sir, like you,*

We both affect great dangers now, and the World shall see] The Measure is here confused, the first Line wants a Syllable, and the second has two redundant ones. In the next place, *ungrac'd* is the very Reverse of what the Context evidently requires. I have three Conjectures, and Mr. *Sympson* has sent me a fourth. My first is,

And yet come off unras'd: like you, we both, Sir,

Affect great Dangers now, and th' World shall see.

Unras'd signifies *uncut, unscratch'd*, from the *Latin*, *rado*, or the *French*, *rafer*. It is often spelt *unraz'd*, and pronounc'd as such. My second Conjecture is still nearer the Trace of the Letters, *ungraz'd*, i. e. *untouch'd, unhurt*; from *grazing*, as a Bullet does. My last conjecture is to leave out the *And* at the beginning.

Yet come off undisgrac'd —————

And to this sense is Mr. *Sympson's* Conjecture with less Change in the Position of the Words than I make.

And yet come off grac'd: Sir, like you, we both

Affect great Dangers now &c.

Affect great dangers now, and th' World shall see
All Glory lies not in Man's Victory.

Arch. Mine own *Honora*.

Vio. I am very fearful,

Would I were stronger built. You'd have me honest?

Arch. Or not at all my *Viola*.

Vio. I'll think on't,

For 'tis no easie Promise, and live there.

D'you think we shall do well?

Hon. Why, what shou'd ail us?

Vio. Certain they'll tempt us strongly; besides the
Glory

Which Women may affect, they're handsome Gentlemen,

Every part speaks: Nor is it one denial,

Nor two, not ten; from every look we give 'em

They'll frame a hope; ev'n from our Pray'rs Promises.

Hon. Let 'em feed so, and be fat; there is no fear,
Wench,

If thou be'st fast t' thy self.

Vio. I hope I shall be; ———

And your example will work more.

Enter Theodore.

Hon. Thou shalt not want it.

The. How do you, Sir? Can you lend a Man an Angel?

I hear you let out Money.

Arch. Very well, Sir,

You're pleasantly dispos'd: I am glad to see it.

Can you lend me your Patience, and be rul'd by me?

The. Is't come to Patience now?

Arch. Is't not a Virtue?

The. I know not: I ne'er found it so.

Arch. That is because

Thy Anger ever knows, and not thy Judgment.

The. I know you have been rifl'd.

It is uncertain which of these or whether any of them is the Original; But it is, I think, a Duty an Editor owes both to his Author and his Reader not knowingly to leave Nonsense in the Text; I have therefore inserted my first Conjecture, as it appears to me the best of the four.

Arch. Nothing less, Boy ;
Lord, what opinions these vain People publish !
Riss'd of what ?

The. Study your Virtue, Patience,
It may get Mustard to your Meat. Why in such haste, Sir,
Sent ye for me ?

Arch. For this end only, *Theodore*,
To wait upon your Sisters to the Court ;
I am commanded they live there.

The. To th' Court, Sir ?

Arch. To th' Court, I say.

The. And must I wait upon 'em ?

Arch. Yes, 'tis most fit you shou'd, you are their Brother.

The. Is this the business ? I had thought your Mind, Sir,
Had been set forward on some noble Action,
Something had truly stir'd ye. To th' Court with these ?
Why, they're your Daughters, Sir.

Arch. All this I know, Sir.

The. *The good old Woman on a Bed he threw.*
To th' Court ?

Arch. Thou art not mad ?

The. Nor Drunk as you are :
Drunk with your Duty, Sir : Do you call it Duty ?
A pox of Duty—what can these do there ?
What should they do ? Can ye look Babies, Sisters,
In the young Gallants Eyes, and twirl their Band-strings ?
Can ye ride out to air your selves ? Pray Sir,
Be serious with me, do you speak this truly ?

Arch. Why, didst thou never hear of Women yet
At Court, Boy ?

The. Yes, and good Women too, very good Women,
Excellent honest Women : But are ye sure, Sir,
That these will prove so ?

Hon. There's the danger, Brother.

The. God-a-mercy Wench, thou hast a grudging of it.

Arch. Now be you serious, Sir, and observe what I say,
Do it, and do it handsomely ; go with 'em.

The. With all my Heart, Sir ; I am in no fault now ;
If they be thought Whores for being in my Company ;
Pray write upon their Backs, they are my Sisters ;

And

And where I shall deliver 'em.

Arch. Ye're wondrous jocund,
But prithee tell me, art thou so lewd a Fellow?
I never knew thee fail a Truth.

The. I am a Soldier,
And spell you what that means.

Arch. A Soldier?

What dost thou make of me?

The. Your Palat's down, Sir.

Arch. I thank ye, Sir.

The. Come, shall we to this matter?
You will to Court?

Hon. If you will please to honour us.

The. I'll honour ye, I warrant; I'll set ye off
With such a lustre, Wenches. Alas poor *Viola*,
Thou art a Fool, thou criest for eating white Bread:
Be a good Huswife of thy Tears, and save 'em
Thou wilt have time enough to shed 'em; Sister,
Do you weep too? Nay, then I'll fool no more.
Come worthy Sisters, since it must be so,
And since he thinks it fit to try your Virtues,
Be you as strong to Truth, as I to guard ye,
And this old Gentleman shall have joy of ye. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Duke, and Burris.

Duke. *Burris* take you ten thousand of those Crowns,
And those two Chains of Pearl they hold the richest,
I give 'em ye.

Bur. I humbly thank your Grace;
And may your great Example work in me
That noble Charity to Men more worthy,
And of more wants.

Duke. You bear a good Mind, *Burris*;
Take twenty thousand now: Be not so modest,
It shall be so, I give 'em: Go, there's my Ring for't.

Bur. Heav'n bless your Highness ever. [*Exit.*]

Duke. You are honest.

Enter Alinda, and Putskie at Door.

(22) They're coming now to Court, as fair as Virtue :
Two brighter Stars ne'er rose here.

Alin. Peace, I have it,

And what my Art can do ; the Duke——

Putf. I am gone ; remember. [Exit.

Alin. I'm counsell'd to the full, Sir.

Duke. My pretty Mistress, whither lies your business ?
How kindly I shou'd take this, were't to me now ?

Alin. I must confess immediately to your Grace,
At this time.

Duke. You have no address, I do believe ye,
I wou'd ye had.

Alin. 'Twere too much boldness, Sir,
Upon so little Knowledge, less deserving.

Duke. You'll make a perfect Courtier.

Alin. A very poor one.

Duke. A very fair one, Sweet ; come hither to me.
What killing Eyes this Wench has ? In his Glory
Not the bright Sun, when the hot *Sirian* Star reigns,
Shines half so fiery.

Alin. Why does your Grace so view me ?
Nothing but common handsomeness dwells here, Sir,
Scarce that : Your Grace is pleas'd to mock my meanness.

Duke. Thou shalt not go : I do not lie unto thee,
In my Eye thou appear'st——

Alin. Dim not the sight, Sir,
I am too dull an Object.

Duke. Canst thou love me ?

(22) *Put.* They're coming now to Court, as fair as Virtue
Two brighter Stars ne'er rose here.

Alin. Peace, I have it,] *Putskie* is directing *Alinda* to make use of the Influence her Beauty has gain'd over the Duke in favour of *Archas*, and she tells him that she is sufficiently instructed. But how is this an Answer to what *Putskie* is made to say in the former Editions ? or what has the two Ladies Introduction to Court to do with the Scheme that *Putskie* has plann'd ? It is to me evidently a Soliloquy of the Duke's, whose thoughts are all bent on his Pleasures. And it is very artful in our Poets to make him in the very height of his Wickedness acknowledge the Beauty of *Virtue*. For *Lust* is fired by the Opposition of *Virtue*, as much as by the Attractions of *Beauty*.

Canst

Canst thou love him will honour thee ?

Alin. I can love,
And love as you do too: But 'twill not shew well :
Or if it do (23) shew here, where all light Lustres
Tinsel affections make a glorious glift'ring,
'Twill halt i'th' handfom way.

Duke. Are ye so cunning?
Dost think I love not truly ?

Alin. No, ye cannot,
Ye never travell'd that way yet: Pray pardon me,
I prate so boldly to you.

Duke. There's no harm done :
But what's your reason, Sweet ?

Alin. I'd tell your Grace,
But happily ———

Duke. It shall be pleasing to me. [me.]
Alin. I shou'd love you again, and then you wou'd hate
With all my service I shou'd follow ye,
And through all dangers.

Duke. This wou'd more provoke me,
More make me see thy Worths,
More make me meet 'em.

Alin. You shou'd do so, if ye did well and truly :
But though ye be a Prince, and have pow'r in ye,
Pow'r of Example too, ye have fail'd and falter'd.

Duke. Give me Example where ?

Alin. You had a Mistrefs,
Oh Heav'n, so bright, so brave a Dame, so lovely,
In all her Life so true!

Duke. A Mistrefs ?

Alin. That serv'd you with that Constancy, that Care,

(23) —*shew here, where all Light lustres,*] Mr. Theobald was very exact in giving great Letters to all Substantives and little ones to Adjectives and Verbs. It is an Accuracy that Mr. Sympson and I could not submit to the Trouble of, unless where the want of it gave a false turn to the Sense, and might lead the Reader astray, as it might here have done, tho' not into a very bad Track: As it was before printed the Sense would be, At Court every Species of Light gives a Lustre, every Tinsel Affection glisters gloriously. But the true Sense is that, *There all Light and trifling Lustres, all tinsel Affections make a glorious Glistering.*

That lov'd your Will, and woo'd it too.

Duke. What Mistress?

Alin. That nurs'd your Honour up, held fast your Virtue,
And when she kist encreas'd, not stole your Goodness.

Duke. And I neglected her?

Alin. Lost her, forsook her, wantonly flung her off.

Duke. What was her Name?

Alin. Her Name as Lovely as her self, as Noble,
And in it all that's excellent.

Duke. What was it?

Alin. Her Name was *Beau-desert*: D' you know her
now, Sir?

Duke. *Beau-desert*? I don't remember——

Alin. I know you do not;

Yet she's as a plainer Name; Lord *Archas* service;
D' you yet remember her? There was a Mistress
Fairer than Woman, and far fonder to you, Sir,
Than Mothers to their first-born Joys: Can you Love?
Dare you profess that truth to me a Stranger,
A thing of no Regard, no Name, no Lustre,
When your most noble Love you have neglected,
A Beauty all the World wou'd Woo and Honour?
Wou'd you've me credit this? Think you can love me,
And hold ye constant, when I've read this Story?
Is't possible you should e'er favour me,
To a slight Pleasure prove a Friend, and fast too,
When, where you were most ty'd, most bound to benefit,
Bound by the Chains of Honesty and Honour,
(24) You've broke, and boldly too? I am a weak one,
Arm'd only with my Fears: I beseech your Grace
Tempt me no further.

Duke. Who taught you this Lesson?

Alin. Woful Experience, Sir: If you seek a fair one,
Worthy your Love, if yet you have that perfect,
Two Daughters of his ruin'd Virtue now

(24) *You've broke, and boldly too?*] Mr. *Sympson* would read
souly, which is certainly a proper Word, but I think the old reading
not less so. *You have broke your Faith* boldly, *i. e.* in the Face of all
the World, without fear or shame.

Arrive at Court, excellent fair indeed, Sir.
But this will be the Plague on't, they're excellent honest.

Enter Olympia and Petesca privately.

Duke. I love thy Face.

Alin. Upon my Life ye cannot :

(25) I do not love it my self, Sir, 'tis a foul one,
So truly ill Art cannot mend it ; but if 'twere handsome,
At least if I thought so, you shou'd hear me talk, Sir,
In a new strain ; and though ye are a Prince,
Make ye petition to me too, and wait my Answers ;
Yet o' my Conscience I shou'd pity ye,
After some ten years Siege.

Duke. Prithee do now.

Alin. What wou'd ye do ?

Duke. Why I wou'd lye with ye.

Alin. I do not think ye wou'd.

Duke. In troth I wou'd Wench.

Here, take this Jewel.

Alin. Out upon't, that's scurvy.

Nay, if we do, sure we'll do for good Fellowship,
For pure Love, or nothing: Thus you shall be sure, Sir,
You shall not pay too dear for't.

Duke. Sure I cannot.

(25) *I do not love it my self, Sir, 'tis a lewd one,*] That *Alinda's* Face was a *lewd* one, is neither true to the Character, nor proper for her to say ; but it may be frequently proper for the handsomest Persons to deny their being so, and the whole turn of the Sentence plainly requires the Epithet that is a direct Contrast to *handsome*. I believe, therefore, that the true Word, instead of *lewd*, is *foul*: *Foul*, when apply'd to the *Face*, signifies *ugly*; it is constantly so used in the North of *England* to this Day, and in almost all old *English* Authors, particularly in our Poets: Thus in *Fletcher's* Master-picce, *The Faithful Shepberdess*, *Amoret* tells *Perigot*,

—————'Tis as hard for me

To think thee false, and harder, than for thee

To hold me foul. Peri. O you are fairer far

Than the chaste blushing Morn.—

Where *Perigot's* Answer ascertains the Meaning of *foul* to be the Contrast of fair. But if any one thinks that *foul* is too far from the Trace of the Letters, *rude*. i. e. unform'd, unfashioned, will give an Idea proper to the Context.

Alin.

Alin. By'r Lady but ye may : When ye have found
me able

To do your Work well, ye may pay my Wages.

Pet. Why does your Grace start back ?

Olym. I ha' seen that shakes me :

Chills all my Blood : O where is Faith or Goodness ?

Alinda, thou art false, false, false thou fair one,

(26) Wickedly false ; and, wo is me, I see it.

For ever false.

Pet. I am glad 't has taken thus right. [*Exeunt.*

Alin. I'll go ask my Lady, Sir.

Duke. What ?

Alin. Whether I shall lye with ye, or no : If I find her
willing——

For look ye Sir, I've sworn, while in her service——

('Twas a rash Oath I must confess)

Duke. Thou mock'ft me.

Alin. Why, wou'd ye lye with me, if I were willing ?
Would you abuse my weakness ?

Duke. I would piece it,
And make it stronger.

Alin. I humbly thank your Highness,
When you piece me, you must piece me to my Coffin :

When you have got my Maiden-head, I take it,

'Tis not an Inch of Apes Tail will restore it,

I Love ye, and I Honour ye, but this way

I'll neither love nor serve ye.

Heav'n change your Mind, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Duke. And thine too :

For it must be chang'd, it shall be.

[*Exit.*

(26) *Wickedness false*——] Mr. *Sympson* and I concurr'd in restoring the Adverb here, not only as the natural Expression, but as it is our Author's own ; In the Beginning of this Act, Scene II. *Viola* says

————— *Would ye have us proud,
Wickedly proud?*

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Enter Boroskie, Burris, Theodore, Viola, and Honora.

Bor. They're goodly Gentlewomen.

Bur. They are,
Wondrous sweet Women both.

The. Does your Lordship like 'em?
They are my Sisters, Sir; good lusty Lasses,
They'll do their Labour well, I warrant ye.
You'll find no Bed-straw here, Sir.

Hon. Thank ye, Brother.

The. This is n't so strongly built: But she's good
mettle,
Of a good stirring strain too: She goes tith, Sir.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Here they be, Gentlemen, must make ye merry,
The toys you wot of: D' you like their Complexions?
They be no Moors: What think ye of this Hand, Gentle-
men?

Here's a white Altar for your Sacrifice:
A thousand Kisses here. Nay, keep off yet, Gentlemen,
Let's start first, and have fair play: What wou'd ye give now
To turn the Globe up, and find the rich *Moluccas*?
To pass the Straits? Here (do ye itch) by St. *Nicholas*,
Here's that will make ye scratch and claw, claw, my
Fine Gentlemen, move ye in divers sorts:
Pray ye let me request ye, to forget
To say your Prayers, whilst these are Courtiers;
Or if ye needs will think of Heav'n, let it be no higher
Than their Eyes.

Bor. How will ye have 'em bestow'd, Sir?

The. Ev'n how your Lordship please,
So you don't bake 'em.

Bor. Bake 'em? *The.* They are too high a Meat that way,
They run to gelly. But if you will have 'em
For your own Diet, take my Counsel, stew 'em
Between two Feather-Beds. *Bur.* So please you, Colonel,
To

To let them wait upon the Princess? *The.* Yes, Sir,
 And thank your Honour too: But happily then,
 These noble Gentlemen shall have no access to 'em;
 And to have 'em buy new Cloaths, study new Faces,
 And keep a stinking stir wi' themselves for nothing,
 'Twill not be well i'faith: They've kept their Bodies,
 And been at charge for Baths: D' you see that Shirt there?
 Weigh but the moral meaning; — 'twill be grievous:
 Alas, I brought 'em to delight these Gentlemen,
 I weigh their wants by mine: I brought 'em wholesome,
 Wholsome, and young, my Lord, and two such Blessings
 They will not light upon again in ten Years.

Bor. 'Tis fit they wait on her.

The. They're fit for any thing:
 They'll wait upon a Man, they are not Bashful,
 Carry his Cloak, unty his Points, or any thing,
 Drink drunk, and take Tobacco; the familiar'st Fools—
 This Wench will leap o'er Stools too, sound a Trumpet,
 Wrestle, and pitch the Bar; they're finely brought up.

Bor. Ladies, ye are bound to your Brother,
 And have much cause to thank him:
 I'll ease ye of this Charge, and to the Princess,
 So please you, I'll attend 'em.

The. Thank your Lordship:
 If there be e'er a private Corner as ye go, Sir,
 A foolish Lobby out o'th' way, make Danger,
 Try what they are, try——

Bor. Ye are a merry Gentleman.

The. I wou'd fain be your Honour's Kinsman.

Bor. Ye are too curst, Sir.

The. Farewel Wenches, keep close your Ports, y'are
 washt else.

Hon. Brother, bestow your Fears where they are needful.

[*Exeunt Borof. Honor. Viol.*]

The. *Honor* thy Name is, and I hope thy Nature.
 Go after Gentlemen, go, get a snatch if you can,
 Yonder old *Erra Pater* will ne'er please 'em.
 Alas I brought 'em for you, but see the luck on't,
 I swear I meant as honestly toward ye——

Nay,

Nay, do not cry, good Gentlemen : A little Counſel
Will do no harm : They'll walk abroad i'th' Evenings,
Ye may ſurprize 'em eaſily, they wear no Piſtols.
Set down your Minds in Metre, flowing Metre, and
Get ſome good old Linnen-Woman to deliver it,
That has the Trick on't : You can't fail : Farewel Gentle-
men. [*Exeunt Gent.*

Bur. You've frightened off theſe Fleſh-flies.

The. Fleſh-flies indeed, my Lord.

Enter Servant.

And't muſt be very ſtinking Fleſh they will not ſeize on.

Serv. Your Lordſhip bid me bring this Caſket.

Bur. Yes : Good Colonel,

Commend me to your worthy Father, and as a pledge
He ever holds my Love, and Service to him,
Deliver him this poor, but hearty Token,
And where I may be his——

The. Ye are too Noble ;

A Wonder here my Lord, that dare be honeſt,
When all Men hold it vitious : I ſhall deliver it,
And with it your moſt noble Love. Your Servant.

[*Exit Burris.*

Were there but two more ſuch at Court, 'twere Sainted ;
This will buy Brawn this *Chriſtmas* yet, and Muſcadine.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

*Enter Ancient, crying Brooms, and after him ſeverally,
four Soldiers, crying other Things. Boroskie and Gentle-
men over the Stage, obſerving them.*

I. S O N G.

*Anc. Broom, Broom, the bonny Broom,
Come buy my Birchen Broom,
I'th' Wars we have no more room,
Buy all my bonny Broom,*

For

For a Kifs take two ;
 If thofe will not do,
 For a little, little Pleafure,
 Take all my whole Treafure :
 If all thefe will not do't,
 Take the Broom-man to boot.
 Broom, Broom, the bonny Broom.

II. S O N G.

1 Sol. *The Wars are done and gone,
 And Soldiers now neglected, Pedlers are,
 Come Maidens, come along,
 For I can fhew you handsome, handsome Ware ;
 Powders for the Head,
 And drinks for your Bed,
 To make ye Blith and Bonny,
 As well in the Night we Soldiers can fight,
 And please a young Wench as any.*

2 Sol. *I have fine Potato's,
 Ripe Potato's.*

III. S O N G.

3 Sol. *Will ye buy any Honesty, come away,
 I fell it openly by Day,
 I bring no forc'd Light, nor no Candle
 To cozen ye ; come buy and handle :
 This will fhew the great Man good,
 The Tradesman where he fwears and lyes,
 Each Lady of a noble Blood,
 The City Dame to rule her Eyes :
 Ye're rich Men now : come buy, and then
 I'll make ye richer, honeft Men.*

IV. S O N G.

4 Sol. *Have ye any crackt Maiden-heads, to new Leach
 or Mend ?
 Have ye any old Maiden-heads to fell or to change ?*

Bring

*Bring 'em to me with a little pretty gin,
I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a Pin,
Shall make 'em as good Maids again,
As ever they have been.*

Bor. What means all this, why do y' fell Brooms
Ancient?

Is it in wantonness, or want?

Anc. The only Reason is, [nonce.

To sweep your Lordship's Conscience: Here's one for the
Gape Sir, you have swallow'd many a goodlier Matter----
The only casting for a crazie Conscience.

3 Sol. Will your Lordship buy any Honesty? 'twill be
worth your Mony.

Bor. How is this?

3 Sol. Honesty my Lord; 'tis here in a quill.

Anc. Take heed you open it not, for 'tis so subtle,
The least puff of Wind will blow it out o'th' Kingdom.

2 Sol. Will your Lordship please to taste a fine Potato?
'Twill advance your wither'd State.

Anc. Fill your Honour full of noble Itches,
And make Jack dance in your Lordship's Breeches.

1 Sol. *If your Daughters on their Beds,
Have bow'd, or crackt their Maiden-heads;
If in a Coach with too much Tumbling,
They chance to cry, fie, fo, what Fumbling;
If her Foot slip, and down fall she,
And break her Leg above the Knee,
The one and thirtieth of February let this be ta'en,
And they shall be arrant Maids again.*

Bor. Ye are brave Soldiers; keep your wantonness.
A Winter will come on to shake this wilfulness.
Disport your selves, and when you want your Mony—

[Exit.

Anc. *Broom, Broom, &c.*

[Exeunt singing.

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

Enter Alinda, Honora, and Viola.

Alin. You must not be so fearful, little one,
Nor Lady you so sad, you'll ne'er make Courtiers
With these dull fullen Thoughts; this Place is Pleasure,
Preserv'd to that use, so inhabited;
And those that live here, live delightful, joyful:
These are the Gardens of *Adonis*, Ladies,
Where all Sweets to their free and noble uses,
Grow ever young and courted.

Hon. Bless me Heav'n,
Can things of her Years arrive at these Rudiments?
By your leave, fair Gentlewoman, how long have you
been here?

Alin. Faith much about a Week.

Hon. You've studied hard,
And by my Faith arriv'd at a great Knowledge.

Vio. Were not you Bashful at first?

Alin. Ay, ay, for an hour or two:
But when I saw People laugh'd at me for it,
And thought it a dull Breeding——

Hon. You are govern'd here then
Much after the Mens Opinions.

Alin. Ever, Lady.

Hon. And what they think is Honourable.——

Alin. Most precisely.

We follow with all Faith.

Hon. A goodly Catechism.

Vio. But bashful for an Hour or two?

Alin. Faith to say true,

I do not think I was so long: For look ye,
'Tis to no end here, put on what shape ye will,
And sour your self with ne'er so much Austerity,
You shall be courted in the same and won too,
'Tis but some two hours more; and so much time lost,
Which we hold precious here: In so much time now
As I have told you this, you may lose a Servant,

Your

Your Age, nor all your Art can e'er recover,
Catch me Occasion as she comes, hold fast there,
Till what you do affect is ripen'd to ye.

Has the Duke seen ye yet? *Hon.* What if he have not?

Alin. You do your Beauties too much wrong, appearing
So full of Sweetness, Newness; set so richly,
As if a Counsel beyond Nature fram'd ye.

Hon. If we were thus, say Heav'n had given these
Blessings,

Must we turn these to sin Oblations?

Alin. How foolishly this Country way shews in ye?
How full of slegm? Do you come here to pray, Ladies?
You'd best cry, *Stand away, let me alone Gentlemen,*
I'll tell my Father else.

Vio. This Woman's naught sure,
A very naughty Woman.

Hon. Come, say on Friend,
I'll be instructed by ye.

Alin. You'll thank me for't.

Hon. Either I or th' Devil shall—— [*Aside.*
The Duke you were speaking of.

Alin. 'Tis well remembred: Yes, let him first see you,
Appear not openly till he has view'd ye.

Hon. He's a very noble Prince, they say.

Alin. O wondrous Gracious;
And as you may deliver your self at the first Viewing.
For look ye, you must bear your self; but take heed
It be so season'd with a sweet Humility,
And grac'd with such a Bounty in your Beauty——

Hon. But I hope he'll offer me no ill?

Alin. No, no:

'Tis like he'll kiss ye, and play with ye.

Hon. Play with me, how?

Alin. Why, good Lord, that you are such a Fool now!
No harm, assure your self.

Vio. Will he play with me too?

Alin. Look Babies in your Eyes, my pretty sweet one:
There's a fine sport: Do you know your Lodgings yet?

Hon. I hear of none.

Alin. I do then, they are handsome,

Convenient for Access.

Vio. Access?

Alin. Yes, little one,

For Visitation of those Friends and Servants,
Your Beauties shall make choice of: Friends and Visits:
Do not you know those uses? Alas poor Novice?
There's a close Couch or two, handsomely placed too.

Vio. What are those, I pray you?

Alin. Who would be troubled

With such raw things? they are to lie upon,
And your Love by ye; and discourse, and toy in.

Vio. Alas I have no Love.

Alin. You must by any means:

You'll have a hundred, fear not.

Vio. Honesty keep me:

What shall I do with all those?

Alin. You'll find uses:

Ye are ignorant yet, let time work; you must learn too,
To lye handsomly in your Bed a Mornings, neatly drest
In a most curious Wastecoat, to set ye off well,
Play with your Bracelets, sing: You must learn to rhyme too,
And riddle neatly; study the hardest Language,
And 'tis no matter whether it be sense, or no,
So it go seemly off. Be sure ye profit
In kissing, kissing sweetly: There lies a main Point,
A Key that opens to all practick Pleasure;
I'll help ye to a Friend of mine shall teach ye,
And suddenly: Your Country way is fulsome.

Hon. Have ye Schools for all these Mysteries?

Alin. O yes,

And several hours prefix'd to study in:
Ye may have Kalenders to know the good hour,
And when to take a Jewel: For the ill too,
When to refuse, with Observations on 'em;
Under what Sign 'tis best meeting in an Arbor.

(27) And in what Bow'r, and hour it works; a thousand---
When

(27) *And in what Bow'r, and Hour it works; a thousand,*] The meaning here is obscure; but by making a *thousand* only a broken Sentence, and to stand for a *thousand such Mysteries*, it will be tolerably plain.

When in a Coach, when in a private Lodging,
With all their Virtues.

Hon. Have ye studied these ?

How beastly they become your Youth ? how bawdily ?

A Woman of your Tendernefs, a Teacher,
Teacher of these lewd Arts ? of your full Beauty ?

A Man made up in Luft wou'd loath this in ye :

The rankeft Leacher, hate fuch Impudence,

'They fay the Devil can affume Heav'n's Brightnefs,

And fo appear to tempt us : Sure thou art no Woman.

Alin. I Joy to find ye thus.

Hon. Thou haft no tendernefs,

No reluctance in thy Heart : 'Tis mischief.

Alin. All's one for that ; read thefe and then be fatisfy'd,
A few more private Rules I've gather'd for ye,
Read 'em, and well obferve 'em : fo I leave ye. [Exit.

Vio. A wondrous wicked Woman : Shame go with thee.

Hon. What new *Pandora's* Box is this ? I'll fee it,
Though prefently I tear it. Read thine, *Viola*,
'Tis in our own Wills to believe and follow.

*Worthy Honora, as you have begun
In Virtue's spotlefs School, fo forward run :
Pursue that Noblenefs, and chafte Desire
You ever had, burn in that holy Fire ;
And a white Martyr to fair Memory
Give up your Name, unfoil'd of Infamy.*

How's this ? Read yours out Sifter : this amazes me.

Vio. *Fear not, thou yet unblafed Violet,
Nor let my wanton Words a Doubt beget,
Live in that Peace and Sweetnefs of thy Bud,
Remember whofe thou art, and grow ftill good.
Remember what thou art, and ftand a Story
(28) Fit for thy noble Sire, and thine own Glory.*

Hon.

plain. *Under what Sign it is beft meeting in an Arbor, and in what particular Arbor, and the precise Hour when it is predominant, with a thoufand of the like Nature.*

(28) *Fit for thy noble Sex, and thine own Glory.*] I have often had occafion to obferve that Corruptions that don't render a Paflage abfolute Nonsense, are more difficult to be obferved than more glaring Ab-

Hon. I know not what to think.

Vio. Sure a good Woman,
An excellent Woman, Sister.

Hon. It confounds me ;
Let 'em use all their Arts, if these be their Ends,
The Court I say breeds the best Foes and Friends.
Come let's be honest Wench, and do our best Service.

Vio. A most excellent Woman, I will love her.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Olympia with a Casket, and Alinda.

Alin. **M**Adam, the Duke has sent for the two Ladies.
Olym. I prithee go: I know thy Thoughts
are with him.

Go, go *Alinda*, do not mock me more.
I've found thy Heart, Wench, do not wrong thy Mistress,
Thy too much loving Mistress: Do not abuse her.

Alin. By y'r own fair Hands I understand ye not.

Olym. By thy own fair Eyes I understand thee too much,
Too far, and built a Faith there thou hast ruin'd.
Go, and enjoy thy Wish, thy Youth, thy Pleasure,
Enjoy the Greatness no doubt he has promis'd,
Enjoy the Service of all Eyes that see thee,
The Glory thou hast aim'd at, and the Triumph :
Only this last Love I ask, forget thy Mistress.

Alin. Oh, who has wrong'd me ? who has ruin'd me ?

furdities. I am sensible how many of the former must have escaped us in this Edition, since several have occurred but to one of us, and that too very late. This happened to me here: It was at my last Reading of this Favourite Play, that the Epithet *noble*, given to the Female Sex, seem'd a very unusual one, and then the whole turn of the Sentence plainly shew'd, that this last Verse is a Recapitulation of the two former. *Remember thy Father's Glory, Remember thy own Modesty, and all worthy of him, worthy of thy self.* When this appeared to be the Sense required, the Word *Sire*, which gives it, soon occur'd instead of *Sex*, and it is very near the Trace of the Letters, for the *re* when plac'd too close [*re*] almost form an *x*.

Poor

Poor wretched Girl, what Poison is flung on thee?
Excellent Virtue, from whence flows this Anger?

Olym. Go, ask my Brother, ask the Faith thou gav'st me,
Ask all my Favours to thee, ask my Love,
Last, thy forgetfulness of good: Then fly me,
For we must part, *Alinda.*

Alin. You are weary of me;
I must confess, I was ne'er worth your Service,
Your bounteous Favours less; but that my Duty,
My ready Will, and all I had to serve ye——
O Heav'n thou know'st my Honesty.

Olym. No more:
Take heed, Heav'n has a Justice: Take this Ring with ye,
This doting Spell you gave me: Too well, *Alinda,*
Thou knew'st the Virtue in't; too well I feel it:
Nay keep that too, it may sometimes remember ye,
When you are willing to forget who gave it,
And to what virtuous end.

Alin. Must I go from ye?
Of all the Sorrows Sorrow has——must I part with ye?
Part with my noble Mistress?

Olym. Or I with thee, Wench.

Alin. And part stain'd with Opinion? Farewel Lady,
Happy and blessed Lady, Goodness keep ye.
Thus your poor Servant, full of Grief, turns from ye,
For ever full of Grief, for ever from ye.
I have no Being now, no Friends, no Country,
I wander Heav'n knows whither, Heav'n knows how.
No Life, now you are lost: Only mine Innocence,
That little left me of my self, goes with me,
That's all my Bread and Comfort. I confess, Madam,
The Duke has often courted me.

Olym. And pour'd his soul into thee, won thee.

Alin. Do you think so?

Well, Time that told this Tale, will tell my Truth too,
And say ye had a faithful, honest Servant:
The business of my Life is now to pray for ye,
Pray for your virtuous Loves; Pray for your Children,
When Heav'n shall make ye happy.

Olym. How She wounds me!

Either I am undone, or she must go : Take these with ye,
 Some Toys may do ye Service; and this Mony ;
 And when ye want, I love ye not so poorly,
 Not yet *Alinda*, that I'd see ye perish.
 Prithee be good, and let me hear : Look on me,
 I love these Eyes yet dearly ; I have kiss'd thee,
 And now I'll do't again : Farewel *Alinda*,
 I am too full to speak more, and too wretched. [Exit.

Alin. You have my Faith, and all the World my For-
 tune. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Theodore.

The. I'd fain hear what becomes of these two Wenches ;
 And if I can, I'll do 'em good.

Enter Gentleman passing over the Stage.

Do you hear,
 My honest Friend? he knows no such Name :—
 What a world of Businessses,
 Which by Interpretation are meer Nothings,
 These things have here? 'Mafs, now I think on't better,
 I wish he be not sent for one of them
 To some of these By-lodgings : Methought I saw
 A kind of reference in his Face to Bawd'ry.

*Enter Gentleman, with a Gentlewoman, passing
 over the Stage.*

He has her, but 'tis none of them : Hold fast Thief :
 An excellent touzing Knave. Mistress you are
 To suffer your Penance some half hour hence now.
 How far a fine Court Custard with Plums in it
 Will prevail with one of these waiting Gentlewomen,
 They are taken with these soluble things exceedingly ;
 This is some Yeoman o'th' Bottles now that has sent for her,
 That she calls Father : Now wo to this Ale Incense.
 By your leave Sir.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Well Sir ; what's your pleasure with me ?

The. You do not know the way to the Maids Lodgings ?

Ser. Yes indeed do I Sir. *The.* But you'll not tell me ?

Ser. No indeed will not I, because you doubt it. [*Exit.*

Enter second Servant.

The. These are fine Gim-cracks : Hey here comes another.

A Flagon full of Wine in's Hand, I take it.

Well met my Friend, is that Wine ?

2 Ser. Yes indeed is it.

The. Faith I'll drink on't then.

2 Ser. Ye may, because ye have sworn, Sir.

The. 'Tis very good, I'll drink a great deal now, Sir.

2 Ser. I cannot help it, Sir.

The. I'll drink more yet.

2 Ser. 'Tis in your own Hands.

The. There's your Pot, I thank ye.

Pray let me drink again.

2 Ser. Faith but ye shall not.

Now have I sworn, I take it. Fare ye well, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

The. This is the finest place to live in I e'er enter'd.
Here comes a Gentlewoman, and alone ; I'll to her.

Madam, my Lord, my Master.

Lady. Who's your Lord, Sir ?

The. The Lord *Boroskie*, Lady.

Lady. Pray excuse me :

Here's something for your pains : Within this hour, Sir,

One of these choice young Ladies shall attend him :

Pray let it be in that Chamber juts out to the Water ;

'Tis private and convenient : Do my humble Service

To my honourable good Lord, I beseech ye Sir ;

If it please you to visit a poor Lady——

You carry the 'haviour of a noble Gentleman.

The. I shall be bold.

Lady. 'Tis a good aptness in ye.

I lie here in the Wood-yard, the blue Lodgings, Sir ;

They call me merrily the Lady of the—— Sir;
 A little I know what belongs to a Gentleman,
 And if you please take the pains. [Exit.

The. Dear Lady—— take the pains?

Why a Horse wou'd not take the pains that thou requir'st,
 To cleave old Crab-tree. One of the choice young Ladies?
 I wou'd I'd let this Bawd go, she has frighted me;
 I am cruelly afraid of one of my Tribe now;
 But if they'll do, the Devil cannot stop 'em.
 Why shou'd he have a young Lady? Are Women now
 O' th' Nature of Bottles, to be stoppt with Corks?
 O the thousand little furies that fly here now?
 How now Captain?

Enter Putskie.

Putf. I come to seek you out, Sir,
 And all the Town I've travell'd.

The. What's the News, Man?

Putf. That that concerns us all, and very nearly.
 The Duke this Night holds a great Feast at Court,
 To which he bids for Guests all his old Counsellors,
 And all his Favourites: Your Father's sent for.

The. Why he is neither in Council, nor in Favour.

Putf. That's it: Have an Eye now, or never, and a
 quick one,
 An Eye that must not wink from good Intelligence.
 I heard a Bird sing, they mean him no good Office.

Enter Ancient.

The. Art sure he sups here?

Putf. Sure as 'tis Day.

The. 'Tis like then——

How now, where hast thou been, *Ancient*?

Anc. Measuring the City:

I've left my Brooms at Gate here;

By this time the Porter has stole 'em to sweep out Rascals.

The. Brooms?

Anc. I have been crying Brooms all the Town over,
 And such a Mart I've made, there's no Trade near it.
 O the young handsome Wenches, how they twitter'd,
 When they but saw me shake my Ware and sing too;

Come

Come hither Master Broom-man I beseech ye :
Good Master Broom-man hither, cries another.

The. Thou'rt a mad Fellow.

Anc. They're all as mad as I : They all have Trades now,
And roar about the Streets like Bull-Beggars.

The. What Company of Soldiers are they ?

Anc. By this means I have gather'd
Above a thousand tall and hardy Soldiers,
If need be, Colonel.

The. That need's come, *Ancient*,
And 'twas discreetly done. Go, draw 'em presently, but
Without suspicion : This Night we shall need 'em ;
Let 'em be near the Court, let *Putskie* guide 'em ;
And wait me for occasion : Here I'll stay still.

Putf. If it fall out, we're ready ; if not, scatter'd :
I'll wait ye at an Inch.

The. Do, Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Duke, and Boroskie.

Duke. Are th' Soldiers still so mutinous ?

Bor. More than ever ;

No Law nor Justice frights 'em : All the Town over
They play new Pranks and Gambols : No Man's Person,
Of what degree soe'er, free from Abuses :

And durst they do this, (let your Grace consider)
These monstrous, most offensive things, these Villanies,
If not set on, and fed ? If not by one

They honour more than you ? And more aw'd by him ?

Duke. Happ'ly their own Wants.

Bor. I offer to supply 'em,

And ev'ry hour make tender of their Monies.

They scorn it, laugh at me that offer it :

I fear the next Device will be my Life, Sir ;

And willingly I'll give it, so they stay there.

Duke. D'you think Lord *Archas* privy ?

Bor. More than Thought,

I know it Sir, I know they durst not do

These violent rude things, abuse the State thus,

But that they have a hope by his Ambitions—

Duke.

Duke. No more: He's sent for?

Bor. Yes, and will be here sure.

Duke. Let me talk further with you anon.

Bor. I'll wait, Sir.

Duke. Did you speak to the Ladies?

Bor. They'll attend your Grace presently.

Duke. How do you like 'em?

Bor. My Eyes are too dull Judges. They wait here,
Sir. [Exit.

Enter Honora, and Viola.

Duke. Be you gone then. Come in, Ladies, [shines,
Welcome to th' Court sweet Beauties; now the Court
When such true beams of Beauty strike amongst us:
O welcome, welcome, ev'n as your own Joys welcome.
How do you like the Court? How seems it to you?
Is't not a Place created for all Sweetness?

Why were you made such Strangers to this Happiness?
Barr'd the Delights this holds? The richest Jewels
Set ne'er so well, if then not worn to wonder,
By judging Eyes not set off, lose their Lustre:
Your Country Shades are faint; blasters of Beauty:
The Manners, like the Place, obscure and heavy;
The Rose-buds of the Beauties turn to Cankers,
Eaten with inward Thoughts; while there ye wander.
Here Ladies, here, (you were not made for Cloisters)
Here is the Sphere you move in: Here shine nobly,
And by your powerful Influence command all.
What a sweet Modesty dwells round about 'em,
And like a nipping Morn pulls in their Blossoms?

Hon. Your Grace speaks cunningly; you do not this,
I hope, Sir, to betray us; we're poor Triumphs;
Nor can our loss of Honour add to you, Sir:
Great Men, and great Thoughts, seek things great and
worthy,
Subjects to make 'em live, and not to lose 'em;
Conquests so nobly won, can never perish;
We are two simple Maids, untutor'd here, Sir;
Two honest Maids, is that a sin at Court, Sir?
Our breeding is Obedience, but to good things,

To virtuous and to fair : What wou'd you win on us ?
Why do I ask that Question, when I've found ye ?
Your Preamble has pour'd your Heart out to us ;
You would dishonour us ; which in your Translation
Here at the Court reads thus, your Grace wou'd love us,
Most dearly love us : Stick us up for Mistresses :
Most certain, there are thousands of our Sex, Sir,
That wou'd be glad of this, and handsome Women,
And crowd into this favour, fair young Women,
Excellent Beauties, Sir : When ye have enjoy'd 'em,
And suckt those Sweets they have, what Saints are these
then ?

What worship have they won ? what Name ? you guess Sir ;
What Story added to their Time, a sweet one ?

Duke. A brave spirited Wench.

Hon. I'll tell your Grace,

And tell ye true : Ye are deceiv'd in us two,
Extremely cozen'd, Sir : And yet in my Eye
You are the handsom'st Man I ever look'd on,
The goodliest Gentleman ; take that hope with ye ;
And were I fit to be your Wife (so much I honour ye)
Trust me I would scratch for ye but I'd have ye.
I wou'd woo you then.

Duke. She amazes me : But how am I deceiv'd ?

Hon. O we are too honest,

Believe it, Sir, too honest, far too honest,
The way that you propound too ignorant,
And there's no meddling with us ; for we're Fools too,
Obstinate, peevish Fools : If I wou'd be ill,
And had a Wanton's itch, to kick my Heels up,
I wou'd not leap into th' Sun, and do't there,
That all the World might see me : An obscure Shade, Sir,
Dark as the Deed, there's no trusting Light with it,
Nor that that's lighter far, vain-glorious Greatness.

Duke. You'll love me as your Friend ?

Hon. I'll honour ye,

As your poor humble Handmaid serve, and pray for ye.

Duke. What says my little one ; you're not so obstinate ?
Lord how she blushes : Here are truly fair Souls.
Come, you will be my Love ?

Vio. Good Sir be good to me,
Indeed I'll do the best I can to please ye;
I do beseech your Grace: Alas I fear ye.

Duke. What shoud'st thou fear?

Hon. Fie Sir, this is not noble.

Duke. Why do I stand intreating, where my Pow'r——

Hon. You have no Pow'r, at least you ought to have none

In bad and beastly things: Arm'd thus, I'll dye here,
Before she suffer wrong.

Duke. Another *Archas*?

Hon. His Child, Sir, and his Spirit.

Duke. I'll deal with you then,

For here's the Honour to be won: Sit down, Sweet,
Prithee *Honora* sit.

Hon. Now ye intreat, I will, Sir.

Duke. I do, and will deserve it.

Hon. That's too much Kindness.

Duke. Prithee look on me.

Hon. Yes: I love to see ye,

And cou'd look on an Age thus, and admire ye:
While ye are good and temperate I dare touch ye,
Kiss your white Hand.

Duke. Why not my Lips?

Hon. I dare, Sir.

Duke. I do not think ye dare.

Hon. I am no Coward.

Do you believe me now? or now? or now, Sir?
You make me blush: But sure I mean no ill, Sir:
It had been fitter you'd kiss'd me.

Duke. That I'll do too.

What hast thou wrought into me? *Hon.* I hope all Goodness:

While ye are thus, thus honest, I dare do any thing;
Thus hang about your Neck, and thus doat on ye;
Bless those fair Lights: Hell take me if I durst not——
But good Sir pardon me. Sister come hither,
Come hither, fear not, Wench: Come hither, blush not,
Come kiss the Prince, the virtuous Prince, the good Prince:
Certain he's excellent honest.

Duke.

Duke. Thou wilt make me——

Hon. Sit down, and hug him softly.

Duke. Fie, *Honora*,

Wanton *Honora*; is this the Modesty,
The noble Chastity your Onset shew'd me,
At first Charge beaten back? Away.

Hon. Thank ye:

Upon my Knees I pray, Heav'n too may thank ye;
Ye have deceiv'd me cunningly, yet nobly;
(29) Ye've cozen'd me: in all your hopeful Life yet
A Scene of greater Honour you ne'er acted:
I knew Fame was a Liar, too long, and loud Tongu'd,
And now I have found it. O my virtuous Master.

Vio. My virtuous Master too.

Hon. Now you are thus,

What shall become of me let Fortune cast for't.

Enter Alinda.

Duke. I'll be that Fortune, if I live, *Honora*,
Thou'st done a cure upon me, Counsel cou'd not.

Alin. Here take your Ring, Sir, and whom ye mean
to ruin,

Give't to her next; I've paid for't dearly.

Hon. A Ring to her?

Duke. Why frowns my fair *Alinda*?

I have forgot both these again. Alin. Stand still, Sir,
Ye have that violent killing fire upon ye,
Consumes all Honour, Credit, Faith. Hon. How's this?

Alin. My Royal Mistress favour towards me,
Woe-worth ye, Sir, ye have poyson'd, blasted.

Duke. I, Sweet?

Alin. You have taken that unmanly liberty,
Which in a worse Man is vain-glorious feigning,
And kill'd my Truth.

Duke. Upon my Life 'tis false, Wench.

Alin. Ladies, take heed, ye have a cunning Gamester,
A handsome, and a high; come stor'd with Antidotes,
He has Infections else will fire your Bloods.

(29) Ye've cozen'd me: in all your hopeful Life yet] Mr. Sympsen re-
triev'd this Line from the Old Folio.

Duke.

Duke. Prithee *Alinda* hear me.

Alin. Words steep in Honey,
That will so melt into your Minds, buy Chastity
A thousand ways, a thousand knots to tye ye ;
And when he's bound ye his, a thousand Ruins.
A poor lost Woman ye have made me. *Duke.* I'll main-
tain thee,

And nobly too. *Alin.* That Gin's too weak to take me.
Take heed, take heed, young Ladies : Still take heed,
Take heed of Promises, take heed of Gifts,
Of forced, feigned Sorrows, Sighs, take heed.

Duke. By all that's mine, *Alinda*——

Alin. Swear by your mischiefs.

O whither shall I go ?

Duke. Go back again,
I'll force her take thee, love thee.

Alin. Fare ye well, Sir,
I will not curse ye ; only this dwell with ye ;
Whene'er ye love, a false Belief light on ye. [Exit.

Hon. We'll take our leaves too, Sir.

Duke. Part all the World now,
Since she is gone.

Hon. You're crooked yet, dear Master,
And still I fear—— [Exeunt.

Duke. I'm vext, and some shall find it. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Archas, and a Servant.

Arch. 'Tis strange to me to see the Court ; and wel-
come

O Royal Place ; how have I lov'd and serv'd thee ?
Who lies on this side, know'st thou ?

Ser. The Lord *Burris*.

Arch. Thou'lt nam'd a Gentleman
I stand much bound to :
I think he sent the Casket, Sir ?

Ser. The same, Sir.

Arch. An honest-minded Man, a noble Courtier :
The Duke made perfect Choice when he took him.

Go you home, I shall hit the way without
A Guide now.

Ser. You may want something, Sir.

Arch. Only my Horses,

Which after Supper let the Groom wait with :
I'll have no more attendance here.

Ser. Your Will, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter Theodore.

The. You're well met here, Sir. *Arch.* How now, Boy,
How dost thou ?

The. I should ask you that Question : How do you,
Sir ?

How do you feel your self? *Arch.* Why well, and lusty.

The. What do you here then? *Arch.* Why, I am
sent for

To Supper with the Duke. *The.* Have you no Meat
at home ?

Or do you long to feed as hunted Deer do,

In doubt and fear? *Arch.* I have an excellent Stomach,
And can I use it better than 'mong my Friends, Boy ?

How do the Wenches? *The.* They do well enough, Sir,
They know the worst by this time : Pray be rul'd, Sir,
Go home again, and if ye have a Supper,

Eat it in quiet there : This is no place for ye,
Especially at this time, take my word for't.

Arch. May be they'll drink hard ; I could have drunk
my share, Boy.

Though I am old, I will not out. *The.* I hope you will.
Hark in your Ear : The Court's too quick of hearing.

Arch. Not mean me well ? thou art abus'd and cozen'd.

Away, away. *The.* To that end, Sir, I tell ye.

Away, if yo' love your self. *Arch.* Who dare do these
things,

That ever heard of Honesty? *The.* Old Gentleman,
Take a Fool's Counsel. *Arch.* 'Tis a Fool's indeed ;
A very Fool's : Thou'st more of these flames in thee,
These musty doubts—Is't fit the Duke send for me,
And honour me to eat within his Presence,

And

And I, like a tall Fellow, play at bo-peep
W' his Pleasure ?

The. Take heed of bo-peep with your Pate, with your
Pate, Sir,

I speak plain Language now. *Arch.* If 'twere not here,
Where Reverence bids me hold, I wou'd so swinge thee,
Thou rude, unmanner'd Knave. Take from his Bounty,
His Honour that he gives me, to beget sawcy, and fullen
fears? *The.* You are not mad sure :

By this fair Light, I speak but what is whisper'd,
And whisper'd for a Truth. *Arch.* (30) A Dog is't? Drun-
ken People,

That in their Pot see Visions, and turn Statists;
Mad-men and Children : Prithee do not follow me ;
I tell thee I am angry : Do not follow me.

The. I am as angry as you for your Heart,
Ay and as wilful too : Go, like a Woodcock,
And thrust your Neck i'th' Noose. *Arch.* I'll kill thee and
Thou speak'st but three words more. Do not follow
me. [Exit.

The. A strange old foolish Fellow : I shall hear yet,
And if I do not my part, hiss at me. [Exit.

(30) *A Dog : Drunken People*
That in their Pots see Visions,

And turn States, Madmen and Children :] This whole Scene
has been turn'd into a Set of unmusical Hemistichs. I have restored
it to its Measure, without any Change of the Words, except in these
Lines, in the first of which, as it wants a Syllable to compleat the
Verse, I have added what makes the Sense much clearer ; and I'm
pretty well assured that the very Expression (*A Dog is't?*) occurs in
some other Place of our Poet's Works, as a contemptuous Answer to
some Assertion, but I cannot recollect where. My next Change I
think full as probable to *turn States*, tho' it may possibly be under-
stood, *viz. to overthrow or new-model States*, yet it does not look
like a genuine Expression, but to *turn or become Statists*, (the Word
our Authors commonly use for *Statesmen*) is the exact Idea which the
Context requires.

S C E N E V.

Enter two Servants, preparing a Banquet.

1 *Ser.* Believe me, Fellow, here'll be lusty drinking.
Many a washed Pate in Wine I warrant thee.

2 *Ser.* I'm glad th' old General's come : Upon my
Conscience
That joy will make half the Court drunk. Hark th'
Trumpets,
They're coming on ; away.

1 *Ser.* We'll have a rowse too. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Duke, Archas, Burris, Boroskie, Attendants
and Gentlemen.*

Duke. Come seat your selves : Lord *Archas* sit you
there.

Arch. 'Tis far above my Worth.

Duke. I'll have it so :

Are all things ready ?

Bor. All the Guards are set,
The Court Gates shut.

Duke. Then do as I prescrib'd ye.
Be sure no further.

Bor. I shall well observe ye.

Duke. Come bring some Wine ; here's to my Sister,
Gentlemen.

A Health, and Mirth to all.

Arch. Pray fill it full, Sir.

'Tis a high Health to Virtue : Here Lord *Burris*,
A Maiden Health : You are most fit to pledge it,
You have a Maiden Soul, and much I honour it.
Passion o' me, ye are sad, Man.

Duke. How now, *Burris* ?
Go to, no more of this.

Arch. Take the rowse freely,
'Twill warm your Blood, and make ye fit for jollity.
Your Grace's Pardon : When we get a Cup, Sir,
We old Men prate apace.

Duke. Mirth makes a Banquet ;
As you love me no more.

Bur. I thank your Grace.
Give me it ; Lord *Boroskie*.

Bor. I have ill Brains, Sir.

Bur. Damnable ill, I know it.

Bor. But I'll pledge, Sir,
This virtuous Health.

Bur. The more unfit for thy Mouth.

Enter two Servants with Cloaks.

Duke: Come, bring out Robes, and let my Guests look nobly,

Fit for my Love and Prefence. Begin downward.
Off with your Cloaks, take new.

Arch. Your Grace deals truly,
Like a munificent Prince, with your poor Subjects.
Who wou'd not fight for you? What cold dull Coward
Durst seek to save his Life when you wou'd ask it?
Begin a new Health in your new Adornments,
The Duke's, the Royal Duke's: Ha! what have I got,
Sir? ha! the Robe of Death?

Duke. You have deserv'd it.

Arch. The Liv'ry of the Grave? Do you start all
from me?

Do I smell of Earth already? Sir, look on me,
And like a Man; is this your Entertainment?
Do you bid your worthiest Guests to bloody Banquets?

Enter a Guard.

A Guard upon me too? This is too foul play
Boy to thy good, thine Honour; thou wretched Ruler,
Thou Son of Fools and Flatterers, Heir of Hypocrites,
Am I serv'd in a Hearse, that fav'd ye all?
Are ye Men or Devils? Do ye gape upon me,
Wider and swallow all my Services?
Entomb them first, my Faith next, then my Integrity,
And let these struggle with your mangy Minds,
Your fear'd, and seal'd up Consciences, till they burst.

Bor. These words are Death.

Arch. No, those Deeds that want Rewards, Sirrah,
Those Battels I have fought, those horrid Dangers

(*Leaner*)

(Leaner than Death, and wilder than Destruction)
 I've march'd upon, these honour'd Wounds, times Story,
 The Blood I've lost, the Youth; the Sorrows suffer'd;
 These are my Death, these that can ne'er be recompenc'd,
 These that ye fit a brooding on like Toads,
 Sucking from my deserts the Sweets and Savours,
 And render me no pay again but Poisons.

Bor. The proud vain Soldier thou hast set——

Arch. Thou liest.

Now by my little time of Life liest basely,
 Maliciously and loudly: How I scorn thee!
 If I had swell'd the Soldier, or intended
 An act in Person, leaning to Dishonour,
 As ye wou'd fain have forc'd me, witness Heav'n,
 Where clearest understanding of all Truth is,
 (For these are spiteful Men, and know no Piety)
 When *Olin* came, grim *Olin*, when his Marches,
 His last Incursions, made the City sweat,
 And drove before him, as a Storm drives Hail,
 Such show'rs of frosted Fears, shook all your Heart-strings;
 Then, when the *Volga* trembled at his Terrour,
 And hid his seven curl'd Heads, afraid of bruising,
 By his arm'd Horses Hoofs; had I been false then,
 Or blown a treach'rous fire into the Soldier,
 Had but one spark of Villany liv'd in me,
 Ye'ad had some shadow for this black about me.
 Where was your Soldiership? Why went not you out?
 And all your right honourable Valour with ye?
 Why met ye not the *Tartar*, and defy'd him?
 Drew your dead-doing Sword, and buckl'd with him?
 Shot through his Squadrons like a fiery Meteor?
 And as we see a dreadful clap of Thunder
 Rend the stiff-hearted Oaks, and tofs their Roots up:
 Why did not you so charge him? You were sick then,
 You that dare taint my Credit slipt to Bed then,
 Stewing and fainting with the Fears ye had,
 A Whoreson shaking fit oppress your Lordship.
 Blush Coward, Knave, and all the World hiss at thee.

Duke. Exceed not my Command.

[*Exit.*

Bor. I shall observe it.

Arch. Are you gone too? Come, weep not, honest *Burris*,
 Good loving Lord; no more Tears: 'Tis not his Malice,
 This Fellow's Malice, nor the Duke's Displeasure,
 By bold bad Men crowd'd into his Nature,
 Can startle me. Fortune ne'er raz'd this Fort yet;
 I am the same, the same Man, Living, Dying,
 The same Mind to 'em both, I poize them equal;
 Only the Jugling way that toll'd me to it,
 The *Judas* way, to kiss me, bid me welcome,
 And cut my Throat, a little sticks upon me.
 Farewel, commend me to his Grace, and tell him,
 The World is full of Servants, he may have many;
 And some I wish him honest: He's undone else:
 But such another doating *Archas* never,
 So try'd and touch'd a Faith: Farewel for ever.

Bur. Be strong my Lord: You must not go thus lightly.

Arch. Now what's to do? What says the Law unto me?
 Give me my great Offence that speaks me Guilty.

Bor. Laying aside a thousand petty matters,
 As Scorns, and Insolencies both from your self and Follow'rs,
 Which you put first fire to, and these are deadly.
 I come to one main Cause, which though it carries
 A strangeness in the Circumstance, carries Death too,
 Not to be pardon'd neither. Ye have done a Sacrilege.

Arch. High Heav'n defend me Man: How, how *Boroskie*?

Bor. Ye have took from the Temple those vow'd Arms,
 The holy Ornament you hung up there,
 No absolution of your Vow, no Order
 From holy Church to give 'em back unto you,
 After they were purified from War, and rested
 From Blood made clean by Ceremony: From the Altar
 You snatch'd 'em up again, again ye wore 'em,
 Again you stain'd 'em, stain'd your Vow, the Church too,
 And rob'd it of that right was none of yours, Sir,
 For which the Law requires your Head, ye know it.

Arch. Those Arms I fought in last?

Bor. The same.

Arch. God-a-mercy,
 Thou hast hunted out a notable cause to kill me:
 A subtle one: I die, for saving all you;

Good Sir, remember, if you can, the necessity,
 The suddenness of time, the State all stood in ;
 I was intreated to, kneel'd to, and pray'd to,
 The Duke himself, the Princes, all the Nobles,
 The cries of Infants, Bed-rid Fathers, Virgins ;
 Prithee find out a better Cause, a handsomer,
 This will undo thee too : People will spit at thee,
 The Devil himself would be asham'd of this Cause ;
 Because my haste made me forget the Ceremony,
 The present Danger ev'ry where, must my Life satisfy ?

Bor. It must, and shall.

Arch. O base ungrateful People,
 Have ye no other Swords to cut my Throat with
 But mine own Nobleness ? I confess, I took 'em,
 The Vow not yet absolv'd I hung 'em up with :
 Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again
 In the fierce *Tartars* Bloods ; for you I took 'em,
 For your peculiar Safety, Lord, for all,
 I wore 'em for my Country's health, that groan'd then :
 Took from the Temple, to preserve the Temple ;
 That holy Place, and all the sacred Monuments,
 The reverend Shrines of Saints, ador'd and honour'd,
 Had been consum'd to Ashes, their own Sacrifice ;
 Had I been slack ; or staid that Absolution,
 No Priest had liv'd to give it. My own Honour,
 Cure of my Country, murder me ?

Bor. No, no, Sir,

I shall force that from ye, will make this Cause light too.
 Away with him : I shall pluck down that Heart, Sir.

Arch. Break it thou may'st ; but if it bend for Pity,
 Dogs and Kites eat it. Come, I am Honour's Martyr.
 [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Duke, and Burris.

Duke. Exceed my Warrant ?

Bur. You know he loves him not.

Duke. He dares as well eat Death, as do it, eat Wild-fire.
 Through a few Fears I mean to try his Goodness,

That I may find him fit to wear here, *Burris* ;
 I know *Boroskie* hates him, to Death hates him,
 I know he is a Serpent too, a swoln one, [*Noise within.*
 But I have pull'd his Sting out. What Noise is that ?

The. within. Down with 'em, down with 'em, down
 with the Gates.

Sol. within. Stand, stand, stand.

Putf. within. Fire the Palace before ye.

Bur. Upon my Life the Soldier, Sir, the Soldier,
 A miserable time is come.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Oh save him,
 Upon my Knees, my Heart's Knees, save Lord *Archas*,
 We are undone else.

Duke. Dares he touch his Body ?

Gent. He racks him fearfully, most fearfully.

Duke. Away *Burris*,
 Take Men, and take him from him, clap him up,
 And if I live, I'll find a strange Death for him. [*Ex. Bur.*
 Are the Soldiers broke in ?

Gent. By this time sure they are, Sir,
 They beat the Gates extreamly, beat the People.

Duke. Get me a Guard about me ; make sure the
 Lodgings,
 And speak the Soldiers fair.

Gent. Pray Heav'n that take, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Putskie, Ancient, and Soldiers, with Torches.

Putf. Give us the General, we'll fire the Court else,
 Render him safe and well.

Anc. Don't fire the Cellar, [*cold Weather,*
 There's excellent Wine in't, Captain, and though it be
 I do not love it mull'd ; bring out the General,
 We'll light ye such a Bon-fire else : Where are ye ?

(31) Speak, or we'll tofs your Turrets ; peep out of your
 Hives,

We'll

(31) *Speak, or we'll tofs your Turrets*—] Mr. *Sympton* says that a
 Turret is not so light a thing as to be tofs'd at every Soldier's Pleasure,
 and would therefore read *torch* your Turrets, because *Theodore* says in
 the

We'll smoke ye else : Is not that a Nose there?
Put out that Nose again, and if thou dar'st
But blow it before us : Now he creeps out on's Burrough.

Enter Gentleman.

Putf. Give us the General.

Gent. Yes, Gentlemen ; or any thing ye can desire.

Anc. You musk-cat,

Cordevant-skin, we will not take your Answer.

Putf. Where is the Duke? Speak suddenly, and send
him hither.

Anc. Or we'll so fry your Buttocks.

Gent. Good sweet Gentlemen——

Anc. We're neither good nor sweet, we are Soldiers,
And you are Miscreants that abuse the General.
Give fire my Boys, 'tis a dark Evening,
Let's light 'em to their Lodgings.

Enter Olympia, Honora, Viola, Theodore, and Women.

Hon. Good Brother be not fierce. *The.* I will not
hurt her ;
Fear not, sweet Lady.

Olym. Nay, do what you please, Sir,
I have a Sorrow that exceeds all yours,
And more contemns all Danger.

Enter Duke, above.

The. Where's the Duke ?

Duke. He's here ; what wou'd ye Soldiers? Where-
fore troop ye
Like mutinous Mad-men thus ?

The. Give me my Father.

Putf. Anc. Give us our General.

the next Page, *Ye see the Torches ; all shall to ashes*—This he seems to think makes his Conjecture almost demonstrable ; and as he does so I mention it, tho' I can by no means admit it ; Cannons and Mines will *tos* Turrets heavy as they are, and the *Ancient* might threaten this, tho' that was not perhaps immediately in their Power. *Archas* in the foregoing Scene says,

And as we see a dreadful Clap of Thunder

Reud the stiff-hearted Oaks and tos their roots up:

I believe, no such Authority can be produced for the use of *torch* as a Verb.

The. Set him here before us,
Ye see the Pledge we've got; ye see the Torches;
All shall to Ashes, as I live, immediately,
A thousand Lives for one.

Duke. But hear me?

Putf. No, we come not to Dispute.

Enter Archas, and Burreis.

The. By Heav'n I swear he's rackt and whipt.

Hon. Oh my poor Father!

Putf. Burn, kill and burn.

Arch. Hold, hold, I say: Hold Soldiers,
On your Allegiance hold.

The. We must not.

Arch. Hold:

(32) I swear by Heav'n he's a base Traitor stirs first,
A Villain, and a Stranger to Obedience,
Never my Soldier more, nor Friend to Honour.
Why did you use your old Man thus? Thus cruelly
Torture his poor weak Body? I ever lov'd ye.

Duke. Forget me in these wrongs, most noble *Archas*.

Arch. I've Balm enough for all my hurts: Weep no
more, Sir,

A satisfaction for a thousand Sorrows.

I do believe you innocent, a good Man,

And Heav'n forgive that naughty thing that wrong'd me.

Why look ye wild, my Friends? Why stare ye on me?

I charge ye, as ye're Men, my Men, my Lovers,

As ye are honest faithful Men, fair Soldiers,

Let down your Anger: Is not this our Sovereign?

The head of Mercy, and of Law? Who dares then,

But Rebels, scorning Law, appear thus violent?

Is this a place for Swords? For threatenng Fires?

The Rev'ence of this House dares any touch,

But with obedient Knees, and pious Duties?

(32) *I swear by Heav'n he is a barbarous Traitor stirs first* The Epithet *barbarous* is certainly not the properest in the Place, and makes still much worse Measure; I have therefore substituted *base*, as a Monosyllable seems certainly required, and *base* is the best and the nearest the Trace of the Letters of any that has occur'd to me.

Are

Are we not all his Subjects? All sworn to him?
Has not he pow'r to punish our Offences?
And don't we daily fall into them? Assure your selves
I did offend, and highly, grievously,
This good, sweet Prince I offended, my Life forfeited,
Which yet his Mercy, and his old Love met with,
And only let me feel his light Rod this way:
Ye are to thank him for your General,
Pray for his Life and Fortune; (33) sweat your Bloods
for him.

Ye are Offenders too, daily Offenders,
Proud Insolencies dwell in your Hearts, and ye do 'em,
Do 'em against his Peace, his Law, his Person;
Ye see he only Sorrows for your Sins,
And where his Pow'r might persecute, forgives ye:
For shame put up your Swords, for Honesty,
For Orders sake, and whose ye are, my Soldiers
Be not so rude.

The. They've drawn Blood from you, Sir.

Arch. That was the Blood rebell'd, the naughty Blood,
The proud provoking Blood; 'tis well 'tis out, Boy;
Give you Example first, draw out, and orderly.

Hon. Good Brother, do.

Arch. Honest and high Example,
As thou wilt have my Blessing follow thee,
Inherit all mine Honours: Thank ye *Theodore*,
My worthy Son.

The. If harm come, thank your self, Sir,
I must obey ye.

[*Exit.*

Arch. Captain, you know the way now:
A good Man, and a Valiant, you were ever,
Inclin'd to honest things; I thank ye Captain. [*Ex. Sol.*
Soldiers, I thank ye all: And love me still,
But do not love me so you lose Allegiance,
Love that above your Lives: Once more I thank ye.

33 — [swear your Bloods for him.] The beautiful Emendation here was one of those favourite ones that poor Mr. *Theobald* sent me upon my first Correspondence with him. Mr. *Sympson* has since sent me the same without knowing that Mr. *Theobald* had prevented him; and the first Folio confirms its certainty.

Duke.

Duke. Bring him to Rest, and let our Cares wait on him ;

Thou excellent old Man, thou top of Honour,
Where Justice and Obedience only build,
Thou stock of Virtue, how am I bound to love thee !
In all thy noble ways to follow thee !

Bur. Remember him that vext him, Sir.

Duke. Remember ?

When I forget that Villain, and to pay him
For all his Mischiefs, may all good Thoughts forget me.

Arch. I'm very fore.

Duke. Bring him to Bed with ease, Gentlemen,
For every Stripe I'll drop a Tear to wash 'em,
And in my sad Repentance——

Arch. 'Tis too much,

I have a Life yet left to gain that Love, Sir. [Exeunt.]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Duke, Burris, and Gentlemen.

Duke. **H**OW does Lord *Archbas* ?

Bur. But weak, and't please ye ;
Yet all the helps that Art can, are applied to him ;
His Heart's untoucht, and whole yet ; and no doubt, Sir,
His Mind being sound, his Body soon will follow.

Duke. O that base Knave that wrong'd him, without
leave too ;

But I shall find an hour to give him Thanks for't ;
He's fast, I hope.

Bur. As fast as Irons can keep him :
But the most fearful Wretch——

Duke. He has a Conscience,
A cruel stinging one I warrant him,
A loaden one : But what news of the Soldier ?
I did not like their parting, 'twas too fullen.

Bur. That they keep still, and I fear a worse Clap ;
They are drawn out of the Town, and stand in Counsels,
Hatching unquiet Thoughts, and cruel Purposes :

I went my self unto 'em, talkt with the Captains,
Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud Murmurs,
And desperate Curses, founding these Words often,
Like Trumpets to their Angers. We are ruin'd,
Our Services turn'd into Disgraces, Mischiefs;
Our brave old General, like one had pilfer'd,
Tortur'd, and whipt: The Colonel's Eyes, like Torches,
Blaze every where, and fright fair Peace.

Gent. Yet worse, Sir;

The News is currant now, they mean to leave ye,
Leave their Allegiance; and under *Olin's* Charge,
The Bloody Enemy, march straight against ye.

Bur. I have heard this too, Sir.

Duke. This must be prevented,
And suddenly, and warily.

Bur. 'Tis time, Sir,
But what to minister, or how?

Duke. Go in with me,
And there we'll think upon't: Such Blows as these
Equal Defences ask, else they displease. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Petesca, and Gentlewoman.

Pet. Lord, what a coil has here been with these
Soldiers!

They're cruel Fellows.

Wom. And yet methought we found 'em
Handsome enough; I'll tell thee true, *Petesca*,
I lookt for other manner of dealings from 'em,
And had prepar'd my self: But where's my Lady?

Pet. In her old Dumps within: Monstrous melancholy;
Sure she was mad of this Wench.

Wom. And she had been a Man,
She wou'd have been a great deal madder, I
Am glad she's shifted. *Pet.* 'Twas a wicked thing
For me t' betray her, yet I must confess
She stood in all our Lights.

Enter

Enter Alinda.

What young thing's this?

Aiin. Good Morrow beauteous Gentlewomen: 'pray ye
Is th' Princess stirring yet? *Wom.* He has her Face.

Pet. Her very Tongue, and Tone too: Her Youth
on him.

Alin. I guess, ye be the Princess Women.

Pet. Yes, we are, Sir.

Alin. Pray is there not a Gentlewoman waiting on her
Grace,

Ye call *Alinda*?

Pet. The Devil fure in her Shape.

Wom. I have heard her tell my Lady of a Brother,
An only Brother that she had: In Travel——

Pet. 'Mafs, I remember that: This may be he too:
I would this thing wou'd serve her.

Enter Olympia.

Wom. So would I Wench,
We'd love him better fure. Sir, here's the Princess,
She best can satisfie ye.

Alin. How I love that Prefence!
O blessed Eyes, how nobly shine your Comforts!

Olym. What Gentleman is that?

Wom. We know not, Madam:
He ask'd us for your Grace: And as we guess it,
He is *Alinda's* Brother.

Olym. Ha! Let me mark him.
My Grief has almost blinded me: Her Brother?
By *Venus*, he has all her sweetness on him:
Two silver drops of Dew were never liker.

Alin. Gracious Lady——

Olym. That pleasant Pipe he has too.

Alin. Being my Happiness to pass by this way,
And having, as I understand by Letters,
A Sister in your virtuous Service, Madam——

Olym. O now my Heart, my Heart akes.

Alin. All the comfort
My poor Youth has, all that my hopes have built me;
I thought it my first Duty, my best Service,

Here

Here to arrive first, humbly to thank your Grace
For my poor Sister, humbly to thank your Nobleness,
That bounteous Goodness in ye.

Olym. 'Tis he certainly.

Alin. That spring of favour to her; with my Life,
Madam,

If any such most happy means might meet me,
To shew my Thankfulness.

Olym. What have I done, Fool!

Alin. She came a Stranger to your Grace, no Courtier;
Nor of that curious Breed befits your Service,
Yet one, I dare assure my Soul, that lov'd ye
Before she saw ye; doted on your Virtues;
Before she knew those fair Eyes, long'd to read 'em,
You only had her Prayers, you her Wishes;
And that one hope to be yours once, preserv'd her.

Olym. I have done wickedly.

Alin. A little Beauty,
Such as a Cottage breeds, she brought along with her;
And yet our Country-eyes esteem'd it much too:
But for her beauteous Mind, forget, great Lady,
I am her Brother, and let me speak a Stranger,
Since she was able to beget a Thought, 'twas honest.
The daily study how to fit your Services,
Truly to tread that virtuous Path you walk in,
So fir'd her honest Soul, we thought her Sainted;
I presume she's still the same: I wou'd fain see her,
For, Madam, 'tis no little Love I owe her.

Olym. Sir, such a Maid there was, I had ———

Alin. There was, Madam?

Olym. O my poor Wench: Eyes, I will ever curse ye
For your Credulity; *Alinda?*

Alin. That's her Name, Madam.

Olym. Give me a little leave, Sir, to lament her.

Alin. Is she dead, Lady?

Olym. Dead, Sir, to my Service.
She's gone, pray ye ask no further.

Alin. I obey, Madam:

Gone? Now must I lament too: Said ye gone, Madam?

Olym. Gone, gone for ever.

Alin.

Alin. That's a cruel saying :
Her Honour too ?

Olym. Prithee look angry on me,
And if thou ever lov'dst her, spit upon me :
Do something like a Brother, like a Friend,
And do not only say thou lov'st her ———

Alin. Ye amaze me.

Olym. I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abus'd her ;
Poor innocent Soul, I flung her ; sweet *Alinda*,
Thou virtuous Maid. My Soul now calls thee Virtuous.
Why don't ye rail now at me ?

Alin. For what, Lady ?

Olym. Call me base treach'rous Woman.

Alin. Heav'n defend me.

Olym. Rashly I thought her false, and put her from me,
Rashly, and madly I betray'd her Modesty, [Sir,
Put her to wander, Heav'n knows where : Nay, more
Stuck a black Brand upon her.

Alin. 'Twas not well, Lady.

Olym. 'Twas damnable : She loving me so dearly,
Never poor Wench lov'd so : Sir, believe me,
'Twas the most duteous Wench, the best Companion,
When I was pleas'd, the happiest, and the gladdest,
The modestest sweet Nature dwelt within her :
I saw all this, I knew all this, I lov'd it,
I doated on it too, and yet I kill'd it :
O what have I forsaken ? What have I lost ?

Alin. Madam, I'll take my leave, since she is wandring,
'Tis fit I know no rest.

Olym. Will you go too, Sir ?

I have not wrong'd you yet, if you dare trust me,
For yet I love *Alinda* there, I honour her,
I love to look upon those Eyes that speak her,
To read the Face again, (Modesty keep me, [Aside.
Alinda, in that Shape.) But why shou'd you trust me,
'Twas I betray'd your Sister, I undid her ;
And, believe me, gentle Youth, 'tis I weep for her :
Appoint what Penance you please : But stay then,
And see me perform it : Ask what Honour this Place
Is able to heap on ye, or what Wealth :

Is following me will like ye, my care of ye,
Which for your Sister's sake, for your own Goodness —

Alin. Not all the Honour Earth has, now she's gone,
Lady,

Not all the Favour; yet if I fought Preferment,
Under your bounteous Grace I'd only take it.

Peace rest upon ye: One sad Tear every Day,
For poor *Alinda's* sake, 'tis fit ye pay.

[*Exit.*

Olym. A thousand, noble Youth, and when I sleep,
Ev'n in my silver Slumbers still I'll weep.

S C E N E III.

Enter Duke and Gentlemen.

Duke. Have ye been with 'em?

Gent. Yes, and't please your Grace,
But no Persuasion serves 'em, nor no Promise,
They're fearful angry, and by this time, Sir,
Upon their March to th' Enemy.

Duke. They must be stopt.

Enter Burris.

Gent. Ay, but what force is able? and what Leader —

Duke. How now, ha' you been with *Archas*?

Bur. Yes, and't please ye,
And told him all: He frets like a chaf'd Lion,
Calls for his Arms, and all those honest Courtiers
That dare draw Swords.

Duke. Is he able to do any thing?

Bur. His Mind is well enough; and where his Charge is,
Let him be ne'er so sore, 'tis a full Army.

Duke. Who commands the Rebels?

Bur. The young Colonel,
That makes the old Man almost mad. He swears, Sir,
He will not spare his Son's Head for the Dukedom.

Duke. Is the Court in Arms?

Bur. As fast as they can bustle,
Every Man mad to go now: Inspir'd strangely,
As if they were to force the Enemy:

I beseech your Grace to give me leave.

Duke. Pray go Sir,
And look to the old Man well ; take up all fairly,
And let no Blood be spilt ; take general Pardons,
And quench this fury with fair Peace.

Bur. I shall Sir,
Or seal it with my Service ; they are Villains :
The Court is up : Good Sir, go strengthen 'em,
Your Royal Sight will make 'em scorn all Dangers ;
The General needs no Proof.

Duke. Come, let's go view 'em. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, Soldiers, Drums,
and Colours.*

The. 'Tis known we're up, and marching ; no Submission,
No promise of base Peace can cure our Maladies,
We've suffer'd beyond all repair of Honour :
Your valiant old Man's whipt ; whipt, Gentlemen,
Whipt like a Slave : That Flesh that never trembled,
Nor shrunk one Sinew at a thousand Charges,
That noble Body rib'd in Arms, the Enemy
So often shook at, and then shun'd like Thunder,
That Body's torn with lashes.

Anc. Let's turn Head.

Putf. Turn nothing Gentlemen, let's march on fairly,
Unless they charge.

The. Think still of his Abuses,
And keep your Angers.

Anc. He was whipt like a Top,
I never saw a Whore so lac'd : Court School-butter ?
Is this their Diet ? I'll dress 'em one running Banquet :
What Oracle can alter us ? Did not we see him ?
See him we lov'd ?

The. And though we did obey him,
Forc'd by his Reverence for that time ; is't fit, Gentlemen,
My noble Friends, is't fit we Men, and Soldiers,
Live to endure this, and look on too ? *Putf.* Forward :
They

They may call back the Sun as soon, stay Time,
Prescribe a Law to Death, as we endure this.

The. They'll make ye all fair Promises.

Anc. We care not.

The. Use all their Arts upon ye.

Anc. Hang all their Arts.

Putf. And happily they'll bring him with 'em.

Anc. March apace then,

He's old and cannot overtake us.

Putf. Say he do.

Anc. We'll run away with him : They shall ne'er see
him more :

The truth is, we'll hear nothing, stop at nothing,
Consider nothing but our way ; believe nothing, [thing,
Not though they say their Prayers : Be content with no-
But th' knocking out their Brains : And last, do nothing
But ban and curse 'em, till we come to kill 'em.

The. Remove then forwards bravely : keep your Minds
whole,

And the next time we face 'em, shall be fatal. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Archas, Duke, Burris, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Arch. Peace to your Grace ; take rest Sir, they're be-
fore us.

Gent. They are Sir, and upon the March. [*Exit Duke.*

Arch. Lord *Burris*, [vantage,

Take you those Horse and coast 'em : Upon the first ad-
If they won't slack their March, Charge 'em up roundly,
By that time I'll come in.

Bur. I'll do it truly. [*Exit.*

Gent. How do you feel your self, Sir ?

Arch. Well, I thank ye ;

A little weak, but Anger shall supply that ;
You'll all stand bravely to it ?

All. While we have Lives, Sir.

Arch. Ye speak like Gentlemen : I'll make the Knaves
know,

The proudest, and the strongest hearted Rebels,
They have a Law to live in, and they shall have;
Beat up apace, by this time he's upon 'em, [*Drum within.*
And Sword, but hold me now, thou shalt play ever.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Drums beating, Theodore, Putskie, Ancient,
and their Soldiers.*

The. Stand, stand, stand close, and sure;

Enter Burris, and one or two Soldiers.

The Horse will charge us.

Anc. Let 'em come on, we've Provender fit for 'em.

Putf. Here comes Lord *Burris*, Sir, I think to Parly.

The. You're welcome, noble Sir, I hope to our part.

Bur. No, valiant Colonel, I am come to chide ye,
To pity ye; to kill ye, if these fail me;

Fie, what Dishonour seek ye! What black Infamy!

Why do ye draw out thus? Draw all Shame with ye?

Are these fit Cares in Subjects? I command ye

Lay down your Arms again, move in that Peace,

That fair Obedience you were bred in.

Putf. Charge us: We come not here to Argue.

The. Charge us bravely,

And hotly too, we have hot Splens to meet ye,

Hot as the Shames are offer'd us.

Enter Archas, Gentlemen and Soldiers.

Bur. Look behind ye.

D' you see that old Man? do you know him, Soldiers?

Putf. Your Father, Sir, believe me——

Bur. You know his Marches,

You've seen his Executions: Is it yet Peace?

The. We'll die here first.

Bur. Farewel: You'll hear on's presently. *Arch.* Stay,

Burris:

This is too poor, too beggarly a Body

To bear the Honour of a Charge from me,

A sort of tatter'd Rebels; go, provide Gallowfes;

Ye're troubled with hot Heads, I'll cool ye presently:

These

These look like Men that were my Soldiers
Now I behold 'em nearly, and more narrowly,
My honest Friends: Where got they these fair Figures?
Where did they steal these Shapes?

Bur. They're struck already.

Arch. D' you see that Fellow there, that goodly Rebel?
He looks as like a Captain I lov'd tenderly:

A Fellow of a Faith indeed. *Bur.* He 'as sham'd him.

Arch. And that that bears the Colours there, most certain
So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave Fellow,
A loving and obedient, that believe me, *Burris*,
I am amaz'd and troubled: And were it not
I know the general goodness of my People,
The Duty, and the Truth, the stedfast Honesty,
And am assur'd they would as soon turn Devils
As Rebels to Allegiance, for mine Honour.

Bur. Here needs no Wars. *Putf.* I pray forgive us, Sir.

Anc. Good General forgive us, or use your Sword,
Your Words are double Death. *All.* Good noble General.

Bur. Pray, Sir, be merciful.

Arch. Weep out your Shames first,
Ye make me Fool for Company: Fie Soldiers,
My Soldiers too, and play these Tricks? What's he there?
Sure I have seen his Face too; yes, most certain
I have a Son, (but hope he is not here now,)
Wou'd much resemble this Man, wondrous near him,
Just of his height and make too; you seem a Leader.

The. Good Sir, don't shame me more: I know your
Anger,
And less than Death I look not for.

Arch. You shall be my Charge, Sir, it seems you
want Foes,
When you would make your Friends your Enemies.
A running Blood ye have, but I shall cure ye.

Bur. Good Sir —

(34) *Arch.* No more, good Lord: Beat forward, Soldiers:
And you, march in the Rear, you've lost your Places.

[*Exeunt.*

(34) *Anc.* No more, good Lord:] The restoring this to *Archas* is
so obvious, 'tis scarce worth a Note.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Duke, Olympia, Honora, and Viola.

Duke. You shall not be thus fullen still with me, Sister,
 You do the most unnobly to be angry,
 For as I have a Soul I never touch'd her,
 I never yet knew one unchast Thought in her :
 I must confess, I lov'd her ; as who would not ?
 I must confess I doated on her strangely,
 I offer'd all, yet so strong was her Honour,
 (35) So fortify'd as fair, no Hope could reach her,
 And while the World beheld this, and confirm'd it,
 Why would you be so jealous ? *Olym.* Good Sir, par-
 don me,
 I feel sufficiently my Folly's Penance,
 And am asham'd, that Shame a thousand Sorrows
 Feed on continually ; wou'd I had never seen her,
 Or with a clearer Judgment look'd upon her :
 She was too good for me, so Heav'nly good, Sir,
 Nothing but Heav'n can love that Soul sufficiently,
 Where I shall see her once again.

Enter Burris.

Duke. No more Tears,
 If she be within the Dukedom, we'll recover her :
 Welcome Lord *Burris*, fair News I hope.

Bur. Most fair, Sir,
 Without one drop of Blood these Wars are ended,
 The Soldier cool'd again, indeed asham'd, Sir,

(35) *So fortify'd as fair, no Hope could reach her*] *Mr. Symphon*
 thinks this Nonsense; and if this be allowed he has a very ingenious
 Conjecture to amend it.

So fortify'd, as Fear nor Hope can reach her.

But, in my Eye, the Original is so far from Nonsense, that it is much
 stronger Sense than that proposed. Allowing for the conciseness of
 poetical Language, which cuts off all unnecessary Particles, the fol-
 lowing Meaning is contained in it. *Her Virtue is as strong as it is*
beautiful, (or, perhaps, as she herself is beautiful) so that the warmest
 Hope dares not flatter any Man with Success.

And

And all his Anger ended. *Duke.* Where's Lord *Archas*?
Bur. Not far off, Sir; with him his valiant Son,
 Head of this Fire, but now a Prisoner,
 And if by your sweet Mercy not prevented,
 I fear some fatal stroke. [Drums.]

Enter Archas, Theodore, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Duke. I hear the Drums beat,
 Welcome, my worthy Friend.

Arch. Stand where ye are, Sir,
 Even as you love your Country, move not forward,
 Nor plead for Peace till I have done a Justice,
 A Justice on this Villain, none of mine now,
 A Justice on this Rebel. *Hon.* O my Brother.

Arch. This fatal Firebrand ———

Duke. Forget not, old Man,
 He is thy Son, of thine own Blood. *Arch.* In these Veins
 No Treachery e'er harbour'd yet, no Mutiny,
 I ne'er gave Life to lewd and headstrong Rebels.

Duke. 'Tis his first Fault. *Arch.* Not of thousand, Sir;
 Or were it so, it is a Fault so mighty,
 So strong against the nature of all Mercy,
 His Mother, were she living, wou'd not weep for him,
 He dare not say he'd live. *The.* I must not, Sir,
 While you say 'tis not fit: Your Grace's Mercy,
 Not to my Life apply'd, but to my Fault, Sir;
 The World's forgiveness next; last, on my Knees, Sir,
 I humbly beg,

Do not take from me yet the Name of Father,
 Strike me a thousand Blows; but let me die yours.

Arch. He moves my Heart: I must be sudden with him,
 I shall grow faint else in my Execution,
 Come, come Sir, you have seen Death; now meet him
 bravely.

Duke. Hold, hold, I say, a little, hold, consider
 Thou hast no more Sons, *Archas*, to inherit thee.

Arch. Yes, Sir, I have another, and a Nobler:
 No Treason shall inherit me: Young *Archas*,
 A Boy, as sweet as young, my Brother breeds him,

My noble Brother *Briskie* breeds him nobly,
Him let your Favour find: Give him your Honour.

Enter *Putskie* (*alias* *Briskie*) and *Alinda*, (*alias* *Archas*.)

Putf. Thou hast no Child left, *Archas*, none to inherit thee,
If thou strik'st that stroke now. Behold young *Archas*;
Behold thy Brother here, thou bloody Brother,
As bloody to this Sacrifice as thou art. [*chas*,
Heave up thy Sword, and mine's heav'd up: Strike, *Ar*-
And I'll strike too as suddenly, as deadly:
Have Mercy, I'll have Mercy: The Duke gives it.
Look upon all these, how they weep it from thee,
Chuse quickly, and begin. *Duke*. On your Obedience,
On your Allegiance save him.

Arch. Take him to ye, [*Soldiers shout*.
And Sirrah, be an honest Man, ye've reason:
I thank ye, worthy Brother: Welcome, Child,
Mine own sweet Child.

Duke. Why was this Boy conceal'd thus?

Putf. Your Grace's Pardon.
Fearing the Vow you made against my Brother,
And that your Anger wou'd not only light
On him, but find out all his Family,
This young Boy, to preserve from after Danger,
Like a young Wench, hither I brought; my self
In th' habit of an ordinary Captain
Disguis'd, got Entertainment, and serv'd here,
That I might still be ready to all Fortunes:
That Boy your Grace took, nobly entertain'd him,
But thought a Girl, *Alinda*, Madam. *Olym*. Stand away,
And let me look upon him. *Duke*. My young Mistress?
(This is a strange Metamorphosis,) *Alinda*?

Alin. Your Grace's humble Servant.

Duke. Come hither, Sister:
I dare yet scarce believe mine Eyes: How they view one
another?

Dost thou not love this Boy well?

Olym. I should lye else, trust me, extremely lye, Sir.

Duke.

Duke. Did'st thou ne'er wish, *Olympia*,
It might be thus? *Olym.* A thousand times.

Duke. Here, take him :

Nay, do not blush : I do not jest ; kiss sweetly :
Boy, ye kiss faintly, Boy ; Heav'n give ye comfort ;
Teach him, he'll quickly learn : There's two Hearts eas'd
now.

Arch. You do me too much Honour, Sir.

Duke. No, *Archas*,

But all I can, I will. Can you love me ? Speak truly.

Hon. Yes, Sir, dearly.

Duke. Come hither, *Viola*, can you love this Man?

Vio. I'll do the best I can, Sir. *Duke.* Seal it, *Burris*;
We'll all to Church together instantly :
And then a vie for Boys. Stay, bring *Boroskie*.

Enter Boroskie.

I had almost forgot that lump of mischief.
There *Archas*, take the Enemy to Honour,
The Knave to Worth : Do with him what thou wilt.

Arch. Then to my Sword again, you to your Prayers ;
Wash off your Villanies, you feel the Burthen.

Bor. Forgive me e'er I die, most honest *Archas* ?
'Tis too much Honour that I perish thus ;
O strike my Faults to kill them, that no Memory,
No black and blasted Infamy hereafter ———

Arch. Come, are ye ready ? *Bor.* Yes.

Arch. And truly penitent, to make your way straight ?

Bor. Thus I wash off my Sins.

Arch. Stand up, and live then,
And live an honest Man ; I scorn Mens Ruins :
Take him again, Sir, try him : And believe
This thing will be a perfect Man. *Duke.* I take him.

Bor. And when I fail those hopes, Heav'n's hopes fail me.

Duke. You're old : No more Wars, Father : *Theodore*,
Take you the charge, be General.

The. All good bless ye.

Duke. And my good Father, you dwell in my Bosom,
From you rise all my good Thoughts : When I'd think and
Examine Time for one that's fairly noble,

And the same Man through all the streights of Virtue,
 Upon this Silver Book I'll look, and read him.
 Now forward merrily to *Hymen's* Rites,
 To Joys, and Revels, Sports, and he that can
 Most honour *Archas*, is the noblest Man. [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.

Though something well assur'd, few here repent
 Three hours of precious Time, or Money spent
 On our Endeavours, yet not to rely
 Too much upon our Care and Industry,
 'Tis fit we should ask, but a modest way,
 How you approve our Action in the Play.
 If you vouchsafe to crown it with Applause,
 It is your Bounty, and you give us cause
 Hereafter with a general Consent
 To study, as becomes us, your Content.

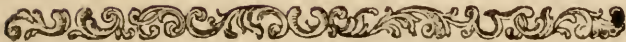
R U L E



RULE A WIFE,

A N D

HAVE A WIFE.



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P R O L O G U E.

PLeasure attend ye, and about ye sit
The Springs of Mirth, Fancy, Delight and Wit,
To stir you up; do not your Looks let fall,
Nor to Remembrance our late Errors call,
Because this Day w'are Spaniards all again,
The Story of our Play, and our Scene Spain:
The Errors too, do not for this cause hate,
Now we present their Wit, and not their State.
Nor, Ladies, be not angry, if you see
A young fresh Beauty wanton, and too free,
Seek to abuse her Husband, still 'tis Spain,
No such gross Errors in your Kingdom reign;
(1) You're Vestals all, and though we blow the Fire,
We seldom make it flame up to Desire;
Take no Example neither to begin,
For some by Precedent delight to Sin;
Nor blame the Poet if he slip aside
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.
But hold your Fanns close, and then smile at ease,
A cruel Scene did never Lady please.
Nor, Gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,
Though we present some Men foo'd, some diseas'd,
Some drunk, some mad; We mean not you, you're free,
We tax no farther than our Comedy,
You are our Friends, sit noble then and see.

(1) *W'are Vestals all,*—] The Context very evidently requires the Change which Mr. *Sympson* first suggested here.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

DUKE of Medina.

Don Juan de Castro, a Spanish Colonel.

Sanchio, }
Alonzo, } Officers in the Army.

Michael Perez, the Copper Captain.

Leon, Brother to Altea, and by her Contrivance marry'd
to Margarita.

Cacafogo, a rich Usurer.

W O M E N.

Margarita, a wanton Lady, marry'd to Leon, by whom she
is reclaim'd.

Altea, her Servant.

Clara, a Spanish Lady.

Estifania, a Woman of Intrigue, marry'd to Perez.

Three Old Ladies.

An old Woman, and Maid.

S C E N E S P A I N.

Rule



Rule a W I F E, and
Have a W I F E.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Juan de Castro, and Michael Perez:

M I C H A E L.



ARE your Companies full, Colonel?

Juan. No, not yet, Sir:

Nor will not be this Month yet, as I reckon.
How rises your Command? *Mich.* We pick
up still,

And as our Monies hold out, we have Men come,
About that time I think we shall be full too;
Many young Gallants go. *Juan.* And unexperienc'd,
The Wars are dainty Dreams to young hot Spirits,
Time and Experience will allay those Visions,
We have strange Things to fill our Numbers up;
There's one *Don Leon*, a strange goodly Fellow,
Commended to me from some noble Friends,
For my *Alferes*, had you but seen his Person,
And what a Giants promise it protesteth. [fore too.

Mich. I've heard of him, and that he hath serv'd be-
Juan. But no harm done, nor never meant, *Don*

Michael,

That

That came to my Ears yet ; ask him a Question,
 He blushes like a Girl, and answers little,
 To the point less ; he wears a Sword, a good one,
 And good Cloaths too ; he's whole-skin'd, has no hurt
 yet,

Good promising hopes ; I never yet heard certainly
 Of any Gentleman that saw him angry.

Mich. Preserve him, he'll conclude a Peace if need be,
 (2) Many as stout as he will go along with us,
 That swear as valiantly as Heart can wish [ones,
 Their Mouths charg'd with six Oaths at once, and whole
 That make the drunken *Dutch* creep into Mole-hills.

Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for : But, *Mich.*
Perez,

When heard you of *Donna Margarita*, the great Heiress ?

(2) *Many as strong as he will go along with us,*
That swear as valiantly as Heart can wish.] *Leon* is described as a
 Giant in Stature, but weak in Head and Heart, which Strength of
 Body may accompany, but does not necessarily imply. There seems
 therefore no just Antithesis between meer Strength of Body and the
 Vaunting of a cowardly Bully. The Sense required is plainly this :
That many who swear and swagger most magnanimously have really
not one whit more Valour than the sheepish Don Leon. The Word
stout gives this Sense, which I have therefore ventured to substitute as
 thinking it the true one. *Leon* himself uses the same Sentiment at his
 first Appearance. *Juan* asks him,

Why art thou sent to me to be my Officer ;

Ay, and commended when thou dar'st not fight ?

Leon. *There be more Officers of my Opinion,*

Or I am cozen'd ; Men that talk more too.

Perhaps, indeed, the old Reading *strong* may be thought by some to
 give the very same Idea with *stout* or *valiant* ; but I believe if they
 fully consider the Context, where *Strength of Body* had before been
 mention'd as join'd with *Cowardise*, they will think with me, that
stout either was or ought to have been the Original. Since I wrote
 this I consulted Mr. *Theobald's* Margin, and find that he excepted
 against the Word in Question, and would read *strange* for *strong*, and
 instead of *strange*, a few Lines above, would read *a strong, goodly*
Fellow, supposing the Words to have chang'd Places. Perhaps Par-
 tiality makes me prefer my own Conjecture, tho' I allow his Emenda-
 tion to be plausible, as to *strange for strong*, but not as to the
 former,

Mich.

Mich. I hear every hour of her, though I ne'er saw her,
She is the main discourse: Noble *Don Juan de Castro*;
How happy were that Man could catch this Wench up,
And live at ease! she's Fair and Young, and Wealthy,
Infinite Wealthy, and as Gracious too
In all her Entertainments, as Men report.

Juan. But she is proud, Sir, that I know for certain,
And that comes seldom without Wantonness;
He that shall marry her, must have a rare Hand.

Mich. Wou'd I were married, I wou'd find that Wisdom
With a light Rein to rule my Wife. If e'er Woman
Of the most subtile Mould went beyond me,
I'd give Boys leave to whoot me out o' th' Parish.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir,

There be two Gentlewomen attend to speak with you.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Mich. Are they two handsome Women? [Sir.

Ser. They seem so, very handsome, but they're vail'd,

Mich. Thou put'st Sugar in my Mouth, how it melts
with me!

I love a sweet young Wench.

Juan. Wait on them in, I say. [Exit Servant.

Mich. *Don Juan.*

Juan. How you Itch, *Michael!* how you Burnish!

Will not this Soldier's Heat out of your bones yet,
Do your Eyes glow now? *Mich.* There be two. *Juan.* Say
honest,

(3) What shame have you then?

Mich. I wou'd fain see that,

I've been in the *Indies* twice, and have seen strange Things,
But for two honest Women; — one I read of once.

(3) *What shame have you then?*] Mr. Theobald reads *share*,
and the same Change was suggested by an ingenious Friend. But I
see no reason for it. How will you be *asham'd* if you offer Rude-
ness to Women of Virtue? *Juan* is a good Character, and the Sentiment
very proper for him.

Juan.

Juan. Prithee be Modest.

Mich. I'll be any thing.

Enter Servant, Donna Clara, and Estifania, veil'd.

Juan. You're welcome, Ladies.

Mich. Both hooded ! I like 'em well though,
They come not for Advice in Law sure hither ;
May be they'd learn to raise the Pike, I'm for 'em :
They're very Modest ; 'tis a fine Preludium.

Juan. With me, or with this Gentleman, wou'd you
speak, Lady ?

Cl. With you, Sir, as I guess, *Juan de Castro.*

Mich. Her Curtain opens, she is a pretty Gentlewoman.

Juan. I am the Man, and shall be bound to Fortune,
I may do any Service to your Beauties. [ders,

Cl. Captain I hear you're marching down to *Flan-*
To serve the Catholick King.

Juan. I am, sweet Lady.

Cl. I have a Kinsman, and a noble Friend,
Imploy'd in those Wars, may be, Sir, you know him,
Don Campusano, Captain of *Carbines*,
To whom I wou'd request your Nobleness,
To give this poor Remembrance. [Gives a Letter.

Juan. I shall do it,
I know the Gentleman, a most worthy Captain.

Cl. Something in private.

Juan. Step aside : I'll serve thee. [Ex. Juan, and Clara.

Mich. Prithee let me see thy Face.

Estif. Sir, you must pardon me,
Women of our sort, that maintain fair Memories,
And keep suspect off from their Chastities,
Had need wear thicker Vails.

Mich. I am no Blaster of a Lady's Beauty,
Nor bold Intruder on her special Favours,
I know how tender Reputation is,
And with what Guards it ought to be preserv'd, Lady,
You may to me.

Estif. You must excuse me, Signior, I come
Not here to sell my self.

Mich.

Mich. As I'm a Gentleman, by the honour of a Soldier.

Estif. I believe you,
I pray be civil, I believe you'd see me,
And when you've seen me I believe you'll like me,
But in a strange Place, to a Stranger too,
As if I came on purpose to betray you,
Indeed I will not.

Mich. I shall love you dearly,
And 'tis a Sin to fling away Affection,
I have no Mistress, no desire to Honour
Any but you. (Will not this Oyster open?)
I know not, you have struck me with your Modesty
(She will draw sure) so deep and taken from me
All the Desire I might bestow on others—
Quickly before they come.

Estif. Indeed I dare not :
But since I see you're so desirous, Sir,
To view a poor Face that can merit nothing
But your Repentance.

Mich. It must needs be excellent.

Estif. And with what Honesty you ask it of me,
When I am gone let your Man follow me,
And view what House I enter, thither come,
For there I dare be bold to appear open :
And as I like your virtuous Carriage then,

Enter Juan, Clara, and Servant.

I shall be able to give welcome to you.
She'th done her business, I must take my leave, Sir.

Mich. I'll kiss your fair white Hand, and thank you,
Lady.

My Man shall wait, and I shall be your Servant ;
Sirrah, come near, hark.

Ser. I shall do it faithfully. [Exit.]

Juan. You will command me no more Services?

Clara. T' be careful of your noble Health, dear Sir,
That I may ever honour you.

Juan. I thank you,

And kiss your Hands; wait on the Ladies down there.

[*Exeunt Ladies and Servant.*

Mich. You had the honour to see the Face that came to you?

[*cbael?*

Juan. And 'twas a fair one; what was yours, *Don Mi-*

Mich. Mine was i' th'clipse, and had a Cloud drawn over it.

But I believe, well, and I hope 'tis handsome, She had a Hand would stir a holy Hermite.

Juan. You know none of 'em?

Mich. No. *Juan.* Then I do, Captain, But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't, Sit close *Don Perez*, or your Worship's caught.

(4) I fear a Flye.

Mich. Were those she brought Love-Letters?

Juan. A Packet to a Kinsman now in *Flanders*, Yours was very modest methought.

Mich. Some young unmanag'd thing, But I may live to see——

Juan. 'Tis worth Experience, Let's walk abroad and view our Companies. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sanchio, and Alonzo.

San. What, are you for the Wars, *Alonzo?*

Alon. It may be ay,

It may be no, e'en as the Humour takes me. If I find Peace among the female Creatures, And easie Entertainment, I'll stay at home, I'm not so far oblig'd yet to long Marches And mouldy Biskets, to run mad for Honour, When you're all gone I have my choice before me.

San. Ay, of which Hospital thou'lt sweat in; wilt thou Never leave whoring?

Alon. There is less Danger in't than gunning, *Sanchio*, Though we be shot sometimes, the Shot's not mortal, Besides, it breaks no Limbs.

(4) *I fear a Flye.*] Both Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympson* make a Query about this. I suppose it a Metaphor taken from fishing with Flies.

San.

San. But it disables 'em,
Dost see how thou pull'st thy Legs after thee,
As if they hung by Points?

Alon. Better to pull 'em thus than walk on Wooden
ones,
Serve bravely for a Billet to support me.

San. Fye, fye, 'tis base.

Alon. Dost count it base to suffer?
Suffer abundantly? 'tis th' Crown of Honour;
You think it nothing to lie twenty Days
Under a Surgeon's hands that has no Mercy.

San. As thou hast done I'm sure, but I perceive now
Why you desire to stay, the Orient Heirefs,
The *Margarita*, Sir.

Alon. I wou'd I had her.

San. They say she'll marry.

Alon. Yes, I think she will.

San. And marry suddenly, as Report goes too,
She fears her Youth will not hold out, *Alonzo*.

Alon. I wou'd I had the sheathing on't.

San. They say too .

She has a greedy Eye, that must be fed
With more than one Man's Meat.

Alon. Wou'd she were mine,
I'd Cater for her well enough; but *Sanchio*,
There be too many great Men that adore her;
Princes, and Princes Fellows, that claim Privilege.

San. Yet those stand off i' th' way of Marriage;
(5) To be tyed to a Man's pleasure is a second Labour.

Alon.

(5) *To be tyed to a Man's pleasure is a second Labour.*] Mr. *Sympson*, who, if he happens to overlook the true Sense, seldom fails to strike out a new one that is at least plausible, supposes *second Labour* to refer to the Labours of *Hercules*, and instead of *Man's Pleasure* reads *Woman's*; his Sense therefore is, *To be ty'd to a Woman's Pleasure is a second Herculean Labour*. But I have long observ'd, that all of us who have been engag'd in Verbal Criticism, are more frequently guilty of Mistakes as to the true Sense of the Original, than of Want of Sagacity in our Conjectures. This is certainly Mr. *Sympson's* Case here. The Sense is, I think, as clear as the Light, without any Change or Reference to any thing but the Matter in hand. *Great Men like to enjoy Mar-*

Alon. She's bought a brave House here in Town.

San. I've heard so.

Alon. If she convert it now to pious uses,
And bid poor Gentlemen welcome.

San. When comes she to it? [yet,

Alon. Within these two days, she's in the Country
And keeps the noblest House.

San. Then there's some hope of her :

Wilt thou go my way? *Alon.* No, no, I must leave
you, and

Repair to an old Gentlewoman that
Has Credit with her, that can speak a good Word.

San. Send thee good Fortune, but make thy Body
found first.

Alon. I am a Soldier, and too found a Body
Becomes me not ; so, farewell, *Sanchio.* [Exeunt.

Enter a Servant of Michael Perez.

Ser. 'Tis this or that House, or I've lost my Aim,
They're both fair Buildings, she walk'd plaguy fast ;

Enter Estifania.

And hereabouts I lost her ; stay, that's she,
'Tis very she,——she makes me a low court'ie,
Let m' note the Place, the Street I well remember. [Exit.
She's in again, certain some noble Lady.
How happy should I be if she love my Master :
A wondrous goodly House, here are brave Lodgings,
And I shall sleep now like an Emperor,
And eat abundantly : I thank my Fortune,
I'll back with speed, and bring him happy Tidings. [Exit.

Enter three old Ladies.

1 *Lady.* What shou'd it mean, that in such haste we're
sent for?

2 *Lady.* Be like the Lady *Margaret* has some business

*garita as a Mistress, but to be ty'd to her as a Wife would make their
Pleasure become a Drudgery. A Sentiment but too often verifd in
Persons who are marry'd even to Women of Virtue as well as Beauty.*

She'd

She'd break to us in private. *3 Lady.* It shou'd seem so.
'Tis a good Lady, and a wise young Lady.

2 Lady. And virtuous enough too, that I warrant ye,
For a young Woman of her Years; 'tis pity
To load her tender Age with too much Virtue. [with.

3 Lady. 'Tis more sometimes than we can well away

Enter Altea.

Alt. Good morrow, Ladies.

All. 'Morrow my good Madam. [garet?

1 Lady. How does the sweet young Beauty, Lady Mar-

2 Lady. Has she slept well after her walk last Night?

1 Lady. Are her Dreams gentle to her Mind?

Alt. All's well,

She's very well, she sent for you thus suddenly
To give her Counsel in a Business
That much concerns her.

2 Lady. She does well and wisely,
To ask the Counsel of the Ancient'st, Madam,
Our Years have run through many things she knows not.

Alt. She wou'd fain marry.

1 Lady. 'Tis a proper calling, [with?
And well befits her Years: Who wou'd she yoke

Alt. That's left to argue on, I pray come in
And break your Fast, drink a good Cup or two,
T' strengthen your Understandings, then she'll tell ye.

2 Lady. And good Wine breeds good Counsel, we'll
yield to ye. [Exeunt.

Enter Juan de Castro, and Leon.

Juan. Have you seen any Service?

Leon. Yes.

Juan. Where?

Leon. Every where.

Juan. What Office bore ye?

Leon. None, I was not worthy.

Juan. What Captains know you?

Leon. None, they were above me.

Juan. Were you ne'er hurt?

Leon. Not that I well remember,

But once I stole a Hen, and then they beat me.

Pray ask me no long Questions, I've an ill Memory.

Juan. This is an Ass; did you ne'er draw your Sword yet?

Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank Heav'n for't.

Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en Prisoner?

Leon. No, I ran away,

For I had ne'er no Mony to redeem me.

Juan. Can you endure a Drum?

Leon. It makes my Head ake.

Juan. Are you not valiant when you're Drunk? *Leon.* I think not,

But I am loving, Sir.

Juan. What a Lump is this Man,

Was your Father wife?

Leon. Too wise for me, I'm sure,

For he gave all he had to my younger Brother.

Juan. That was no foolish part I'll bear you witness. Canst thou lye with a Woman?

Leon. I think I cou'd make shift, Sir,

But I am bashful.

Juan. In the Night?

Leon. I know not,

Darkness indeed may do some good upon me.

Juan. Why art thou sent to me to be my Officer,

Ay, and commended too, when thou darst not fight?

Leon. There be more Officers of my Opinion,

Or I am cozen'd, Sir, Men that talk more too.

Juan. How wilt thou scape a Bullet?

Leon. Why by chance,

They aim at honourable Men, alas I'm none, Sir. [me.

Juan. This Fellow has some doubts in's Talk that strike

Enter Alonzo.

He cannot be all Fool: Welcome *Alonzo*. [company?

Alon. What have you got there, Temperance into your The Spirit of Peace? We shall have Wars

Enter

Enter Cacafozo.

(6) By th' Ounce then.

O here's another Pumpkin, let loose
For luck sake, the cram'd Son of a starv'd Usurer,
Cacafozo,

Both their Brains butter'd, cannot make too Spoonfuls.

Caca. My Father's dead: I am a Man of War too,
Monies, Demesnes; I've Ships at Sea too, Captains.

Juan. Take heed o' th' *Hollanders*, your Ships may
leak else.

Caca. I scorn the *Hollanders*, they are my Drunkards.

Alon. Put up your Gold, Sir, I will borrow jt else.

Caca. I'm satisfied, you shall not.

Come out, I know thee, meet mine Anger instantly.

Leon. I never wrong'd ye.

Caca. Thou'st wrong'd mine Honour,

Thou look'dst upon my Mistress thrice lasciviously,
I'll make it good.

Juan. Do not heat your self, you will Surfeit.

(7) *Caca.* Thou wan'st my Mony too, with a pair of
base bones,

In whom there was no truth, for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much, now I will hurt thee dangerously.

This shall provoke thee. [*He strikes.*]

Alon. You struck too low by a Foot, Sir.

(6) *By th' Ounce then. O here's another Pumpkin,*

Let him loose, for luck sake, the cram'd Son

Of a starv'd Usurer, Cacafozo, both their Brains butter'd,

Cannot make two Spoonfuls.]

The Measure of this Play, as of most others, has been greedily injur'd by all the Editions; but I only mention the Amendment of it, where more material Mistakes give an Occasion for a Note. In the second Line, I take *him* to be an Interpolation, *Cacafozo* was a rich Fool, let loose by his Father's Death for the good Luck of wiser Men that would profit by his Prodigality. The Word *starv'd* is only a Corruption of the two last Editions, and the Correction was evident at first sight both to Mr. *Sympson* and myself.

(7) *Caca. Thou want'st my Mony, with a pair of base bones,]* This gross Mistake, of the last Edition only, must be evident likewise to every Reader as well as to us. Mr. *Theobald's* Margin has both these Corrections.

Juan. Yo' must get a Ladder when you'd beat this Fellow.

Leon. I cannot chuse but kick again, pray pardon me.

Caca. Hadst thou not ask'd my Pardon, I had kill'd thee,

I leave thee as a thing despis'd, (7) *bajo las manos à vostra Signoria.* [Exit Cac.

Alon. You've scap'd by Miracle, there is not in all Spain

A Spirit of more fury than this Fire-drake.

Leon. I see he's hasty, and I'd give him leave To beat me soundly if he'd take my Bond.

Juan. What shall I do wi' this Fellow? *Alon.* Turn him off,

He will infect the Camp with Cowardise, If he go with thee.

Juan. About some Week hence, Sir, If I can hit upon no abler Officer, You shall hear from me.

Leon. I desire no better.

[Exeunt.

Enter Estifania and Perez.

Per. You've made me now too bountiful amends, Lady, For your strict Carriage when you saw me first: These Beauties were not meant to be conceal'd, It was a Wrong to hide so sweet an Object, I cou'd now chide ye, but it shall be thus, No other Anger ever touch your Sweetness.

Estif. Y' appear to me so honest, and so civil, Without a blush, Sir, I dare bid ye welcome.

Per. Now let me ask your Name. *Estif.* 'Tis *Estifania,*

The Heir of this poor Place. *Per.* Poor, do you call it? There's nothing that I cast mine Eyes upon, But shews both rich and admirable, all the Rooms Are hung as if a Princess were to dwell here, The Gardens, Orchards, every thing so curious.

(8) *Affoles manus a vostra finiare a Maistre.*] I have put Mr. Theobald's Correction of this into the Text.

Is all that Plate your own too ?

Estif. 'Tis but little,
Only for present use, I've more and richer,
When need shall call, or Friends compel me use it ;
The Suits you see of all the upper Chamber,
Are those that commonly adorn the House ;
I think I have besides, as fair, (9) as *Sevil*,
Or any Town in *Spain* can parallel.

Per. Now if she be not married, I have some hopes.
Are you a Maid ?

Estif. You make me blush to answer,
I ever was accounted so to this Hour,
And that's the reason that I live retir'd, Sir.

Per. Then wou'd I counsel you to marry presently,
(If I can get her, I am made for ever)
For every Year you lose, you lose a Beauty,
A Husband now, an honest careful Husband,
Were such a comfort : Will ye walk above Stairs ?

Estif. This Place will fit our talk, 'tis fitter far, Sir,
Above there are Day-beds, and such Temptations
I dare not trust, Sir.

Per. She's excellent wife withal too.

Estif. You nam'd a Husband, I am not so strict, Sir,
Nor ty'd unto a Virgin's Solitariness,
But if an honest, and a noble one,
Rich, and a Soldier, for so I've vow'd he shall be,
Were offer'd me, I think I shou'd accept him,
But above all he must love.

Per. He were base else.
There's Comfort ministred in the word Soldier,
How sweetly should I live !

(9) ——— as fair, as civil,
As any Town in Spain can parallel.] The first Quarto reads,
————— as civil,

Or any Town in Spain can parallel.

The subsequent Editions in attempting to correct this made tolerable Sense by changing *Or* to *As*, tho' Mr. *Sympson* and I agree that they mistook the real Corruption ; the Change of the Adjective *civil* to the Name of the City gives so much better a Reading, that we doubt not of its being the Original. Upon consulting Mr. *Theobald's* Margin, I find the same Correction there.

Estif. I'm not so ignorant,
 But that I know well how to be commanded,
 And how again to make my self obey'd, Sir ;
 I waste but little, I have gather'd much,
 My Rial not the less worth, when 'tis spent,
 If spent by my direction ; to please my Husband
 I hold it as indifferent in my Duty,
 To be his Maid i' th' Kitchen, or his Cook,
 As in the Hall to know myself the Mistress.

Per. Sweet, rich, and provident, now Fortune stick
 to me ;

I am a Soldier, and a Batchelor, Lady,
 And such a Wife as you I cou'd love infinitely ;
 They that use many words, some are deceitful ;
 I long to be a Husband, and a good one,
 For 'tis most certain I shall make a Precedent
 For all that follow me to love their Ladies ;
 I'm young you see, able I'd have you think too,
 If't please you know, try me before you take me.
 'Tis true I shall not meet in equal Wealth wi' ye,
 But Jewels, Chains, such as the War has given me,
 A thousand Ducats too I dare presume on
 In ready Gold, now as your care may handle it ;
 As rich Cloaths too as any he bears Arms, Lady.

Estif. You're a true Gentleman, and fair, I see by ye,
 And such a Man I'd rather take——

Per. Pray do so,

I'll have a Priest o' th' sudden. *Estif.* And as suddenly
 You will repent too. *Per.* I'll be hang'd or drown'd
 first,

By this, and this, and this Kifs.

Estif. You're a Flatterer,

But I must say there was something when I saw you
 First, in that noble Face, that stir'd my Fancy.

Per. I'll stir it better ere you sleep, sweet Lady,
 I'll send for all my Trunks and give up all to ye,
 Into your own dispose, before I bed ye,
 And then sweet Wench.

Estif. You have the Art to cozen me.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Margarita, two Ladies, and Altea.

Mar. **S**IT down and give me your Opinions seriously.
1 Lady. You say you have a mind to marry, Lady.

Mar. 'Tis true, I have for to preserve my Credit,
 Yet not so much for that as for my State, Ladies,
 Conceive me right, there lies the main o'th' Question,
 Credit I can redeem, Mony will imp it,
 But when my Mony's gone, when the Law shall
 Seize that, and for incontinency strip me
 Of all.

1 Lady. D' you find your Body so malicious that way ?

Mar. I find it as all Bodies are that 're young
 And lusty, lazy, and high fed, I desire
 My Pleasure, and Pleasure I must have. *2 Lady.* 'Tis fit
 you shou'd have,
 Your Years, require it, and 'tis necessary,
 As necessary as Meat to a young Lady,
 Sleep cannot nourish more.

1 Lady. But might not all this be, and keep ye single ?
 You take away variety in Marriage,
 Th' abundance of the Pleasure you are bar'd then ;
 Is't not Abundance that you aim at ? *Mar.* Yes,
 Why was I made a Woman ? *2 Lady.* And ev'ry day
 A new ? *Mar.* Why fair and young, but to use it ?

1 Lady. You're still i' th' right, why wou'd you marry
 then ?

Alt. Because a Husband stops all doubts in this point,
 And clears all Passages.

2 Lady. What Husband mean ye ?

(10) *Alt.* A Husband of an easie Faith, a Fool,
 Made by her Wealth, and moulded to her Pleasure ;

One

(10) *Alt.* *A Husband of an easie Faith, —*] This Part of *Altea*
 is given to the fourth Lady in the first Quarto. She is the Plotter, and
 Sister to *Leon* ; but the Players, probably to contract the Number of
 Characters,

One though he see himself become a Monster,
Shall hold the Door, and entertain the Maker.

2 *Lady*. You grant there may be such a Man.

1 *Lady*. Yes marry,

But how to bring 'em to this rare Perfection.

2 *Lady*. They must be chosen so, things of no Honour,
Nor outward Honesty.

Mar. No, 'tis no matter,
I care not what they are, so they be lusty.

2 *Lady*. Methinks now a rich Lawyer, some such
Fellow,

That carries Credit, and a Face of awe,
But lies with nothing but his Clients business.

Mar. No there's no trusting them, they are too subtil,
The Law has moulded 'em of natural mischief.

1 *Lady*. Then some grave Governor,
Some Man of Honour, yet an easie Man.

Mar. If he have Honour I'm undone, I'll none such,
I'll have a lusty Man, Honour will cloy me.

Alt. 'Tis fit ye shou'd, Lady;
And to that end, with Search and Wit and Labour,
I've found one out, a right one and a perfect,
He's made as strong as Brass, is of brave Years too,
And doughty of Complexion.

Mar. Is he a Gentleman?

Alt. (11) Yes and a Soldier, but as gentle as
You'd wish him, a good Fellow wears good Cloaths.

Mar. Those I'll allow him, they are for my credit,
Does h' understand but little?

Alt. Very little.

Mar. 'Tis the better,

Characters, gave her whole Part to *Altea*; and with so much Judgment, that I question whether they had not the Author's Approbation, and therefore I shall not alter it.

(11) *Yes and a Soldier, as gentle as you would wish him,*] The Measure of this and the three Lines following was confused, but requires only a proper Disposition of the Lines, and a single Particle to restore it, and which at the same time seems to me as necessary to the Sense as Measure.

(12) Have not the Warres bred him up to Anger?

Alt. No, he won't quarrel with a Dog that bites him,
Let him be drunk or sober, he's one Silence.

Mar. H'as no capacity what Honour is?
For that's the Soldier's God.

Alt. Honour's a thing too subtile for his Wisdom,
If Honour lye in eating, he's right honourable.

Mar. Is he so goodly a Man, do you say?

Alt. As you shall see, Lady,
But to all this he's but a Trunk.

Mar. I'd have him so,
I shall add Branches to him to adorn him.
Go, find me out this Man, and let me see him,
If h' be that Motion that you tell me of,
And make no more Noise, I shall entertain him,
Let him be here.

Alt. He shall attend your Ladyship. [Exeunt.]

Enter Juan, Alonzo, and Perez.

Juan. Why thou'rt not married indeed?

Per. No, no, pray think so,
Alas I am a Fellow of no reckoning,
Not worth a Lady's Eye.

Alon. Wou'dst steal a Fortune,
And make none of thy Friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy Wedding?

Per. No indeed,
There was no Wisdom in't, to bid an Artist,
An old Seducer, to a Female Banquet;
I can cut up my Pye without your Instructions.

Juan. Was it the Wench i' th' Veil?

Per. Basta, 'twas she,
The prettiest Rogue that e'er you look'd upon,
The loving'st Thief.

Juan. And is she rich withal too?

(12) *Have not the Wars—*] I have restored the Reading of the old Quarto here, because two Syllables are necessary to the Verse. And as I have before observed, every Reader should accustom his Ear to the old Pronunciations of Words, whilst he is reading our old Poets.

Per.

Per. A Mine, a Mine, there is no end of Wealth,
Colonel;

I am an Afs, a bashful Fool, prithee Colonel,
How do thy Companies fill now?

Juan. You're merry, Sir,

Yo' intend a safer War at home belike now. [lonel,

Per. I do not think I shall fight much this Year, Co-
I find my self giv'n to my Ease a little,
I care not if I sell my foolish Company,
They're things of hazard.

Alon. How it angers me,
This Fellow at first sight should win a Lady,
A rich young Wench, and I that have consum'd
My Time and Art in searching out their Subtleties,
Like a fool'd Alchymist blow up my Hopes still?
When shall we come to th' House and b' freely merry?

Per. When I have manag'd her a little more,
I have an House to entertain an Army. [thee.

Alon. If th' Wife be fair, thou'lt have few less come to

Per. Where they'll get Entertainment is the point,
Signior.

I beat no Drum.

Alon. (13) You need none but her Taber.

Per. May be I'll march, after a Month or two,
To get me a fresh Stomach. I find, Colonel,
A wantonness in Wealth, methinks I agree not with,
'Tis such a trouble to be married too,
And have a thousand things of great importance,
Jewels, and Plates, and Fooleries molest me,
To have a Man's Brains whimsied with his Wealth:
Before I walk'd contentedly.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Mistrefs, Sir, is sick, because you're absent,
She mourns and will not eat.

(13) *Alon.* *You need none but her Taber;*

May be I'll march, &c.] This whole Speech, all but
the first Line of which so evidently belongs to *Perez*, was given to
Alonzo in all the former Editions. *Mr. Symfson* and *Mr. Theobald*
agreed with me in the Emendation.

Per.

Per. Alas, my Jewel,
Come I'll go with thee; Gentlemen your fair leaves,
You see I'm ty'd a little to my Yoke,
Pray pardon me, wou'd ye had both such loving Wives.

Juan. I thank ye [Exeunt *Per.* and *Servant.*
For your old Boots; never be blank, *Alonzo*,
Because this Fellow has outstript thy Fortune;
Tell me ten days hence what he is, and how
The gracious state of Matrimony stands with him;
Come, let's to Dinner, when *Margarita* comes
We'll visit both, it may be then your fortune. [Exeunt.

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Ladies.

Mar. Is he come?

Alt. Yes, Madam, h'as been here this half hour,
I've question'd him of all that you can ask him,
And find him as fit as you had made the Man;
He'll make the goodliest Shadow for Iniquity.

Mar. Ha' ye searcht him, Ladies?

Omnes. He's a Man at all points, a likely Man.

Mar. Call him in, *Altea.* [Exit *Altea.*

Enter Leon, and Altea.

A Man of a good Prefence, pray ye come this way,
Of a lusty Body, is his Mind so tame?

Alt. Pray question him, and if you find him not
Fit for your Purpose, shake him off, there's no harm done.

Mar. Can ye love a young Lady? How he blushes!

Alt. Leave twirling of your Hat, and hold your Head up,
And speak to th' Lady.

Leon. Yes, I think I can,
I must be taught, I know not what it means, Madam.

Mar. You shall be taught; and can you when she pleases
Go ride abroad, and stay a Week or two?
You shall have Men and Horses to attend ye,
And Mony in your Purse.

Leon. Yes, I love riding,
And when I am from home I am so merry.

Mar. B' as merry as you will. Can you as handsomly,
When you are sent for back, come with Obedience,

And

And do your Duty to the Lady loves you?

Leon. Yes sure, I shall.

Mar. And when you see her Friends here,
Or noble Kinsmen, can you entertain
Their Servants in the Cellar, and be busied,
And hold your Peace, what e'er you see or hear of?

Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.

Mar. Let me try your Kisses;
How the Fool shakes! I will not eat ye, Sir.
Bethrew my Heart he kisses wondrous manly?
Can ye do any thing else?

Leon. Indeed I know not;
But if your Ladyship will please to instruct me,
Sure I shall learn.

Mar. You shall then be instructed.
If I should be this Lady that affects ye,
Nay say I marry ye?

Alt. Hark to the Lady.

Mar. What Mony have ye?

Leon. None, Madam, nor no Friends,
I wou'd do any thing to serve your Ladyship.

Mar. You must not look to be my Master, Sir,
Nor talk i'th' House as though you wore the Breeches,
No, nor command in any thing.

Leon. I will not,
Alas, I am not able, I've no Wit, Madam.

Mar. Nor do not labour to arrive at any,
'Twill spoil your Head, I take ye upon Charity,
And like a Servant ye must be unto me,
As I behold your Duty I shall love ye,
And as yo' observe me, I may chance lye with ye,
Can you mark these?

Leon. Yes indeed, forsooth.

Mar. There is one thing,
That if I take ye in I put ye from me,
Utterly from me, you must not be sawcy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me,
Scarce know me, when I call ye not.

Leon. I will not. Alas, I never knew my self sufficiently.

Mar. Nor must not now.

Leon.

Leon. I'll be a Dog to please ye.

Mar. Indeed you must fetch and carry as I appoint ye.

Leon. I were to blame else.

Mar. Kiss me again; a strong Fellow,
There is a vigour in his Lips: If you see me
Kiss any other, twenty in an hour, Sir,
You must not start, not be offended. *Leon.* No,
If you kiss a thousand I shall be contented,
It will the better teach me how to please ye.

Alt. I told ye, Madam.

Mar. 'Tis the Man I wisht for;
The less you speak—— *Leon.* I'll never speak again,
Madam,

But when you charge me, then I'll speak softly too.

Mar. Get me a Priest, I'll wed him instantly.
But when you're married, Sir, you must wait on me,
And see y' observe my Laws.

Leon. Else you shall hang me.

Mar. I'll give ye better Cloaths when you deserve 'em;
Come in, and serve for witness.

Omnes. We shall, Madam.

Mar. And then away to th' City presently,
I'll to my new House and new Company.

Leon. A thousand Crowns are thine; I'm a made Man.

Alt. Do not break out too soon.

Leon. I know my time, Wench. [Exeunt.

Enter Clara, and Estifania with a Paper.

Clara. What, have you caught him?

Estif. Yes.

Clara. And do you find him

A Man of those hopes that you aim'd at?

Estif. Yes too,

And the most kind Man, and the ablest also
To give a Wife content, he's sound as old Wine,
And to his Soundness rises on the Pällat,
And there's the Man; I find him rich too, *Clara.*

Clara. Hast thou married him?

Estif. What dost thou think I fish without a bait,
Wench?

I bob for Fools: He is mine own, I have him,
I told thee what would tickle him like a Trout,
And as I cast it so I caught him daintily,
And all he has I've 'stow'd at my Devotion.

Cl. Does th' Lady know this? She's coming now to
Town,

Now to live here in this House.

Estif. Let her come,
She shall be welcome, I am prepar'd for her;
She's mad sure if she b' angry at my Fortune,
For what I have made bold.

Cl. Dost thou not love him?

Estif. Yes, intirely well,
As long as there he stays and looks no farther
Into my ends; but when he doubts, I hate him,
(14) And that wise Hate will teach me how to 'coz'n him.
A Lady-tamer He, and reads Men warnings
How to decline their Wives, and curb their Manners,
To put a stern and strong Rein to their Natures,
And holds he is an As not worth acquaintance,
That cannot mould a Devil to Obedience,
I owe him a good turn for these Opinions,
And as I find his Temper I may pay him.

Enter Perez.

O here he is, now you shall see a kind Man.

Per. My *Estifania*, shall we to Dinner, Lamb?
I know thou stay'st for me.

(14) *And that wise Hate will teach me how to cozen him,*
How to decline their Wives, &c.] Mr. *Sympson* agrees with
me that there is certainly a Line or more lost between these two. The
Sense necessary is very clear from what *Perez* says of himself,

Have I so long studied the Art of this Sex,
And read the Warnings to young Gentlemen?
Have I profess'd to tame the Pride of Ladies?

From the Sense of these Lines, therefore, I have ventured to form one,
which I doubt not to be the Sense of that which is lost, and I shall keep
as close to his Words here as I can. And for this reason, in the Line,
I have inserted, I have us'd *Lady-tamer* instead of *Woman-tamer*, and
Warnings instead of *Lectures*.

Estif.

Estif. I cannot eat else.

Per. I never enter but methinks a Paradise
Appears about me.

Estif. You're welcome to it, Sir.

Per. I think I have the sweetest Seat in *Spain*, Wench,
Methinks the richest too, we'll eat i' th' Garden
In one o' th' Arbours, there 'tis cool and pleasant,
And have our Wine cool'd in the running Fountain.
Who's that ?

Estif. A Friend of mine, Sir.

Per. Of what breeding ?

Estif. A Gentlewoman, Sir.

Per. What business has she ?

Is she a learned Woman i' th' Mathematicks ?
Can she tell Fortunes ?

Estif. More than I know, Sir.

Per. Or has she e'er a Letter from a Kinswoman,
That must be delivered in my absence, Wife,
Or comes she from the Doctor to salute ye,
And learn your Health ? She looks not like a Confessor.

Estif. What need all this, why are you troubled, Sir ?
What d' you suspect, she cannot Cuckold ye,
She is a Woman, Sir, a very Woman.

Per. Your very Woman may do very well Sir,
Toward the matter, for though she can't perform it
In her own Person, she may do't by Proxy,
Your rarest Juglers work still by Conspiracy.

Estif. Cry ye mercy, Husband, you are jealous then,
And happily suspect me.

Per. No indeed Wife.

Estif. Methinks you shou'd not till you have more Cause,
And clearer too : I'm sure you've heard say, Husband,
A Woman forc'd will free herself through Iron,
A happy, calm, and good Wife discontented
May be taught Tricks.

Per. No, no, I do but jest with ye.

Estif. To morrow, Friend, I'll see you.

Cl. I shall leave ye

Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with ye. [Exit.

Estif. Why where's this Girle? who's at the Door?
[*Knock.*]

Per. Who knocks there?
Is't for the King ye come, ye knock so Boisterously?
Look to the Door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. My Lady, as I live Mistrefs, my Lady's come,
She's at the Door, I peept through, and I saw her,
And a stately Company of Ladies with her. [her,

Estif. This was a Week too soon, but I must meet with
And set a new Wheel going, and a subtile one,
Must blind this mighty *Mars*, or I am ruin'd.

Per. What are they at Door?

Estif. Such, my *Michael*,
As you may bless the Day they enter'd here,
Such for our good.

Per. 'Tis well.

Estif. Nay, 'twill be better
If you will let me but dispose the business,
And be a Stranger to't, and not disturb me,
What have I now to do but to advance your Fortune?

Per. Do, I dare trust thee, I'm asham'd I was angry,
I find thee a wise young Wife.

Estif. I'll wise your Worship
Before I leave ye;— pray ye walk by and say nothing,
Only salute them, and leave the rest to me Sir,
I was born to make ye a Man.

Per. The Rogue speaks heartily,
Her good-will colours in her Cheeks, I'm born to love her.
I must be gentler to these tender Natures,
A Soldier's rude harsh words besit not Ladies,
Nor must we talk to them as we talk to
Our Officers; I'll give her way, for 'tis
For me she works now, I am Husband, Heir,
And all she has.

Enter

Enter Margarita, Leon, Altea, and Ladies.

(15) Who're these, what flanting Things?
A Woman of rare Presence! Excellent Fair;
This is too big sure for a Bawdy House,
Too open seated too. *Estif.* My Husband Lady.

Mar. You've gain'd a proper Man. *Per.* What e'er
I am, [now,
I am your Servant, Lady. [*Kisses.*] *Estif.* Sir, be rul'd
And I shall make ye rich; this is my Cousin,
That Gentleman dotes on her, even to Death,
See how h' observes her. *Per.* She's a goodly Woman.

Estif. She is a Mirrour,
But she is poor, she were for a Prince's side else,
This House she has brought him to as to her own,
Presuming upon me, and on my Courtesie;
Conceive me short, he knows not but she's wealthy,
Or if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one,
He's so far gone.

Per. Forward, she's a rare Face.

Estif. This we must carry with discretion, Husband,
And yield unto her for four Days.

Per. Yield our House up, [ing,
Our Goods and Wealth? *Estif.* All this is but in seem-
To milk the Lover on; d' you see this Writing,
Two hundred Pound a Year, when they are married,
Has she seal'd to for our good; the time's unfit now,
I'll shew it you to Morrow.

Per. All the House?

Estif. All, all, and we'll remove too, to confirm him;
They'll into the Country suddenly again

(15) *Who are these, that flanting things, a Woman*

Of rare Presence!] I have restor'd the Reading of the old
Quarto, adjusting only the Measure and the Points, which were neg-
lected in all the Editions. Mr. *Sympson* and I, at first Reading, con-
curr'd in the same Conjecture,

Who're these? that flanting thing's a Woman
Of rare Presence! —————

He still prefers this, but I think the former full as good Sense, and that,
in such Cases, Conjecture should not contend with Authority.

After they're matcht, and then she'll open to him.

Per. The whole Possession, Wife? Look what you do;
A part o' th' House.

Estif. No, no, they shall have all,
And take their Pleasure too, 'tis for our 'vantage.
Why, what's four Days? Had you a Sister, Sir,
A Neice or Mistrefs, that requir'd this Courtesie,
And should I make a scruple to do you good?

Per. If easily it would come back.

Estif. I swear Sir,
As easily as it came on; is it not Pity
T' let such a Gentlewoman for a little help——
You give away no House.

Per. Clear but that question.

Estif. I'll put the Writings into your Hand.

Per. Well then.

Estif. And you shall keep them safe.

Per. I'm satisfied; wou'd I'd the Wench so too.

Estif. When she has married him,
So infinite his Love is linkt unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch
May have Heav'n knows what.

Per. I'll remove the Goods straight,
And take some poor House by, 'tis but for four Days.

Estif. I have a poor old Friend; there we will be.

Per. 'Tis well then.

Estif. Go handsome off, and leave the House clear. *Per.*
Well.

Estif. That little Stuff we'll use shall follow after;
And a Boy to guide ye. Peace, and we are made both.

Mar. Come, let's go in; are all the Rooms kept sweet,
Wench?

Estif. They're sweet and neat. [Exit Perez.]

Mar. Why where's your Husband?

Estif. Gone, Madam.

When you come to your own he must give place, Lady.

Mar. Well, send you Joy, you would not let me
know't,

Yet I shall not forget ye.

Estif. Thank your Ladyship.

[Exeunt.
A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Boy.

Alt. ARE you at ease now, is your Heart at rest,
Now you have got a Shadow, an *Umbrella*
To keep the scorching World's Opinion
From your fair Credit.

Mar. I am at peace, *Altea*,
If he continue but the same he shews,
And be a Master of that Ignorance
He outwardly professes, I am happy,
The Pleasure I shall live in, and the Freedom
Without the squint-eye of the Law upon me,
Or prating liberty of Tongues, that envy.

Alt. You're a made Woman.

Mar. But if he shou'd prove now
A crafty and dissembling kind of Husband,
One read in Knavery, and brought up in the Art
Of Villany conceal'd.

Alt. My Life, an Innocent.

Mar. That's it I aim at,
That's it I hope too, then I'm sure I rule him,
For Innocents are like obedient Children
Brought up under a hard Mother-in-law, a cruel,
Who being not us'd to Breakfasts and Collations,
When they have coarse Bread offer'd 'em, are thankful,
And take it for a favour too. Are th' Rooms
Made ready t'entertain my Friends? I long to dance now,
And to be wanton; let me have a Song, is the great
Couch up

The Duke *Medina* sent?

Alt. 'Tis up and ready.

Mar. And Day-beds in all Chambers?

Alt. In all, Lady,

Your House is nothing now but various Pleasures,
The Gallants begin to gaze too.

Mar. Let 'em gaze on,

I was brought up a Courtier, high and happy,
 And Company is my Delight, and Courtship,
 And handsome Servants at my Will; where's my good
 Husband,

Where does he wait?

Alt. He knows his distance, Madam,
 I warrant ye he is busie in the Cellar
 Amongst his fellow Servants, or asleep,
 Till your Command awake him.

Enter Leon.

Mar. 'Tis well *Altea.*

It shou'd be so, my Ward I must preserve him,
 Who sent for him, how dare he come uncall'd for,
 His Bonnet on too?

Alt. Sure he sees you not.

Mar. How scornfully he looks!

Leon. Are all the Chambers
 Deckt and adorn'd thus for my Lady's Pleasure?
 New Hangings ev'ry Hour for Entertainment,
 And new Plate bought, new Jewels to give Lustre?

Ser. They are, and yet there must be more and richer,
 It is her will.

Leon. Hum, is it so? 'tis excellent,
 It is her Will too, to have Feasts and Banquets,
 Revels and Masques.

Ser. She ever lov'd 'em dearly,
 And we shall have the bravest House kept now, Sir;
 I must not call ye Master, she has warn'd me,
 Nor must not put my Hat off to ye.

Leon. 'Tis no Fashion,
 What though I be her Husband, I'm your Fellow,
 I may cut first.

Ser. That's as you shall deserve, Sir.

Leon. And when I lye with her.

Ser. May be I'll light ye,
 On the same point you may do me that Service.

Enter a Lady.

1 Lady. Madam, the Duke *Medina* with some Captains
 Will

Will come to Dinner, and have sent rare Wine,
And their best Services.

Mar. They shall be welcome,
See all be ready in the noblest Fashion,
The House perfum'd, now I shall take my Pleasure,
And not my Neighbour Justice maunder at me.
Go, get your best Clothes on, but 'till I call ye,
Be sure you be not seen, Dine with the Gentlewomen,
And behave yourself cleanly, Sir, 'tis for my Credit.

Enter a second Lady.

2 Lady. Madam, the Lady *Julia*.

Leon. That's a Bawd,

A three-pil'd Bawd, Bawd Major to the Army. [*Ship,*

2 Lady. Has brought her Coach to wait upon your Lady-
And to b' inform'd if you will take the Air this Morning.

Leon. The neat Air of her Nunnery. *Mar.* Tell
her no,

I' th' Afternoon I'll call on her.

2 Lady. I will, Madam.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Why are not you gone to prepare yourself?
May be you shall be Sewer to the First course,
A portly Presence; *Altea*, he looks lean,
'Tis a wash Knave, he will not keep his Flesh well.

Alt. A willing, Madam, one that needs no spurring.

Leon. Faith Madam, in my little understanding,
You'd better entertain your honest Neighbours,
Your Friends about ye, that may speak well of ye,
And give a worthy mention of your Bounty.

Mar. How now, what's this?

Leon. 'Tis only to perswade ye,
Courtiers are tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of March-pane Men that will not last, Madam,
An Egg and Pepper goes farther than their Potions,
And in a well-built Body, a poor Parsnip
Will play his prize above their strong Potables.

Mar. The Fellow's mad.

Leon. He that shall counsel Ladies,
That have both Liquorish and Ambitious Eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak Gospel.

Alt.

Alt. He breaks out modestly.

Leon. Pray ye be not angry,
My Indiscretion has made bold to tell ye
What you'll find true.

Mar. Thou dar'st not talk.

Leon. Not much, Madam,
You have a tie upon your Servant's Tongue,
He dares not be so bold as Reason bids him.
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your Temper.
Ne'er look so stern upon me, I'm your Husband,
But what are Husbands? Read the new World's wonders,
Such Husbands as this monstrous World produces,
And you will scarce find such Deformities,
(16) They're Shadows to conceal your venial Virtues,
Sails to your Mills, that grind with all occasions,
Balls that lie by you, to wash out your Stains,
(17) And Bills nail'd up with Horns before your Stories,
To rent out Lust.

Mar. D' you hear him talk?

Leon. I've done, Madam,
An Ox once spoke, as learned Men deliver,
Shortly I shall be such, then I'll speak wonders,
'Till when I tie my self to my Obedience. [Exit.

Mar. First I'll untie my self; did you mark the Gentleman,
How boldly and how sawcily he talk'd,
And how unlike the Lump I took him for,
The piece of ignorant Dough; he stood up to me
And mated my Commands; this was your Providence,
Your Wisdom, to elect this Gentleman,
Your excellent Forecast in the Man, your Knowledge,
What think ye now?

(16) *They're Shadows to conceal your venial Virtues.*] Mr. Symphon would read *venial Virtues*, but to me it seems a Change without an Amendment; for *venial Virtues* or *Virtues that want Pardon*, is, I think, a very elegant Expression for *Vices*, and deserves Admiration instead of Correction.

(17) *And Bills nail'd up with Horns before your Stories, To rent out last.*] A most beautiful Metaphor has been here entirely lost in all the former Editions by the Change of a single Letter, which when once hit upon appears self-evident.

Alt.

Alt. I think him an Ass still,
This boldness some o' your People have blown into him,
This Wisdom too with strong Wine, 'tis a Tyrant,
And a Philosopher also, and finds out Reasons.

Mar. I'll have my Cellar lockt, no School kept there,
Nor no Discovery. I'll turn my Drunkards,
Such as are understanding in their draughts,
And dispute learnedly the whyes and wherefores,
To Grass immediately ; I'll keep all Fools,
Sober or Drunk, still Fools, that shall know nothing,
Nothing belongs to Mankind, but Obedience,
And such a Hand I'll keep over this Husband.

Alt. He'll fall again, my Life, he cries by this time,
Keep him from Drink, he's a high Constitution.

Enter Leon.

Leon. Shall I wear my new Sute, Madam ?

Mar. No, your old Clothes,
And get you into th' Country presently,
And see my Hawks well train'd, you shall have Victuals,
Such as are fit for sawcy Pallates, Sir,
And Lodgings with the Hinds, it is too good too.

(18) *Leon.* Good Madam, be not so rough with Repentance.

Alt. You see now he's come round again.

Mar. I see not what I expect to see.

Leon. You shall see, Madam, if it please your Ladyship.

Alt. He's humbled ;

Forgive, good Lady.

Mar. Well, go get you handsome,
And let me hear no more.

Leon. Have ye yet no feeling ?
I'll pinch ye to the Bones then, my proud Lady. [*Exit.*

Mar. See you preserve him thus upon my favour,
You know his Temper, tie him to the Grinstone ;

(18) *Alt.* *Good Madam, be not so rough, with Repentance, You see now he's come round again.*] It is evident that *Leon*, in this Scene, ironically pretends Repentance, and I verily believe that the first of these Lines belongs to him, to whom I give it. As it was before pointed I could make scarce any Sense of it.

The

The next Rebellion I'll be rid of him,
I'll have no needy Rascals I tie to me,
Dispute my Life ; come in and see all handsome.

Alt. I hope to see you so too, I've wrought ill else.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Perez.

Per. Shall I

Never return to mine own House again?
We're lodg'd here in the miserablest Dog-hole,
A Conjurer's Circle gives content above it,
A Hawk's mew is a Princely Palace to it ;
We have a Bed no bigger than a Basket,
And there we lie like Butter clapt together,
And sweat our selves to Sawce immediately ;
The Fumes are infinite inhabite here too,
And t' that so thick, they cut like Marmalet,
So various too, they'll pose a Gold-finder.
Never return to mine own Paradise?

Why Wife, I say, why *Estifania*.

Estif. [*within.*] I'm going presently.

Per. Make haste, good Jewel,

I'm like the People (19) that live in the sweet Islands :
I die, I die, if I stay but one Day more here,
My Lungs are rotten with the Damps that rise,
And I cough nothing now but Stinks of all sorts ;
The Inhabitants we have are two starv'd Rats,
For they're not able to maintain a Cat here,
And those appear (20) as fearful as two Devils,
They've eat a Map o' th' whole World up already,
And if we stay a Night, we're gone for company.

(19) ————*that live in the sweet Islands:*] *Sweet Islands* may at first seem an odd Comparison to the Stenches of the Dog-hole here spoke of, but *sweet* means the *Sugar-Islands, Barbadoes, St. Kitts, &c.* the Heat and Unwholsomeness of which, at particular Seasons, is well known. Mr. *Theobald* not seeing this, reads,

—————SWEAT ISLANDS.

(20) ————*as fearful as two Devils,*] *Fearful* is here the same as *frightful* or *furios* ; so the Verb to *fear* is often us'd actively, *i. e.* to *frighten*. If *fearful* is understood in its usual Sense, the Passage will lose all its Humour.

There's

There's an old Woman that's now grown to Marble,
 Dri'd in this Brick-kiln, and she sits i' th' Chimney,
 (Which is but three Tiles rais'd like a House of Cards)
 The true proportion of an old smok'd Sibyl,
 There is a young thing too, that Nature meant
 For a Maid-servant, but 'tis now a Monster,
 She has a husk about her like a Chestnut
 With Lazines, and living under the Line here,
 And these two make a hollow sound together,
 Like Frogs, or Winds between two Doors that murmur:

Enter Estifania.

Mercy deliver me. O are you come, Wife,
 Shall we be free again?

Estif. I am now going,
 And you shall presently to your own House, Sir,
 Th' remembrance of this small Vexation
 Will be an Argument of Mirth for ever:
 By that time you have said your Orisons,
 And broke your Fast, I shall be back and ready,
 To usher you t' your old Content, your Freedom.

Per. Break my Neck rather, is there any thing here to eat
 But one another, like a Race of Canibals?
 A piece of butter'd Wall you think is excellent,
 Let's have our House again immediately,
 And pray ye take heed unto the Furniture,
 None be imbezel'd.

Estif. Not a Pin, I warrant ye.

Per. And let 'em instantly depart.

Estif. They shall both,
 There's reason in all Courtesies, they must both,
 For by this time I know she has acquainted him,
 And has provided too, she sent me word Sir,
 And will give over gratefully unto you.

Per. I'll walk i' th' Church-yard,
 The Dead cannot offend more than these Living,
 An hour hence I'll expect ye.

Estif. I'll not fail, Sir.

Per. And do you hear, let's have a handsome Dinner,
 And see all things be decent as they have been,

And

And let me have a strong Bath to restore me,

* I stink like a stale-fish Shambles, or an Oil-shop.

Estif. You shall have all, which some interpret nothing,
I'll send ye People for the Trunks afore-hand,
And for the Stuff.

Per. Let 'em be known and honest,
And do my service to your Neice.

Estif. I shall, Sir,
But if I come not at my hour, come thither,
That they may give you thanks for your fair Courtesie,
And pray y' be brave for my sake.

Per. I observe ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Juan de Castro, Sancho, and Cacafofo.

San. Thou'rt very brave.

Cac. I've Reason, I have Mony.

San. Is Mony Reason?

Cac. Yes, and Rhime too, Captain,
If ye've no Mony you're an Ass.

San. I thank ye.

Cac. Ye've Manners, ever thank him that has Mony.

San. Wilt thou lend me any?

Cac. Not a Farthing, Captain,
Captains are casual things.

San. Why so are all Men,
Thou sha't have my Bond. *Cac.* Nor Bonds nor Fetters,
Captain,

My Mony is mine own, I make no doubt on't.

Juan. What dost thou do with it?

Cac. Put it to pious uses,
Buy Wine and Wenches, and undo young Coxcombs
That would undo me.

Juan. Are those Hospitals?

Cac. I first provide to fill my Hospitals
With Creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,
And then I build: Those are more bound to pray for me:
Besides, I keep th' Inheritance in my Name still.

* *I stink like a stall-fish Shambles,*] A Stall for Fish and a Fish-Shambles seems to differ but as a part from the whole; I therefore read, a stale Fish-Shambles.

Juan.

Juan. A provident Charity ; are you for the Wars, Sir ?

Cac. I am not poor enough to be a Soldier,
Nor have I Faith enough to ward a Bullet ;
This is no lining for a Trench, I take it.

Juan. Ye have said wisely.

Cac. Had you but my Mony,
You'd swear it Colonel ; I had rather drill at home
A hundred thousand Crowns, and with more Honour,
Than exercise ten thousand Fools with nothing ;
A wife Man safely feeds, Fools cut their Fingers.

San. A right State Usurer ; why dost not marry,
And live a reverend Justice ?

Cac. Is it not nobler
T' command a reverend Justice, than to be one ?
And for a Wife, what need I marry, Captain,
When every courteous Fool that owes me Mony,
Owes me his Wife too, to appease my Fury ?

Juan. Wilt go to Dinner with us ? *Cac.* I will go,
And view the Pearl of *Spain*, the Orient fair One
The rich One too, and I will be respected,
I bear my Patent here, I will talk to her,
And when your Captainships shall stand aloof,
And pick your Noses, I will pick the Purse
Of her Affection. *Juan.* The Duke dines there to
Day too,
The Duke *Medina*.

Cac. Let the King dine there,
He owes me Mony, and so far's my Creature,
And certainly I may make bold with mine own, Captain.

San. Thou wilt eat monstrously.

Cac. Like a true born *Spaniard*,
Eat as I were in *England* where the Beef grows,
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk ye as wantonly as *Ovid* did,
To stir the Intellectuals of the Ladies ;
I learnt it of my Father's amorous Scrivener.

Juan. If we shou'd play now, you must supply me.

Cac. You must pawn a Horse Troop,
And then have at ye, Colonel.

San.

San. Come, let's go :
 This Rascal will make rare sport ; how the Ladies
 Will laugh at him ? *Juan.* If I light on him
 I'll make his Purse sweat too. *Cac.* Will ye lead, Gen-
 tlemen ? [*Exeunt*

Enter Perez, an old Woman, and Maid.

Per. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand ye,
 And tune your Pipe a little higher, Lady ;
 I'll hold ye fast : Rub, how came my Trunks open ?
 And my Goods gone, what Pick-lock Spirit ?

Old Wom. Ha ; what would ye have ?

Per. My Goods again, how came my Trunks all open ?

Old Wom. Are your Trunks open ?

Per. Yes, and Cloaths gone,
 And Chains and Jewels : How she smells like hung Beef,
 (21) The Palsy and pick locks ? fye, how she belches.
 The Spirit of Garlick.

Old Wom. Where's your Gentlewoman ?
 The young fair Woman ?

Per. What's that to my Question ?
 She is my Wife, and gone about my business.

Maid. Is she your Wife, Sir ?

Per. Yes, Sir ; is that wonder ?
 Is th' name of Wife unknown here ?

Old Wom. Is she truly, truly your Wife ?

Per. I think so, for I married her ;
 It was no Vision sure !

Maid. She has the Keys, Sir.

Per. I know she has, but who has all my Goods, Spirit ?

Old Wom. If you be married to that Gentlewoman,
 You are a wretched Man, she has twenty Husbands.

Maid. She tells you true.

Old Wom. And she's cozen'd all, Sir.

Per. The Devil she has ! I had a fair House with her,
 That stands hard by, and furnisht royally.

(21) *The Palsy and Picklocks, fye, how she belches.*] The Emendation which Mr. *Sympson*, Mr. *Theobald* and I, have all made here, will seem obvious and necessary to every Reader.

Old Wom. You're cozen'd too, (22) 'tis none of hers,
good Gentlewoman.

(23) It is a Lady's, what's the Lady's Name, Wench?

Maid. The Lady *Margarita*, she was her Servant,
And kept the House, but going from her, Sir,
For some lewd Tricks she plaid.

Per. Plague o' the Devil,
Am I, i' th' full Meridian of my Wisdom,
Cheated by a stale Quean! What kind of Lady
Is that (24) that owes the House?

Old Wom. A young sweet Lady.

Per. Of a low Stature? *Old Wom.* She's indeed
but little,

But she is wondrous fair. *Per.* I feel I'm cozen'd :
Now I am sensible I am undone,
This is the very Woman sure, that Cousin
She told me would entreat but for four days,
To make the House hers ; I'm entreated sweetly.

Maid. When she went out this Morning, that I saw,
Sir,

She had two Women at the Door attending,
And there she gave 'em things, and loaded em ;
But what they were —— I heard your Trunks too open,
If they be yours?

Per. They were mine while they were laden,

(22) —— 'tis none of hers, good Gentleman.] The old Woman
a little after applies the Phrase, *Good Gentlewoman*, with great Humour
to *Estifania*,

*But for one civil Gown her Lady gave her
She may go bare, good Gentlewoman.*

And I think the same Expression was probably in this Line ; the use of
it as a Cant Term in speaking of *Estifania's* Roguery and Poverty,
adds great Humour to the whole Scene.

(23) *It is a Lady's, what's the Lady's Name, Wench?*] This Line is
retriev'd from the old Quarto by Mr. *Sympson* and Mr. *Theobald*.

(24) —— *that owes the House?*] I was much surpriz'd to find Mr.
Theobald making a Query, whether this should not be *owns* ; when
owes in almost all old *English* Authors, as well as *Fletcher*, in the old
Editions of the Bible in the old Folios and Quartos of *Shakespeare*, &c.
almost always is wrote for *owns*.

But now they've cast their Calves, they're not worth owning.

Was she her Mistress, say you? *Old Wom.* Her own Mistress,

Her very Mistress, Sir, and all you saw

About and in that House was hers. *Per.* No Plate,

No Jewel, nor no Hangings? *Maid.* Not a farthing,

She's poor, Sir, a poor shifting thing. *Per.* No Money?

Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we are, Money as rare to her unless she steal it;

But for one civil Gown her Lady gave her,

She may go bare, good Gentlewoman.

Per. I'm mad now,

(25) I think I am as poor as she, I'm wide else,

One civil Sute I have left too, and that's all,

And if she steal that she must slay me for it;

Where does she use?

Old Wom. You may find Truth as soon,

Alas, a thousand conceal'd Corners, Sir,

She lurks in.

And here she gets a Fleece, and there another,

And lives in Mists and Smoaks where none can find her.

Per. Is she a Whore too? *Old Wom.* Little better, Gentleman,

I dare not say she is so, Sir, because

She is yours, Sir; these five Years she has firkt

A pretty Living, 'till she came to serve:

(26) I fear he'll knock my Brains out.

Per. She's sery'd me faithfully,

A Whore and Thief? two excellent moral Learnings

(25) *I think I am as poor as she, I am wide else,*] I a little hesitated upon this Expression, the only Sense that *wild* seem'd capable of was, *I think I am as poor as she, else I am mad or out of my Senses;* but this not satisfying I suspected it might be — *I am wide else, i. e. mistaken.* I should have still been diffident, had not I consulted the old Quarto which confirm'd it.

(26) *I fear he'll knock my Brains out for lying.*] Most of the things spoke of *Estifania* are true with only a little Exaggeration, and as the Words *for lying*, totally destroy all Appearance of Measure, I have ventur'd to discard them.

In one she-Saint, I hope to see her Legend.
 Have I been fear'd for my Discoveries,
 And courted by all Women to conceal 'em?
 Have I so long studied the Art of this Sex,
 And read the warnings to young Gentlemen?
 Have I profess'd to tame the Pride of Ladies,
 And make 'em bear all Tests, and am I trickt now?
 Caught in mine own nooze? Here's a Ryall left yet,
 There's for your Lodging and your Meat for this Week.
 A Silk-Worm lives at a more plentiful Ordinary,
 And sleeps in a sweeter Box: Farewel great Grandmother,
 If I do find you were an Accessary,
 'Tis but the cutting off two smoaky Minutes;
 I'll hang ye presently.

Old Wom. And I deserve it; I tell but truth.

(27) *Per.* Nor I, I am an Ass, Mother. [Exeunt.]

*Enter the Duke of Medina, Juan de Castro, Alonzo,
 Sanchio, Cacasago, and Attendants.*

Duke. A goodly House.

Juan. And richly furnisht too, Sir.

Along. Hung wantonly, I like that Preparation,
 It stirs the Blood unto a hopeful Banquet,
 And intimates the Mistress free and jovial,
 I love a House where Pleasure prepares Welcome.

Duke. Now *Cacasago*, how like you this Mansion?
 'Twere a brave Pawn.

Caca. I shall be Master of it,
 'Twas built for my Bulk, th' Rooms are wide and spacious,
 Airy and full of ease, and that I love well,
 I'll tell you when I taste the Wine, my Lord,
 And take the height of her Table with my Stomach,
 How my Affections stand to the young Lady.

Enter Margarita, Altea, Ladies, and Servants.

Mar. All welcome to your Grace, and to these Soldiers,
 You honour my poor House with your fair Presence,

(27) *Per.* *Not I, am an Ass, Mother.*] The old Quarto reads, *Nor I*, meaning, that he spoke but truth too in owning himself an Ass. The Change of *nor* to *not* in the late Editions made Nonsense of it.

Those few slight Pleasures that inhabit here, Sir,
I do beseech your Grace command, they're yours,
Your Servant but preserves 'em to delight ye.

Duke. I thank ye Lady, I am bold to visit ye,
Once more to bless mine Eyes with your sweet Beauty,
'T has been a long Night since you left the Court,
For 'till I saw you now, no Day broke to me.

Mar. Bring in the Duke's Meat.

San. She's most excellent.

Juan. Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd on,
I rather would command her than my Regiment.

Caca. I'll have a fling, 'tis but a thousand Duckats,
Which I can cozen up again in ten Days,
And some few Jewels to justify my Knavery,
Say, I shou'd marry her, she'll get more Mony
Than all my Usury, put my Knavery to it,
Sh' appears the most infallible way of Purchase,
I cou'd wish her a size or two stronger for the Encounter,
For I am like a Lion where I lay hold,
But these Lambs will endure a plaguy load,
And never bleat neither, that Sir, time has taught us,
I am so virtuous now, I cannot speak to her,
The arrant'st shamefac'd Ass, I broil away too.

Enter Leon.

Mar. Why, where's this Dinner?

Leon. 'Tis not ready, Madam,
Nor shall not be until I know the Guests too,
Nor are they fairly welcome 'till I bid 'em.

Juan. Is not this my *Alferes*? he looks another thing;
Are Miracles afoot again?

Mar. Why, Sirrah, why Sirrah, you?

Leon. I hear you, saucy Woman,
And as you are my Wife, command your Absence,
And know your Duty, 'tis the Crown of Modesty.

Duke. Your Wife?

Leon. Yes, good my Lord, I am her Husband,
And pray take notice that I claim that Honour,
And will maintain it.

Caca.

Caca. If thou beest her Husband,
I am determin'd thou shalt be my Cuckold,
I'll be thy faithful Friend.

Leon. Peace, Dirt and Dunghil,
I will not lose my Anger on a Rascal,
Provoke me more, I'll beat thy blown-up Body
'Till thou rebound'st again like a Tennis-Ball.

Alon. This is miraculous.

San. Is this the Fellow
That had the Patience to become a Fool,
A flurtd Fool, and on a sudden break,
(As if he'd shew a Wonder to the World)
Both into Bravery, 'and Fortune too?
I much admire the Man, I am astonisht.

Mar. I'll be divorc'd immediately.

Leon. You shall not,
You shall not have so much will to be wicked.
I am more tender of your Honour, Lady,
And of your Age; you took me for a Shadow,
You took me to gloss over your Discredit,
To be your Fool, you thought you'd found a Coxcomb;
I'm innocent of any foul Dishonour I mean to ye.
Only I will be known to be your Lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

Mar. I do command ye from me, thou poor Fellow,
Thou cozen'd Fool.

Leon. Thou cozen'd Fool? 'tis not so,
I will not be commanded: I'm above ye:
You may divorce me from your Favour, Lady,
But from your State you never shall, I'll hold that,
(28) And hold it to my use, the Law allows it.
And then maintain your Wantonness, I'll wink at it.

Mar. Am I brav'd thus in mine own House?

Leon. 'Tis mine, Madam,
You are deceiv'd, I'm Lord of it, I rule it
And all that's in't; you've nothing to do here, Madam;

(28) *And hold it to my use, &c.*] This whole Line is retriev'd by
Mr. Theobald from the old Quarto.

But as a Servant to sweep clean the Lodgings,
And at my farther Will to do me Service,
And so I'll keep it.

(29) *Mar.* As you love me, give way, it shall be better——

Leon. I will give none, Madam,
I stand upon the ground of mine own Honour,
And will maintain it; you shall know me now
To be an understanding feeling Man,
And sensible of what a Woman aims at,
A young proud Woman that has Will to sail with,
An itching Woman, that her Blood provokes too.
I cast my Cloud off, and appear my self,
The Master of this little piece of Mischiefe,
And I will put a Spell about your Feet, Lady,
They shall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the Fellow that the People pointed at,
For the meer sign of Man, the walking Image?
H' speaks wondrous highly.

Leon. As a Husband ought, Sir,
In his own House, and it becomes me well too;
I think your Grace would grieve if you were put to it
To have a Wife or Servant of your own,
(For Wives are reckon'd in the rank of Servants,)
Under your own Roof to command ye.

Juan. Brave,
A strange Conversion, thou shalt lead in chief now.

Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you, Sir?

Leon. Not now, Lord, my Fortune makes me ev'n,
And as I am an honest Man, I'm nobler.

(29) *Mar.* As you love me, give way.

Leon. It shall be better,

I will give none, Madam,] Thus all the Editions, but I can affix but a very faint Meaning to the first Part of what *Leon* says, *It shall be better that I do not give way.* I think it much more probable that the Words are a Part of *Margarita's* Speech, who finding her *Menaces* vain, endeavours to coax her Husband into Obedience, by conjuring him by Love, and promising that it should be better for him. I therefore have restored it to her.

Mar.

Mar. Get me my Coach.

Leon. Let me see who dares get it
Till I command, I'll make him draw your Coach
And eat your Coach too (which will be hard Diet)
That executes your Will; or take your Coach, Lady,
I give you Liberty; and take your People
Which I turn off; and take your Will abroad with ye,
Take all these freely, but take me no more,
And so farewell.

Duke. Nay, Sir, you shall not carry it
So bravely off, you shall not wrong a Lady
In a high huffing Strain, and think to beat it,
We stand not by as Bawds to your brave Fury,
To see a Lady weep.

Leon. They're Tears of Anger,
I do beseech ye note 'em, not worth Pity,
Wrung from her Rage, because her Will prevails not,
(She would e'en swoon now if she could not cry.)
Else they were excellent, and I shou'd 'grieve too,
But falling thus, thy show nor Sweet, nor Orient.
Put up my Lord, this is Oppression,
And calls the Sword of Justice to relieve me.
The Law to lend her Hand, the King to right me,
All which shall understand how you provoke me,
In mine own House to brave me, is this Princely?
Then to my Guard, and if I spare your Grace,
And do not make this Place your Monument,
Too rich a Tomb for such a rude Behaviour,
Mercy forsake me. (30) I have a Cause will kill

A thousand of ye. *Juan.* Hold, fair Sir, I beseech ye,
The Gentleman but pleads his own Right nobly. [dom,

Leon. He that dares strike against the Husband's free-
The Husband's Curse stick to him, a tam'd Cuckold,
His Wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and h' have no feeling of it,

(30) *I have a Cause will kill a thousand of ye, Mercy forsake me.]*
The last Words are evidently misplaced, and the Measure is by that
Means confused,

No Conscience to reclaim her from a Monster ;
 Let her lye by him like a flattering Ruin,
 And at one instant kill both Name and Honour,
 Let him be lost, no Eye to weep his end,
 Nor find no Earth that's base enough to bury him.
 Now Sir, fall on, I'm ready to oppose ye.

Duke. I've better thought, I pray Sir use your Wife well.

Leon. Mine own Humanity will teach me that, Sir,
 And now you're welcome all, and we'll to Dinner,
 This is my Wedding-day.

Duke. I'll cross your Joy yet.

Juan. I've seen a miracle, hold thine own, Soldier,
 Sure they dare fight in Fire that conquer Women.

San. Ha's beaten all my loose Thoughts out of me,
 As if he had threst 'em out o' th' Husk.

Enter Perez.

Per. 'Save ye,
 Which is the Lady of the House ? *Leon.* That's she, Sir,
 That pretty Lady, if you'd speak with her.

Juan. Don Michael Leon, another darer come.

Per. Pray do not know me, I am full of business,
 When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.
 It is the Woman. Good Madam, tell me truly,
 Had you a Maid call'd *Estifania* ?

Mar. Yes truly, had I.

Per. Was she a Maid d' you think ?

Mar. I dare not swear for her, ———
 For she had but a scant Fame.

Per. Was she your Kinswoman ?

Mar. Not that I ever knew ; now I look better
 I think you married her, give you much joy, Sir,
 You may reclaim her, 'twas a wild young Girl.

Per. Give me a Halter : Is not this House mine, Madam ?
 Was not she owner of it ? pray speak truly.

Mar. No, certainly, I'm sure my Mony paid for it,
 And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, Sir.

Per. The Hangings and the Plate too ?

Mar.

Mar. All are mine, Sir,
And every thing you see about the building,
She only kept my House when I was absent,
And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.

San. What a Devil ails he?

Juan. He's possess'd, I assure you.

Per. Where is your Maid?

Mar. Do not you know that have her?
She's yours now, why shou'd I look after her?
Since that first hour I came I never saw her.

Per. I saw her later, wou'd the Devil had had her,
It is all true I find, a Wild-fire take her. [lent Wife.

Juan. Is th' Wife with Child, *Don Michael*? Thy excel-
Art thou a Man yet?

Alon. When shall we come and visit thee? *San.* And eat
Some rare Fruit? Thou hast admirable Orchards,
You are so jealous now, pox o' your Jealousie,
How scurvily you look!

Per. Prithee leave fooling,
I'm in no humour now to fool and prattle;
Did she ne'er play the wag with you?

Mar. Yes many times,
So often that I was asham'd to keep her,
But I forgave her, Sir, in hope she'd mend still,
And had not you o'th' instant married her,
I'd put her off.

Per. I thank ye, I am blest still,
Which way foe'er I turn I'm a made Man,
Miserably gull'd beyond recovery.

Juan. You'll stay and dine?

Per. Certain I cannot, Captain:
Hark in thine Ear, I am the arrant'st Puppy,
The miserablest Ass! but I must leave ye,
I am in haste, in haste, bless you, good Madam, [you
And may you prove as good as my Wife. [Exit.] *Leon.* Will
Come near, Sir, will your Grace but honour me,
And taste our Dinner? You are nobly welcome,
All Anger's past I hope, and I shall serve ye.

Juan. Thou art the stock of Men, and I admire thee.

[Exeunt.
ACT

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Perez.

Per. I'LL go to a Conjurer but I'll find this Pol-cat,
 This pilfering Whore : A plague of Vails, I cry,
 And Covers for the Impudence of Women,
 Their Sanctity in show will deceive Devils ;
 It is my evil Angel, let me blefs me.

Enter Estifania with a Casket.

Estif. 'Tis he, I'm caught, I must stand to it stoutly,
 And show no shake of Fear, I see he's angry,
 Vext at the uttermost.

Per. My worthy Wife,
 I have been looking of your Modesty
 All the Town over.

Estif. My most noble Husband,
 I'm glad I have found ye, for in truth I'm weary,
 Weary and lame with looking out your Lordship.

Per. I've been in Bawdy-Houses. *Estif.* I believe you,
 And very lately too. *Per.* 'Pray y' pardon me ;
 To seek your Ladiship, I have been in Cellars,
 In private Cellars, where the thirsty Bawds
 Hear your Confessions ; I have been at Plays,
 To look you out amongst the youthful Actors,
 At Puppet Shews, you're Mistrefs of the motions,
 At Gossipings I hearken'd after you,
 But amongst those Confusions of lewd Tongues
 There's no distinguishing beyond a *Babel*.
 I was amongst the Nuns (31) because you sing well,
 But they say yours are Bawdy Songs, they mourn for ye ;

(31) ——— *because they sing well*]. This can be no reason for his seeking *Estifania* among the Nuns, and is only a Corruption of the two last Editions; the old Quarto confirm'd my Suspicion of *they* being a Corruption. Mr. *Theobald* too had quoted it from thence.

And

And last I went to Church to seek you out,
'Tis so long since yo' were there, they have forgot you.

Estif. You've had a pretty Progress, I'll tell mine now:
To look you out, I went to twenty Taverns.

Per. And are you sober?

Estif. Yes, I reel not yet, Sir,
Where I saw twenty Drunk, most of 'em Soldiers,
There I had great hope to find you disguis'd too,
From hence to the Dicing-house, there I found Quarrels
Needles and senseless, Swords, and Pots, and Candlesticks,
Tables and Stools, and all in one Confusion,
And no Man knew his Friend: I left this *Chaos*,
And to the Surgeon's went, he will'd me stay,
For says he learnedly, if he be tiple,
Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him;
If he be mad, he quarrels, then he comes too.
I fought ye where no safe thing wou'd have ventur'd,
Amongst Diseases, base and vile, vile Women,
For I remember'd your old *Roman* Axiom,
The more the Danger, still the more the Honour.
Last, to your Confessor I came, who told me,
You were too proud to pray, and here I've found ye.

Per. She bears up bravely, and the Rogue is witty,
But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.

Here leave we off our wanton Languages,
And now conclude we in a sharper Tongue.

Estif. Why am I cozen'd? ———

Why am I abused?

Per. Thou most vile, base, abominable ———

Estif. Captain.

Per. Thou stinking, oversteu'd, poor pocky ———

Estif. Captain.

Per. Do you Echo me?

Estif. Yes Sir, and go before ye,
And round about ye, why do you rail at me
For that that was your own Sin, your own Knavery?

Per. And brave me too?

Estif. You'd best now draw your Sword, Captain?
Draw it upon a Woman, do brave Captain,

Upon

Upon your Wife, Oh most renowned Captain.

Per. A Plague upon thee, answer me directly ;
Why didst thou marry me ?

Estif. To be my Husbsnd ;
I thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.

Per. Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me wonders ?
A House and Riches, when they are but Shadows,
Shadows to me ?

Estif. Why did you work on me
(It was but my part to requite you, Sir)

With your strong Soldier's Wit, and swore you'd bring me
So much in Chains, so much in Jewels, Husband,
So much in right rich Cloaths ?

Per. Thou hast 'em, Rascal ;
I gave 'em to thy Hands, my Trunks and all,
And thou hast open'd 'em, and sold my Treasure.

Estif. Sir, there's your Treasure, sell it to a Tinker
To mend old Kettles ; is this noble Usage ?
Let all the World view here the Captain's Treasure,
A Man wou'd think now, these were worthy matters ;
Here's a Shoeing-horn Chain gilt over, how it scenteth ?
Worse than the mouldy dirty Heel it serv'd for :
And here's another of a lesser value,
So little I would shame to tie my Dog in't,
These are my Jointure ; blush and save a labour,
Or these else will blush for ye.

Per. A Fire subtle ye, are ye so crafty ?

Estif. Here's a goodly Jewel,
Did not you win this at *Goletta*, Captain,
Or took it in the Field from some brave *Bashaw*.
See how it sparkles—Like an old Lady's Eyes ;
And fills each Room with Light—like a close Lanthorn !
This wou'd do rarely in an Abby Window,
To cozen Pilgrims with.

Per. Prithee leave prating.

Estif. And here's a Chain of Whitings Eyes for Pearls,
A Muscle-Monger would have made a better.

Per. Nay, prithee Wife, my Cloaths, my Cloaths.

Estif.

Estif. I'll tell ye,
Your Cloaths are Parallels to these, all Counterfeit.
Put these and them on, you're a Man of Copper,
A kind of Candlestick ; these you thought, my Husband,
To've cozen'd me withal, (32) but I am quit with you.

Per. Is there no House then, nor no Grounds about it ?
No Plate nor Hangings ?

Estif. There are none, sweet Husband,
Shadow for Shadow is as equal Justice.
Can you rail now ? (33) Pray put your Fury up, Sir,
And speak great words, you are a Soldier, Thunder.

Per. I will speak little, I have plaid the Fool,
And so I am rewarded.

Estif. You have spoke well, Sir ;
And now I see you're so conformable
I'll heighten you again ; go to your House,
They're packing to be gone, you must sup there,
I'll meet ye, and bring Cloaths, and clean Shirts after,
And all things shall be well. I'll colt you once more,
And teach you to bring Copper. [*Aside.*

Per. Tell me one thing,
I do beseech thee tell me, tell me truth, Wife ;
However I forgive thee ; Art thou honest ?
The Beldam swore.

Estif. I bid her tell you so, Sir,
It was my Plot ; alas, my credulous Husband,
The Lady told you too.

Per. Most strange things of thee.

Estif. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your suff'rance,
And she denied the House.

(32) ——— *but I am quick with you.*] I don't reject this as Non-sense, but read *quit*, as the more natural Word, which I found confirm'd by the old Quarto. Mr. Symphon.

(33) ——— *Pray put up your Fury, Sir,*] *To put up your Fury*, generally means to quell or quiet a Man's Fury. from the Metaphor of a Sword *put up* or sheath'd : But here it evidently must signify the Reverse. I thought it therefore corrupt, and that *put forth* might be the true Reading ; but consulting the old Quarto I found the Words plac'd differently, and as they are not then so liable to be mistook, I have retain'd that Reading.

Per. She knew me not,
No, nor no Title that I had.

Estif. 'Twas well carried ;
No more, I'm right and straight.

Per. I wou'd believe thee,
But Heav'n knows how my Heart is ; will ye follow me ?

Estif. I'll be there straight.

Per. I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it. [Exit Petez.]

Estif. Go, silly Fool ; thou may'st be a good Soldier
In open Field, but for our private Service
Thou art an Afs, I'll make thee so, or miss else.

Enter Cacafoغو.

Here comes another Trout that I must tickle,
And tickle daintily, I've lost my end else.
Ma' I crave your leave, Sir ?

Caca. Prithee be answer'd, thou shalt crave no leave,
I'm in my Meditations, do not vex me,
A beaten thing, but this hour a most bruis'd thing,
That People had compassion on, it look'd so,
The next Sir *Palmerin*, here's fine proportion,
An Afs, and then an Elephant, sweet Justice,
There's no way left t' come at her now, no craving,
If Mony cou'd come near, yet I wou'd pay him ;
I have a mind to make him a huge Cuckold,
And Mony may do much ; a thousand Duckats ?
'Tis but the letting Blood of a rank Heir.

Estif. 'Pray you hear me.

Caca. I know thou'st some Wedding Ring to pawn now,
Of Silver gilt, with a blind Posie in't,
Love and a Mill-horse shou'd go round together,
Or thy Child's Wistle, or thy Squirril's Chain,
I'll none of 'em ; I wou'd she did but know me,
Or wou'd this Fellow had but use of Mony,
That I might come in any way.

Estif. I'm gone, Sir,
And I shall tell the Beauty sent me to ye,
The Lady *Margarita*.

Caca.

Caca. Stay, I prithee,
What is thy Will? I turn me wholly to ye,
And talk now till thy Tongue ake, I will hear ye.

Estif. She would intreat you, Sir,

Caca. She shall command, Sir,
Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet Gentlewoman,
Do not forget thy self.

Estif. She does command then
This Courtesie, because she knows you're noble.

Caca. Your Mistres by the way?

Estif. My natural Mistres,
Upon these Jewels, Sir, they're fair and rich,
And, view 'em, right.

Caca. To doubt 'em is an Heresie.

Estif. A thousand Duckats, 'tis upon necessity
Of present use, her Husband, Sir, is stubborn.

Caca. Long may he be so. *Estif.* She desires withal
A better knowledge of your Parts and Person,
And when you please to do her so much Honour.

Caca. Come, let's dispatch.

Estif. In troth I've heard her say, Sir.
Of a fat Man she has not seen a sweeter.
But in this business, Sir.

Caca. Let's do it first
And then dispute, the Ladies use may long for't.

Estif. All secrecy she wou'd desire, she told me
How wise you are.

Caca. We are not wise to talk thus,
Carry her th' Gold, I'll look her out a Jewel,
Shall sparkle like her Eyes, and thee another;
Come prithee come, I long to serve thy Lady,
Long monstrously; now Valour I shall meet ye,
You that dare Dukes.

Estif. Green Goose you're now in Sippets. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Juan, and Alonzo.

Duke. He shall not have his Will, I shall prevent him,
I have a Toy here that will turn the Tide,
And suddenly, and strangely, hear *Don Juan*,

Do you present it to him.

Juan. I am commanded.

[*Exit.*

Duke. A Fellow founded out of Charity,
And moulded to the height, contemn his Maker,
Curb'd the free Hand that fram'd him? 'T must not be.

* *San.* That such an Oyster-shell should hold a Pearl,
And of so rare a price in Prison! (34) Was she
Made to be th' matter of her own undoing,
To let a slov'nly unweildy Fellow,
Unruly and self-will'd, dispose her Beauties?
We suffer all, Sir, in this sad Eclipse;
She should shine where she might show like her self,
An absolute Sweetness, t' comfort those admire her,
And shed her Beams upon her Friends. We're gull'd all,
And all the World will grumble at your Patience,
If she be ravisht thus.

Duke. Ne'er fear it, *Sancho*,
We'll have her free again, and move at Court
In her clear Orb. But one sweet handsomness
To bless this part of *Spain*, and have that slubber'd?

Alon. 'Tis every good Man's Cause, and we must
stir in it.

Duke. I'll warrant ye he shall be glad to please us,
And glad to share too, we shall hear anon
A new Song from him, let's attend a little. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leon, and Juan with a Commission.

Leon. Col'nel, I am bound to you for this nobleness,
I should have been your Officer, 'tis true, Sir,
And a proud Man I shou'd have been to've serv'd you;

(34) *Was she made to be the matter of her own undoing,*] Thus the former Editions. The Confusion of the Measure is easily adjusted; but I suspect a more material Corruption; for unless *Matter* may be allow'd to signify *Cause*, I can make no Sense of the Passage. *Materia*, in *Latin*, is sometimes used in this Sense: I therefore let it stand, tho' I doubt whether the Original might not have run,

————— *Was she*

Made to be th' Maker of her own undoing:

i. e. The *Maker* of *Leon*, as the *Duke* had before call'd her.

'T has

'T has pleas'd the King, out of his boundless Favours,
To make me your Companion, this Commission
Gives me a Troop of Horse.

Juan. I do rejoice at it,
And am a glad Man we shall gain your Company,
I'm sure the King knows you are newly married,
And out of that respect gives you more time, Sir.

Leon. Within four days I'm gone, so he commands me,
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it,
The time grows shorter still; are your Goods ready?

Juan. They are aboard.

Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir.

Leon. Do you hear ho, go carry this unto your Mistress,
Sir,

And let her see how much the King has honour'd me,
Bid her be lusty, she must make a Soldier. [*Exit Serv.*]

Enter Lorenzo.

(35) *Lorenzo.* *Lor.* Sir,
Go take down all the Hangings,
And pack up all my Cloaths, my Plate and Jewels,
And all the Furniture that's portable.
Sir, when we lie in Garrison, 'tis necessary
We keep a handsom Port, for the King's Honour.
And do you hear, let all your Lady's Wardrobe
Be safely plac'd in Trunks, they must along too.

Lor. Whe'er must they go, Sir?

Leon. To the Wars, *Lorenzo,*
And you and all, I will not leave a Turn-spit,
That has one Dram of Spleen against a *Dutchman.*

Lor. Why then St. *Jaques* hey, you've made us all, Sir,
And if we leave ye ——— does my Lady go too?

Leon. The Stuff must go to morrow tow' rds the Sea, Sir,
All, all must go.

(35) *Lorenzo, Sir,*] Former Editions, corrected by Mr. *Sympson.*
The Reason must be evident to every Reader.

Lor. Why *Pedro, Vasco, Dejo,*
Come help me, come come Boys, Soldadoes, Comrades,
We'll fley these Beer-bellied Rogues, come away quickly.
[*Exit.*]

Juan. H'as taken a brave way to save his Honour,
And cross the Duke, now I shall love him dearly,
By th' life of Credit thou'rt a noble Gentleman.

Enter Margarita, led by two Ladies.

Leon. Why how now, Wife, what, sick at my Pre-
ferment?
This is not kindly done.

Mar. No sooner love ye,
Love ye intirely, Sir, brought to consider
The Goodness of your Mind and mine own Duty,
But lose you instantly, be divorc'd from ye?
This is a Cruelty; I'll to the King
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two Souls,
Two minds so nearly mix'd.

Leon. By no means, Sweet-heart.

Mar. If he were married but four Days, as I am.—

Leon. He'd hang himself the fifth, or fly his Country.
[*Aside.*]

Mar. He'd make it Treason for that Tongue that durst
But talk of War, or any thing to vex him;
You shall not go.

Leon. Indeed I must, sweet Wife;
What, shall I lose the King for a few Kisses?
We'll have enough. *Mar.* I'll to the Duke my Cousin,
He shall to th' King. *Leon.* He did me this great Office,
I thank his Grace for't, should I pray him now
'T' undo't again? Fie, 'twere a base discredit.

Mar. Would I were able, Sir, to bear you Company,
How willing should I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace, you shall not. [*Knock within.*]

Mar. What knocking's this? Oh Heav'n my Head,
why Rascals.
I think the War's begun i'th' House already.

Leon.

Leon. The Preparation is, they're taking down,
And packing up the Hangings, Plate and Jewels,
And all those Furn'tures that shall besit me, when
I lye in Garrison.

Enter Coachman.

Coachm. Must the Coach go too, Sir?

Leon. How will your Lady pass to th' Sea else easily?
We shall find Shipping for't there to transport it.

Mar. I go? alas!

Leon. I'll have a main care of ye,
I know ye're sickly, he shall drive the easier,
And all Accommodations shall attend ye.

Mar. Wou'd I were able.

Leon. Come, I warrant ye,
Am not I with ye, Sweet? Are her Cloaths packt up,
And all her Linnen? Give your Maids Direction,
You know my time's but short, and I'm commanded.

Mar. Let me have a Nurse,
And all such necessary People with me,
An easie Bark.

Leon. It shall not trot I warrant ye,
Curvet it may sometimes.

Mar. I am with Child, Sir.

Leon. At four days warning? This is something speedy.
Do you conceive as our Jennets do, with a West Wind?
My Heir will be an arrant fleet one, Lady,
I'll swear you were a Maid when I first lay with ye.

Mar. Pray do not swear, I thought I was a Maid too,
But we may both be cozen'd in that point, Sir.

Leon. In such a strait point sure I cou'd not err, Madam.

Juan. This is another tenderness to try him,
Fetch her up now. *Mar.* You must provide a Cradle,
And what a trouble's that? *Leon.* The Sea shall rock it,
'Tis the best Nurse; 'twill roar and rock together,
A swinging Storm will sing you such a lullaby.

Mar. Faith let me stay, I shall but shame ye, Sir.

Leon. And you wer' a thousand Shames you shall along
with me,

At home I'm sure you'll prove a Million:
 Every Man carries th' bundle of his sins
 Upon his own Back, you are mine, I'll sweat for ye.

Enter Duke, Alonzo, and Sanchio.

Duke. What, Sir, preparing for your noble Journey?
 'Tis well, and full of care.

I saw your Mind was wedded to the War,
 And knew you'd prove some good Man for your Country,
 Thereofre fair Cousin, with your gentle pardon,
 I got this place: What, mourn at his Advancement?
 You are to blame, he'll come again, sweet Cousin,
 Mean time, like sad *Penelope* and Sage,
 Among your Maids at home, and Huswifely.

Leon. No, Sir, I dare not leave her to that Solitariness,
 She's young, and Grief or ill News from those Quarters
 May daily cros her; she shall go along, Sir.

Duke. By no means, Captain.

Leon. By all means, an't please ye.

Duke. What take a young and tender-body'd Lady,
 And expose her t' those dangers, and those tumults,
 A sickly Lady too?

Leon. 'Twill make her well, Sir,
 There's no such Friend to Health as wholesome Travel.

San. Away, it must not be.

Alon. It ought not, Sir,
 Go hurry her? It is not humane, Captain. [pests,

Duke. I cannot blame her Tears, fright her with Tem-
 With Thunder of the War.

I dare swear if sh' were able. *Leon.* She's most able.
 And pray ye swear not, she must go, there's no remedy;
 Nor Greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,
 Which I smell out too rank, too open, evident,
 (And I must tell you, Sir, 'tis most unnoble)
 Shall hinder me: Had she but ten hours life,
 Nay less, but two hours, I wou'd have her with me,
 I wou'd not leave her Fame to so much ruin,
 To such a desolation and discredit as
 Her Weakness 'nd your hot Will wou'd work her to.

Enter

Enter Perez.

What Masque is this now?

More Tropes and Figures to abuse my suff'rance,
What Cousin's this?

Juan. Michael van Owle, how dost thou?
In what dark Barn or Tod of aged Ivy
Hast thou lyen hid?

Per. Things must both ebb and flow, Colonel,
And People must conceal, and shine again.
You're welcome hither as your Friend may say, Gentlemen,
A pretty House ye see handsomly seated,
Sweet and convenient Walks, the Waters crystal.

Alon. He's certain mad.

Juan. As mad as a *French* Taylor, that
Has nothing in his Head but ends of Fustians.

Per. I see you're packing now, my gentle Cousin,
And my Wife told me I should find it so,
'Tis true I do; you were merry when I was last here,
But 'twas your Will to try my Patience, Madam.
I'm sorry that my swift occasions
Can let you take your Pleasure here no longer,
Yet I wou'd have you think, my honour'd Cousin,
This House and all I have are all your Servants.

Leon. What House, what Pleasure, Sir, what do you
mean?

Per. You hold the Jest so stiff, 'twill prove discourteous;
This House I mean, the Pleasures of this Place.

Leon. And what of them?

Per. They're mine, Sir, and you know it,
My Wife's I mean, and so confer'd upon me.
The Hangings, Sir, I must entreat your Servants,
That are so busie in their Offices,
Again to minister to their right uses,
I shall take view o'th' Plate anon, and Furnitures
That are of under place; you're merry still, Cousin,
And of a pleasant Constitution,
Men of great Fortunes make their Mirths *ad placitum*.

Leon. Prithee good stubborn Wife, tell me directly,
Good evil Wife leave fooling 'nd tell me honestly,
Is this my Kinsman?

Mar. I can tell ye nothing.

Leon. I've many Kinsmen, but so mad a one,
And so phantastick——all the House?

Per. All mine,
And all within it. I will not bate y' an ace on't.
Can't you receive a noble Courtesie,
And quietly and handsomely as y' ought, Coz,
But you must ride o'th' top on't?

Leon. Can't thou fight?

Per. I'll tell ye presently, I cou'd have done, Sir.

Leon. For you must law and claw before ye get it.

Juan. Away, no Quarrels.

Leon. Now I am more temperate,
I'll have it prov'd, you were ne'er yet in Bedlam,
Never in Love, for that's a Lunacy,
No great State left ye that you never look'd for,
Nor cannot manage, that's a rank Distemper;
That you were Christen'd, and who answer'd for ye,
And then I yield.

Per. H'as half perswaded me I was bred i'th' Moon,
I have ne'er a Bush at my Breech; are not we both mad,
And is not this a fantastick House we're in,
And all a Dream we do? Will ye walk out, Sir?
And if I do not beat thee presently

Into a sound belief, as Sense can give thee,
Brick me into that Wall there for a Chimney Piece,
And say I was one o'th' *Cæsars*, done by a Seal-cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more, come, we'll away immediately.

Mar. Why then the House is his, and all that's in it;
I'll give away my Skin but I'll undo ye;
I gave it to his Wife, you must restore, Sir,
And make a new Provision.

Per. Am I mad now

Or am I christen'd, you my Pagan Cousin,
My mighty Mahound Kinsman, what quirk now?
You shall be welcome all, I hope to see, Sir,
Your Grace here, and my Coz, we are all Soldiers,

And

And must do naturally for one another.

Duke. Are y' blank at this? Then I must tell ye, Sir,
Ye've no Command, now ye may go at pleasure
And ride your As's Troop, 'twas a trick I us'd
To try your Jealousie, upon entreaty
And saving of your Wife.

Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor stirs my Gall, nor alters my Affections:
You have more Furniture, more Houses, Lady,
And rich ones too, I will make bold with those,
And you have Land i'th' Indies as I take it,
Thither we'll go, and view a while those Climates,
Visit your Factors there, that may betray ye,
'Tis done, we must go.

Mar. Now thou'rt a brave Gentleman,
And by this sacred Light I love thee dearly.
The House is none of yours, I did but jest, Sir,
You are no Coz of mine, I beseech ye vanish,
(36) I tell you plain, you've no more right than has
'That senseless thing. Your Wife has once more fool'd ye:
Go, and consider. *Leon.* Good morrow my sweet Cousin,
I shou'd be glad, Sir.

Per. By this Hand she dies for't,
Or any Man that speaks for her. [Exit Perez.]

Juan. These are fine Toys.

Mar. Let me request you stay but one poor Month,
You shall have a Commission, and I'll go too,
Give me but Will so far.

Leon. Well, I will try ye;
Good morrow to your Grace, we've private business.

Duke. If I miss thee again, I am an arrant Bungler.

(36) *I tell you plain, you have no more right than he*

Has, that senseless thing, your Wife has once more fool'd ye:]
Who can be the Person meant here by *He that senseless thing?* *Cacafogo* is absent, and no other will answer the Character. The Measure is evidently confused, and the Omission of the Pronoun will restore both that and the Sense. I read therefore,

————— *than has*

That senseless thing.—————

pointing to a Chair, Table, or any thing near her.

Juan. Thou shalt have my Command, and I'll march
under thee,

Nay be thy Boy before thou shalt be baffled,
Thou art so brave a Fellow.

Alon. I have seen Visions.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Leon with a Letter, and Margarita.

Leon. C O M E hither Wife, d' you know this Hand?
Mar. I do, Sir.

'Tis *Estifania's*, that was once my Woman.

Leon. She writes to me here, that one *Cacasogo*,
An usuring Jeweller's Son (I know the Rascal)
Is mortally fain in Love with ye.

Mar. He's a Monster,
Deliver me from Mountains.

Leon. D' you go a birding for all sorts of People?
This Evening he'll come to y' and shew ye Jewels,
And offers any thing to get Access to ye;
If I can make or sport or profit on him,
(For he is fit for both) she bids me use him,
And so I will, be you conformable,
And follow but my will. *Mar.* I shall not fail, Sir.

Leon. Will the Duke come again, d' you think?

Mar. No sure, Sir,
H'as now no Policy to bring him hither.

Leon. Nor bring you t' him, if my Wit hold, fair Wife:
Let's in to Dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Perez.

Per. Had I but Lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,
That all the Queans in Christendom might hear me,
That Men might run away from the Contagion,
I had my wish; wou'd it were most High Treason,
Most infinite high, for any Man to marry,
I mean for any Man that wou'd live handsomely,

And

And like a Gentleman, in's Wits and Credit.
What torments shall I put her to? *Phalaris* Bull now?
Pox, they love Bulling too well, tho' they smoke for't.
Cut her apieces? ev'ry Piece will live still,
And ev'ry morsel of her will do Mischief;
They have so many Lives, there's no Hanging of 'em,
They are too light to drown, they're Cork and Feathers;
To burn too cold, they live like Salamanders;
Under huge heaps of Stones to bury her,
And so deprefs her as they did the Giants?
She will move under more than built old *Babel*.
I must destroy her.

Enter Cacasago, with a Casket.

Caca. Be cozen'd by a thing of Clouts, a she Moth,
That ev'ry Silk-man's Shop breeds; to be cheated,
And of a thousand Duckats, by a whim-wham?

Per. Who's that is cheated, speak again thou Vision,
But art thou cheated? Minister some comfort:
Tell me directly, art thou cheated bravely?
Come, prithee come, art thou so pure a Coxcomb
To be undone? Do not dissemble with me,
Tell me I conjure thee.

Caca. Then keep thy Circle,
For I'm a Spirit wild that flies about thee,
And whosoe'er thou art, if thou be'st Human,
I'll let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.

Per. Ha, ha, ha.

Caca. Dost thou laugh? damnably, I say, most damnably.

Per. By whom, good Spirit, speak, speak, ha, ha, ha.

Caca. I'll utter, laugh 'till thy Lungs crack, by a rascal
Woman,

A lewd, abominable, and plain Woman.
Dost thou laugh still?

Per. I must laugh, prithee pardon me,
I shall laugh terribly.

Caca. I shall be angry,
Terrible angry, I have cause. *Per.* That's it,
And 'tis no reason but thou shou'dst be angry,
Angry at Heart, yet I must laugh still at thee.

By 'a Woman cheated? art sure it was a Woman?

Caca. I shall break th' Head, my Valour itches at thee.

Per. It is no matter, by a Woman cozen'd,
A real Woman?

Caca. By a real Devil,
Plague of her Jewels and her Copper Chains,
How rank they smell.

Per. Sweet cozen'd Sir, let's see them,
I have been cheated too, I wou'd have you note that,
And lewdly cheated, by a Woman also,
A scurvy Woman, I am undone, sweet Sir,
Therefore I must have leave to laugh:

Caca. Pray ye take it,
You are the merriest undone Man in *Europe*.
What need we Fiddles, Bawdy Songs, and Sack;
When our own Miseries can make us merry?

Per. Ha, ha, ha.
I've seen these Jewels, what a notable Pennyworth
Have you had next your Heart? you will not take, Sir,
Some twenty Duckats?

Caca. Thou'rt deceiv'd, I will take.

Per. To clear your Bargain now. *Caca.* I'll take
some ten,
Some any thing, some half ten, half a Duckat.

Per. An excellent Lapidary set these Stones sure,
D' you mark their Waters?

Caca. Quick-sand choak their Waters,
(37) And hers that brought 'em too, but I shall find her.

Per. And so shall I, I hope, but do not hurt her,
You cannot find in all this Kingdom,
If you had need of cozening, (as you may have,
For such gross Natures will desire it often,
'Tis sometimes too a fine variety,)

A Woman that can cozen ye so neatly,
She's taken half mine Anger off with this trick. [*Exit.*]

(37) *And hers that bought 'em—*] This Corruption must have been evident to every Reader as well as to Mr. *Theobald*, Mr. *Sympson*, and myself; 'tis only a Mistake of the late Editions.

Caca.

Caca. If I were valiant now, I'd kill this Fellow,
I've Mony enough lies by me at a pinch
To pay for twenty Rascals Lives that vex me.
I'll to this Lady, there I shall be satisfied.

[*Exit.*

Enter Leon and Margarita.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your Country House,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly,
This Place is full of Charge and full of Hurry,
No part of Sweetness dwells about these Cities.

Mar. Whither you will, I wait upon your Pleasure;
Live in a hollow Tree, Sir, I'll live with ye.

Leon. Ay, now you strike a Harmony, a true one,
When your Obedience waits upon your Husband,
(38) And your sick Will aims at the Cure of Honour;
Why, now I dote upon ye, love ye dearly,
And my rough Nature falls like roaring Streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your Embraces.
O what a Jewel is a Woman excellent,
A Wife, a Virtuous, and a Noble Woman!
When we meet such, we bear our Stamps on both sides,
And through the World we hold our currant Virtues,
Alone we're single Medals, only Faces,
And wear our Fortunes out in useless Shadows,
Command you now, and ease me of that trouble,
I'll be as humble to you as a Servant,
Bid whom you please, invite your noble Friends,
They shall be welcome all, visit Acquaintance,
Go at your Pleasure, now Experience
Has link't you fast unto the Chain of Goodness.

[*Clashing Swords. A cry within, Down with their Swords.*
What Noise is this, what dismal Cry?

Mar. 'Tis loud too.
Sure there's some Mischief done i'th' Street, look out there.

(38) *And your sick Will aims at the Care of Honour;*]. I have often observ'd that Corruptions that leave tolerable Sense are less discoverable than those that destroy the Sense utterly; I make no doubt but Cure here is the true Word, as it directly answers in Metaphor to the Sickness of *Estifania's* Will and Honour.

Leon.

Leon. Look out and help.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Oh, Sir, the Duke *Medina*.

Leon. What of the Duke *Medina*?

Ser. Oh sweet Gentleman,

Is almost slain. *Mar.* Away, away, and help him,
All the House help. [*Exit Servant.*] *Leon.* How! slain?
why *Margarita*,

Wife, sure some new Device they have a foot again,
Some Trick upon my Credit, I shall meet it,
I'd rather guide a Ship Imperial
Alone, and in a Storm, than rule one Woman.

Enter Duke, Sanchio, Alonzo, and Servant.

Mar. How came ye hurt, Sir?

Duke. I fell out with my Friend, the noble Colonel,
My Cause was naught, for 'twas about your Honour:
And he that wrongs the Innocent ne'er prospers,
(39) And he has left me thus; for Charity.
Lend me a Bed to ease my tortur'd Body,
That e'er I perish I may show my Penitence,
I fear I'm slain.

Leon. Help Gentlemen, to carry him,
There shall be nothing in this House, my Lord,
But as your own.

Duke. I thank ye, noble Sir.

Leon. To Bed with him, and Wife give your attendance.

Enter Juan.

Juan. Doctors and Surgeons.

Duke. Do not disquiet me,
But let me take my leave in peace.

[*Exeunt Duke, Sanchio, Alon. Marg. Servant.*

(39) *And he has left me thus for Charity;*
Lend me a Bed to ease my tortur'd Body.] The false Pointing
here had made the Colonel stab the Duke for Charity. The Quarto
began the Corruption by putting a Comma after *Charity*; and the sub-
sequent Editions instead of amending made it worse.

Leon.

Leon. Afore me,
'Tis rarely counterfeited.

Juan. True, it is so, Sir,
And take you heed this last Blow do not spoil ye,
He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle,
As tho' we purpos'd Anger; that same scratch
On's Hand he took, to colour all, and draw Compassion,
That he might get into your House more cunningly.
I must not stay; stand now, and you're a brave Fellow.

Leon. I thank ye, noble Colonel, and I honour ye.
Never be quiet? [Exit Juan.

Enter Margarita.

Mar. He's most desperate ill, Sir,
I do not think these ten Months will recover him.

Leon. Does he hire my House to play the Fool in,
Or does it stand on Fairy Ground? we're haunted:
Are all Men and their Wives troubled with Dreams thus?

Mar. What ail you, Sir?

Leon. Nay, what ail you, sweet Wife,
To put these daily Pastimes on my Patience?
What dost thou see in me, that I shou'd suffer this?
Have not I done my part like a true Husband,
And paid some desperate Debts you never look'd for?

Mar. You have done handsomely, I must confess, Sir.

Leon. Have I not kept thee waking like a Hawk?
And watcht thee with Delights to satisfie thee,
The very Tithes of which had won a Widow?

Mar. Alas, I pity ye.

Leon. Thou'lt make me angry,
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.

Mar. You are always,
You carry a kind of Bedlam still about ye.

Leon. If thou pursu'st me further, I run stark mad,
If you have more hurt Dukes or Gentlemen,
To lie here on your Cure, I shall be desperate;
I know the trick, and you shall feel I know it.
Are ye so hot that no Hedge can contain ye?
I'll have thee let Blood in all the Veins about thee,

I'll have thy Thoughts found too, and have them open'd,
 Thy Spirits purg'd for those are they that fire ye;
 Th' Maid shall be thy Mistress, thou the Maid,
 (40) And all her servile Labours thou shalt reach at,
 And go through cheerfully, or else sleep empty;
 That Maid shall lye by me to teach you Duty,
 You in a Pallet by to humble ye,
 And grieve for what you lose.

Mar. I've lost my self, Sir,
 And all that was my base self, Disobedience, [Kneels:
 My Wantonness, my Stubbornness I've lost too, [with,
 And now by that pure Faith good Wives are crown'd
 By your own Nobleness. — *Leon.* I take ye up,

Enter Altea.

And wear ye next my Heart, see you be worth it.
 Now what with you? *Alt.* I come to tell my Lady,
 There is a fulsome Fellow wou'd fain speak with her.

Leon. 'Tis *Cacafogo*, go and entertain him,
 And draw him on with hopes.

Mar. I shall observe ye.

Leon. I have a rare design upon that Gentleman,
 And you must work too.

Alt. I shall, Sir, most willingly. [place

Leon. Away then both, and keep him close in some
 From the Duke's sight, and keep the Duke in too,
 Make 'em believe both; I'll find time to cure 'em. [Ex.

Enter Perez, and Estifania.

Per. Why how dar'st thou meet me again, thou Rebel,
 And know'st how thou hast us'd me thrice, thou Rascal?
 Were there not ways enough to fly my Vengeance,
 No Holes nor Vaults to hide thee from my Fury,
 But thou must meet me Face to Face to kill thee?
 I wou'd not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,

(40) —and all those servile Labours that she reach at,] This not being Grammar, Mr. *Sympson* concurr'd with me in reading *thou shalt* for *that she*. But he has some Exception to the Verb *reach*, or at least thinks *sweat* might better express the Idea requir'd; but *reach* is us'd in another Play exactly in the same sense, and is therefore undoubtedly the true Word.

But now thou com'st t'invite me, com'st upon me,
 How like a Sheep-biting Rogue (41) taken i' th' manner,
 And ready for the Halter dost thou look now?
 Thou hast a hanging Look, thou scurvy thing,
 Hast ne'er a Knife,
 Nor ever a String to lead thee to *Elysium*?
 Be there no pitiful 'Pothecaries in this Town,
 That have Compassion upon wretched Women,
 And dare administer a Dram of Rats-bane,
 But thou must fall to me?

Estif. I know you've Mercy.

Per. If I had tuns of Mercy thou deserv'st none,
 What new Trick 's now afoot, and what new Houses
 Have you i' th' Air, what Orchards in Apparition,
 What canst thou say for thy Life?

Estif. Little or nothing,
 I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis usefess
 To beg for Mercy, pray let me draw my Book out,
 And pray a little.

Per. Do, a very little,
 For I have farther business than thy Killing,
 I have Money yet to borrow, speak when you're ready.

Estif. Now, now, Sir, now [*Shews a Pistol.*] Come on;
 do you start off from me,
 D' you sweat, great Captain, have you seen a Spirit?

Per. Do you wear Guns?

Estif. I am a Soldier's Wife, Sir,
 And by that Privilege I may be arm'd.
 Now what's the News, and let's discourse more friendly,
 And talk of our Affairs in Peace.

Per. Let me see,
 Prithee let me see thy Gun, 'tis a very pretty one.

Estif. No, no, Sir, you shall feel.

Per. Hold, hold, ye Villain;
 What, thine own Husband?

Estif. Let mine own Husband then
 B' in's own Wits; there, there's a thousand Duckats,

(41) — *taken i' th' manner,*] This being intelligible may remain in the Text, but it will admit a Doubt whether *matter* be not the true Word. i. e. *taken in the very Fact.*

Who must provide for you? and yet you'll kill me:

Per. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand Millions.

Estif. When 'll you redeem your Jewels, I have pawn'd 'em

You see for what, we must keep touch.

Per. I'll kiss thee,

And get as many more, I'll make thee famous,

Had we the House now!

Estif. Come along with me,

If that be vanish'd there be more to hire, Sir.

Per. I see I am an Ass when thou art near me.

Enter Leon, Margarita, and Altea, with a Taper.

Leon. Is the Fool come?

Alt. Yes, and i' th' Cellar fast,

And there he stays his good hour till I call him,

He will make dainty Musick 'mong the Sack-butts,

I've put him just, Sir, under the Duke's Chamber.

Leon. It is the better.

Alt. H'as giv'n me royally,

And to my Lady a whole load of Portugues.

Leon. Better and better still; go *Margarita*,

Now play your Prize, you say you dare be honest,

(42) I'll put ye to your test.

Mar. Secure your self, Sir,

Give me the Candle, pass away in silence.

[*Ex. Leon and Altea.*] [*Marg. knocks.*]

Duke. Who's there, oh, oh.

Mar. My Lord.

Duke. [*within.*] Have y' brought me Comfort?

Mar. I have, my Lord;

Come forth, 'tis I; come gently out, I'll help ye,

Enter Duke, in a Gown.

Come softly too, how do you?

(42) *I'll put you to your best.*] *Mr. Theobald* and I concurred in changing this to *Test*, and we both had quoted the same Expression,

I'll put you to the Test,

from the second Scene of the *False One.*

Duke.

Duke. Are there none here?

Let me look round; we cannot be too wary, [*Noise below.*
Oh let me bless this hour; are you alone,
Sweet Friend?

Mar. Alone to comfort you.

[*Cacafogo makes a Noise below.*

Duke. (43) What's that Rumble?

I have heard a noise this half hour under me,
A fearful noise.

Mar. The fat thing's mad i' th' Cellar,
And stumbles from one Hogs-head to another,
Two Cups more, and he ne'er shall find the way out.

[*Aside.*

What do you fear? come sit down by me cheerfully,
My Husband's safe, how do your Wounds?

Duke. I've none, Lady,

My Wounds I counterfeited cunningly, [*Noise below.*
And feign'd the Quarrel too, t' enjoy you Sweet,
Let's lose no time. Hark, the same noise again.

Mar. What noise, why look ye pale? I hear no stirring,
(This Goblin in the Vault will be so tipl'd)
You are not well I know b' your flying Fancy,
Your Body's ill at ease, your Wounds. *Duke.* I've none,
I am as lusty and as full of Health,
High in my Blood.

Mar. Weak in your Blood you wou'd say;
How wretched is my Case, willing to please ye,
And find you so disable?

Duke. B'lieve me Lady.

Mar. I know, you'll venture all you have to satisfie me,
Your Life I know, but is it fit I spoil ye,
Is it my Love, d' you think?

Caca. [*below.*] Here's to the Duke.

Duke. It nam'd me certainly,

(43) *What's that you tumble?*] I have inserted a Conjecture of Mr. *Sympson's* here, as more proper to the Context than the old Reading.

I heard it plainly sound.

Mar. You are hurt mortally,
And fitter for your Prayers, Sir, than Pleasure.
What Starts you make? I wou'd not kifs you wantonly,
For the World's Wealth; Have I secur'd my Husband,
And put all Doubts aside, to be deluded?

Caca. [*below.*] I come, I come.

Duke. Heav'n blefs me.

Mar. And blefs us both, for sure this is the Devil,
I plainly heard it now, he'll come to fetch ye.
A very Spirit, for he spoke under Ground,
And spoke to you just as you wou'd have snatcht me.
You are a wicked Man, and sure this haunts ye;
Wou'd you were out o' th' House.

Duke. I wou'd I were,
O' that Condition I had leapt a Window.

Mar. And that's the least leap if you mean to scape, Sir.
Why, what a frantick Man were you to come here,
What a weak Man to counterfeit deep Wounds,
To wound another deeper?

Duke. Are you honest then?

Mar. Yes, then, and now, and ever, excellent honest,
And exercise this Pastime but to shew ye;
Great Men are Fools sometimes as well as Wretches.
Wou'd you were well hurt, with any hope of Life,
Cut to the Brains, or run clean through the Body,
To get out quietly as you got in, Sir;
I wish it like a Friend that loves ye dearly,
(44) For if my Husband take ye, and take ye thus
A counterfeit, one that wou'd clip his Credit;
Out of his Honour he must kill ye presently,
There is no Mercy nor an hour of Pity,
And for me to intreat in such an Agony,

(44) *For if my Husband take you, and take you thus a Counterfeit,
One that would clip his Credit out of his Honour,*

He must kill you presently.] Thus has this Passage stood corrupted both in Sense and Measure, every Reader must see the Absurdity of *clipping a Man's Credit out of his Honour.* Mr. *Sympson* concurred with me in correcting both the Metre and Points.

Wou'd

Wou'd shew me little better than one guilty.
Have you any Mind to a Lady now ?

Duke. Wou'd I were off fair :

If ever Lady caught me in a Trap more——

Mar. If you be well and lusty, fy, fy, shake not,
You say you love me, come, come bravely now,
Despise all Danger, I am ready for ye.

Duke. She mocks my Misery ; thou cruel Lady.

Mar. Thou cruel Lord, wou'dst thou betray my Honesty,

Betray it in mine own House, wrong my Husband,
Like a night Thief, thou dar'st not name by Day-light ?

Duke. I am most miserable.

Mar. You are indeed,

And like a foolish thing you've made your self so :

Cou'd not your own Discretion tell ye, Sir,

When I was married I was none of yours ?

Your Eyes were then commanded to look off me,

And I now stand in a Circle and secure,

Your Spells nor Pow'r can never reach my Body ;

Mark me but this, and then, Sir, be most miserable,

'Tis Sacrilege to violate a Wedlock,

You rob two Temples, make yourself twice guilty,

You ruin hers, and spot her noble Husband's.

Duke. Let me be gone, I'll never more attempt ye.

Mar. You cannot go, 'tis not in me to save ye :

Dare ye do ill, and poorly then shrink under it ?

Were I the Duke *Medina*, I wou'd fight now,

For you must fight and bravely, it concerns you ;

You do me double wrong if you sneak off, Sir,

And all the World wou'd say I lov'd a Coward ;

And you must die too, for you will be kill'd,

And leave your Youth, your Honour and your State,

And all those dear Delights you worship'd here.

[*Noise below.*]

Duke. The Noise again !

Cac. below. Some small Beer if you love me.

Mar. The Devil haunts you sure, your Sins are mighty.
A drunken Devil too, to plague your Villany.

Duke. Preserve me but this once.

Mar. There's a deep Well
In the next Yard, if you dare venture drowning,
It is but Death.

Duke. I wou'd not die so wretchedly.

Mar. Out of a Garret Window I'll let you down then,
But say the Rope be rotten, 'tis huge high too.

Duke. Have you no Mercy?

Mar. Now you're frighted throughly,
(45) And find what 'tis to play the Fool in folly,
And see with clear Eyes your detested Folly,
I'll be your Guard.

Duke. And I'll be your true Servant,
Ever from this hour virtuously to love ye,
Chastly and modestly to look upon ye,
And here I seal it.

Mar. I may kiss a Stranger,
For you must now be so.

Enter Leon, Juan, Alonzo, Sanchio, Cacafo, and Altea.

Leon. How d' you, my Lord?
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.
Has my Wife wounded ye? you were well before;
Pray Sir, be comforted, I have forgot all,
Truly forgiv'n too. Wife, you're a right one,
And now with unknown Nations I dare trust ye.

(45) *And find what 'tis to play the Fool in Folly,
And see with clear Eyes your detested Folly.*] I have often had Occa-
sion to observe, that by a slight Cast of the Printer's Eye Words that
belong only to one Line are repeated in the preceeding or following
one, and in that Case they frequently exclude Words that may be to-
tally different in all their Letters. This, I believe, has happened in
the Lines referr'd to, where the same Word ends both; and, as it
does not make absolute Nonsense in either Conjecture, cannot easily
determine to which it belongs. If the Reader thinks *playing the Fool
in folly* not a justifiable Expression, he will chuse to discard it from
the first, and then *Sin* or *Vice* may supply the Vacancy; but as I
think the Expression not unjustifiable, the following seems to me to bid
fairest for having been the Original.

*And find what 'tis to play the Fool in folly,
And see with clear Eyes your detested Crimes.*

Juan.

Juan. No more feign'd fights my Lord, they never prosper.

Leon. Who's this? the Devil in the Vault? *Alt.* 'Tis he, Sir,

As lovingly drunk, as though he had studied it.

Caca. Give me a Cup of Sack, and kiss me Lady, Kiss my sweet Face, and make thy Husband Cuckold, An Ocean of sweet Sack, shall we speak Treason?

Leon. He's Devilish drunk.

Duke. I thought he'd been a Devil, He made as many Noises, and as horrible.

Leon. Oh a true Lover, Sir, will lament loudly: Which of the Butts 's your Mistress?

Caca. Butt in thy Belly.

Leon. There's two in thine I'm sure, 'tis grown so monstrous.

Caca. Butt in thy Face.

Leon. Go carry him to sleep, A Fool's Love shou'd be drunk, he's paid well for't too. When he is sober let him out to rail, Or hang himself, there will be no loss of him.

[*Exeunt Caca. and Servant.*]

Enter Perez, and Estifania,

Leon. Who's this? my Mauhound Cousin?

Per. Good Sir, 'tis very good, wou'd I'd a House too, For there's no talking in the open Air, My Termagant Coz, I wou'd be bold to tell ye, I durst be merry too; I tell you plainly, You have a pretty Seat, you have the luck on't, A pretty Lady too, I have miss'd both, My Carpenter built in a Mist I thank him, Do me the Courtesie to let me see it, See it but once more. But I shall cry for Anger. I'll hire a Chandler's Shop close under ye, And for my Foolery, sell Sope and Whip-cord. Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily, You are a Fool, Coz. *Leon.* I must laugh a little, And now I've done; Coz, thou shalt live with me,

My

My merry Coz, the World shall not divorce us,
Thou art a valiant Man, and thou shalt never want :
Will this content thee?

Per. I'll cry, and then be thankful,
Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to ye.
I'd live a Swallow here I must confess ;
Wife I forgive thee all if thou be honest,
(46) And at thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

Estif. If I prove otherways, let me beg first.

Leon. Hold, this is yours, some recompence for Service,
Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it.

Duke. And this is yours, your true Commission, Sir.
Now you're a Captain.

Leon. You're a noble Prince, Sir,
(47) And now a Soldier. *Gentl.* We all Rejoice in't.

Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you through all Fortunes.

Alon. And I.

Alt. And I must needs attend my Mistrefs.

Leon. Will you go, Sister? *Alt.* Yes indeed, good
Brother,
I have two Ties, mine own Blood, and my Mistrefs.

(46) *At thy peril, I believe thee excellent.*

Estif. *If I prove otherways, let me beg first.*

Hold, this is yours, some recompence for Service,] The latter end of *Perez's* Speech and *Estifania's* Answer have some Difficulties in them. I suppose the Poets meant to make *Perez* say, That he believ'd his Wife honest at her Peril, because if he found her otherways he would severely punish her. She answers ; Let me first beg my Bread before I prove otherways. The latter Part of the Speech, I think, evidently belongs to *Leon*, who gives *Estifania* Part of the Money which, by her Assistance, he had got from *Cacafogo*. If the Reader thinks the Expression *Let me beg first* not justifiable, the following Emendation will cure it.

Estif. *If I prove otherways let me beg.* *Leon.* *First*

Hold, this is yours, &c.

(47) *And now a Soldier, Gentlemen, we all rejoice in't.]* I at first corrected this Line thus,

And now a Soldier, Gentlemen. Omn. We all rejoice in't.

But this, as well as the old corrupt Text, makes three redundant Syllables to the Verse. The Observation of this immediately discovered a more probable Corruption, *viz.* that the Word, *Gentlemen*, only denotes the Speakers, and is not a Part of *Leon's* Speech.

Mar.

Mar. Is she your Sister?

Leon. Yes indeed, good Wife,

And my best Sister, for she prov'd so, Wench,
When she deceiv'd you with a loving Husband.

Alc. I wou'd not deal so truly for a Stranger.

Mar. Well I cou'd chide ye, but it must be lovingly,
And like a Sister :

I'll bring you on your way, and feast ye nobly,
For now I have an honest Heart to love ye,
And then deliver you to the blue *Neptune*.

Juan. Your Colours you must wear, and wear 'em
proudly,

Wear 'em before the Bullet, and in Blood too.
And all the World shall know we're Virtue's Servants.


Duke. *And all the World shall know, a noble Mind
Makes Women Beautiful, and Envy Blind.* [Exeunt.

E P I L O G U E.

Good Night our worthy Friends, and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a Heart
As you came hither ; to those noble Eyes,
That deign to smile on our poor Faculties,
And give a Blessing to our labouring Ends,
As we hope many, to such Fortune sends
Their own Desires, Wives fair as Light, as chaste ;
To those that live by Spight, Wives made in haste.

The End of the Third Volume.





POSTSCRIPT

TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

By T. SEWARD.

Page 117, Note 13.

WIT or Art of Man] I objected rightly against the Tautology here, but mist the true Reading till the last Revival of my Notes. For *Art* we undoubtedly should read *Art*, two Words that are the ofteneft mistaken at Preſs of almost any I know. See one Instance at Page 94, Note 55. of Vol. II. and two more at Page 88, Note 6. Vol. V.

Page 192, Note 71.

*Or the next neighbouring give Remedy
To greedy Thirst, and travel not the Tree*

That hangs with wanton Clusters] Thus should the Quotation, in the Note from the former Editions, have been printed. Without which the Reader will not see the Merit of a very just Emendation of Mr. *Sympson's*.

Page 228, Note 22.

And oftentimes the Death.] I mistook Mr. *Sympson's* Conjecture here. He reads,

And often times the Death.

i. e. causes, as *accendere bellum* is to cause or make War. Tho' I mention this in Justice to him (as I have in the Note ascrib'd an Error to him which is not his) yet I by no means admit it; for tho' *accendere bellum* is metaphorically to make War, yet *accendere* can never literally signify to make or cause; and *accendere mortem* would, I believe, be very bad Latin for a Woman dying in Child-birth, however it might stand for the Death of a *Phoenix*.

Page 257, Note 44.

My Boat is Destiny.] I admitted a Change here of Mr. *Sympson's*, but I now rather think the old Reading more poetical.

Prologue to the Loyal Subject, Line 13.

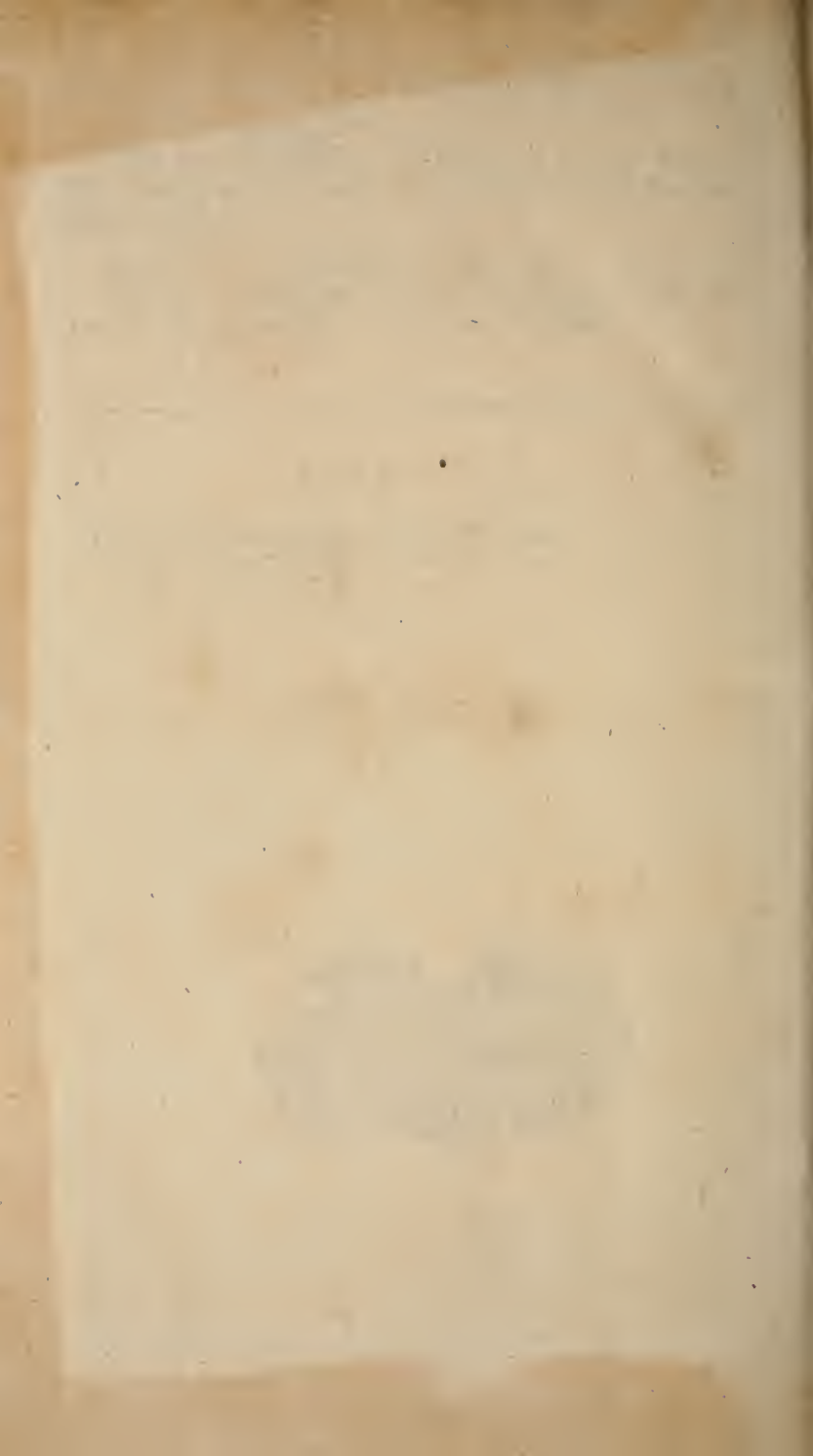
To his best Memory] *To his blest Memory* seems the true Reading, tho' the former is not Nonsense.

E R R A T A.

Page 167, Line the last in Note 54, for *wrote* read *wrought*
 338, 10, for *Gold-poref* read *Gold-proof*
 383, 1, for *I* read *If*

F I N I S.







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